

Black Metal

III Bill

[Verse 1]

I spit on behalf of my death cult made of millions of morbid angels
Standing in a burning church in Norway lost in hatred
Of course Satan smiles through the face of a child
Whose born with the number of the Devil scraped into his scalp
We don't like none of y'all at all
My fuck your mother in the mouth type of dawgs might write this song
Triple X bitches call me and invite me home
They run up on me on the street in then invite me dome
I spit the truth for the youth movement, it's goon music
Engineered to make you bang your motherfucking head to it
Learn ships, live fast lives and spit flames then burn bitches with crackpip
es like Rick James
Ill Bill, I'm from Brooklyn where the stars are born
I make drug music plus I be involved in porn
I be the chosen like Robby Benson beyond comprehension
Holding a toaster like Bronson in Death Wish

[Chorus x 2]

Black metal, I cock back react thorough
In la botanica con el santero
Black mask, white robe, shrouded in peril
Trapped me in the war between God and the Devil

[Verse 2: Sick Jacken]

I know a babalawo who cuts chicken heads
I fuck chicken heads man that Santeria shit is fucking wild
I'm feeling like my time running out
I'm the middle of the block guns drawn when they gun it down
I break speed limits on the highway to Hell
They got the Devil chasing me trying to give me life without bail
I drink spirits and smoke form for medicine
And inhale elements of sickle cell
You can catch me in the hood like VD
That Sixth Side Street shit homes and we ain't deal with the PD
The most hated on the block with no greatest
Crash through the storm and attack the storm raiders
I shoot the shit with Shaman, my spirit is still starving
Imagine all the shit that my soul famine is causing
Knife-carving nine on the psychos at night swarming
I fight to be righteous but the murder is more calm

[Chorus x 2]

[Verse 3: Q-Unique]

I been forced to fulfill a dark and hateful agarro
And was born the son of a Satan santero
Burn black candles for a black Sabbath
After the fact the priest converted her to a crack addict
It's flat madness with black gats and black magic
Sit and watch the death of faces and laugh at it
With two white pale goth bitches lost in an orgy
And you too could subscribe for the cost of a forty
I got the blood of the faceless pagans on me
A sacred place praying to raise a Haitians army
The Babalawo wolf from Brooklyn in all white
White fitted, white Nikes, moving that pure white all night
Make a bluha scream changhol and fuck their brains out
Your ice crucifix won't save you, tuck your chains now
Between Heaven and Hell, pa' arriba y pa' abajo
Knowing the Devil itself itself vamos pa'l carajo

[Chorus x 2]