

# 120% Darkside Justice

III Bill

[Verse 1: ILL Bill]

Fuck the machine, I'm raging against the broke life  
I love the cream, my sayings affect the coke price  
My demons are devils to the things that I don't like  
Can I detach myself from 'em I know it's so trife  
Murder assault, wild out of control type  
Worshiping at the altar of Ralph like a Lo Life  
Dress correct, heavy metal emperor roll tight  
I'm obsessed with death, Helter Skelter like Sean Price  
Know the tech kid, the sound of thunder  
No respectable Boba Fett-like bounty hunter  
No remorse, mega force records seek and destroy  
We kill em all, zip up the bag, bring em to the morgue  
Bring him to the coroner table then cut him up and look inside of him  
What the fuck would they think if someone lied to them?  
Sold em the dead dreams, listening to philosophers  
Going against me? Victory is impossible!

[Hook x2]

Blood money and death - Darkside Justice  
Trust nothing except - Darkside Justice  
Fuck love and respect - Darkside Justice  
One-twenty percent - Darkside Justice

[Verse 2: Jus Allah]

My rap's scary, it escaped from my Blackberry  
Your rap stays trapped, it's fake and imaginary  
My rap full of gats and bad vocabulary  
My rap has drug tracks and blood capillaries  
It's all cemetery, and about mortuaries  
I ain't saying anything out of the ordinary  
Not unusual, it's the cult itinerary  
Attending funerals with a dull contemporary  
Weapons put you in blessings whenever necessary  
Gun straightened paper better than a secretary  
With just one shot turn a jock into a Jerry  
The Glocks that we carry, turn The Rock into a fairy  
Murder for no reason other than monetary  
The devil made me do it, it's involuntary  
I keep clips and newspaper obituaries  
Behind a bookcase with a trick dictionary

[Hook x2]

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[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

It's a perfect murder scene, a perfect murder by the perfect person  
Brujeria verse perfectly cursing a virgin  
What's the faculty of energy perfect exertion  
Call me majesty, my words are conversed in a serpent  
Pussy boy left the war, they call it desertion  
I am dirty, I am opposite in every detergent  
If it isn't a Grey Goose then it's certainly Bourbon

I write my rhyme in Beirut with a burgundy turban  
Hardbody rap, punch you in the chatterbox  
I would never walk the hallways unless I had a ox  
That's the reason why they put me in padded box  
I would've never been a problem if I had my pops  
I pull a motherfucker's card like a magic shop  
Mossberg means spin several metal savage shots  
The heater hit the fucking flesh like the cattle prod  
My physical body's the vehicle for wrath of God

[Hook x2]

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