

Legend Has It

III Bill

[Verse 1]

A drug deal gone bad, dead drug dealers, dead D.T.'s
A duffel bag of yeyo, at least seven keys
Pool party shoot out veteran, call me Jim Shooter
Whores copped, left me two guns with twin Rugers
Grand Theft Auto, sawed-off shotty party
Canarise Artie, rep the hood, the rap John Tardi with nines on me
Tell me who you be or you be gone
We squeeze chromes, stop you in your tracks
Fuck up your life like teen moms
One Hour Photo, creep out like Mork From Ork
Use the HK to speak when I talk to the talk
Walk quietly and pop with the MP-7
Put it to your melon, pop off and empty seven
Split you in half like when my mom and dad was divorced
Me and my peoples be the real life gangs of New York
I'm so sick with it, I spit it like Cannibal Corpse
We be causing a mosh pit like Cromags at La Moss
So who you think this is? Ill Bill, ride and I'm gone
Horrrifying like a Time Square suicide bomb
Beyond and beyond, we let the drama start
Terrorize you like freedom fighters
Exploding on the streets of Islamabad
Unapproachable, unfriendly, untouchable
Bulletproof, torture you to death, punish you
Connect heart, react like Colombian death squad
Funded by CIA drug money, possessed by

[Chorus x 2]

Legend has it that before I war I worship Satan
Drink human blood and have orgies amongst Masons
Amongst the faces of presidents that crush nations
Stuff a nun, sacred slut, draped in lust and hatred

[Verse 2]

I put the biscuit in your mouth and spit it like System Of A Down
Get your weight up, I'm throwing pistols at the crowd
Now a powerbroker, Non Phixion, the future is now over
Prisoners of war tortured by proud soldiers
Tell horror stories, Medal of Honour for war ceremonies
Transport drugs like heavy metal roadies
While they transmit their bullshit through television cameras
Super powers throwing their gang signs like gang bangers
Fuck CNN, fuck Meet The Press, fuck Al-Jazeera
Fuck all of y'all, I won't be brainwashed by the media
Speak it how I live it, powerful lyrics
Leave an entire crowd in hysterics
Popping the four pound when you hear it
I been the worst thing since the CIA trained Bin Laden
The kids ride when I pop off, Crooklyn to Compton
I be the crypt keeper, the Grim Reaper, I spit ether
Guaranteed fatalities, leaving your wig leaking

[Chorus x 2]

[Verse 3]

When I die I pray to God that I arrive in Heaven
At least an hour before the Devil know that I'm dead
It's gonna take more than a single bullet hole to my head
You're gonna have to nuke the whole Brooklyn borough instead
I trust nobody, question everything, I'm the king

Turn the weak into wolves and the wolves into sheep
Teach you how to kill police then dispose of the heat
My foes throw themselves off of buildings in the throes of defeat
I'm like the Moses of this whole shit
I got bitches that sell blow, blow dick, and suck their own tits
Choking on weed smoke, we squeeze toast
My enemies scream, "No, please don't!"
Get your whole team soaked
We coked out like Chris Farley the day he died, survive
And your life don't mean shit if you ain't even really alive
I walk off backwards with my nines in your faces
While you watch me brainwash your entire generation
[Chorus x 2]