

- Where's Bill? Where's Bill?
- Please stop hitting me.
- Where's Bill?
- I don't know who Bill is!
- Bullshit!

Ill Bill, Mr. Ill Bill, Mr. Ill Bill, Mr. Ill Bill

[Verse 1]

It's the cult leader Megatron  
I transform into a Predacon, I'm my uncle on methadone  
Brooklyn to the core, System of a Down, pistols on your mouth  
Your mission isn't that, this is something else  
Listen how we drift about, risking our freedom by flipping out  
Biscuits in the round, bitches hit the ground, sins of the devot  
ut  
Spinning in and out of consciousness  
Riddled with about a thousand clips  
Criminally found around the manically sick  
Physically endowed to wild and flip  
Muffle horrific sounds, cancel you, quiet is kept  
Dump an entire TEC in your lungs occupying your breath  
On your knees in front of me begging and crying for death  
Demonically possessed, economically the best  
Obsessed with sodomy and death, my commodities infest  
Yeah we wash brains and fly planes, you don't overstand yet?  
Lucifer's the angel that God pays, homie

[Outro]

Can you dig it?