

Crillionaires

Slaine

Witnessin the sinister, spittin on your minister
Splittin up your skin, clip and trigger will diminish ya
Torch the competitor, score and get ahead of ya
Work a drone alien at war with the Predator
Boba Fett bounty hunter, best King's County gunner
Q they go to trial when you found dead down and under
Hear the sound of Thunder, enter the God Thor
Standing with the hammer killer, what you think you shot for?
You tried to cut the line, you tried to fuck with mine
"Criminal Minded" third track, killer buckin nines
You wanna sleep stupid? Go ahead, hit the hay
When I pop shots, watch bullets ricochet
Reputed mob boss make the drop off
Enemies are shakin when they heard a shotty pop off
"Night of the Living Dead", kill 'em in the morn
I'm on an "Award Tour" with the "Children of the Corn"

We Crillionaires, won't stop till we millionaires
Popping off Mac milli shells fill the air
Leaving you see through, bullet through your people
When we creep through we street sweeper Grim Reap' you

I come from a world where things are not always what they seem
Use symbols to connect into your dreams, and nightmares
Thieves of the night scale skyscrapers and dive out of windows
Like characters from Hollywood films...
This ain't no movie script, it's excitingly real
Nuclear devices the size of a pill
Lightning in a test tube, write me the bill
Black budgets, hundreds of billions of dollars in funding
Private gunmen hunted by governments, I'm havin fun with it
But hardly sleep, aim my RPG, spark your D
Pop the Marines, the steel was given to me by the Elohim
I rock your motherfuckin block into smithereens
Sell you pistols cheap, take the bread and flip 'em into ki's
Then flip it back to bread, bubble like Actifed
You can buy yourself a small army if you act correct
You could catch a bullet in your brain at the red
You could overthrow the free world while you laugh at death

You should know who we are, throw a motherfucker from a movin car
Tell em I'm a movie star run into a groupie's bra
Rip the sample off man, fuck what kind of rules there are
Rip the sample off the song, beat you with the blues guitar
Frequent in the nudie bar, live inside the drug den
Told me I'm a has-been, that's just what I was then
I'm a fucking will-be, I'm innocent
I'm takin what I want until they kill me, or they find me guilty
I'm filthy, in this dirty business full of sunken labels
Half these cats are products of cash and drunken fables
'Til they come across the cats that'll leave you with the punctured navel
Cut the fuck up like a plucked tomato, gun to the cradle
Bumpin somethin, I got you pumpin something fatal
'Til you wake up in a trunk with jumper cables
'Til you wake up and you're surrounded by angels

Q-Unique, I'll Bill, Slaine in this motherfucker

Crillionaires~!