# Rock Stars

## Non Phixion

And now it's time bring out the headliner for the evening
Very special, please welcome to the stageEscape from New York, but I be on some Brooklyn, bullshit
I pull clips as fast as I dose chicks with ope tits
Call me Necor, set the coke surviving the sticks
Got my name all in your mouth like your liable to brickClick me on the tube, chain swinging down to my shoes
Light up the room, African boom, spark it and zoom
Disciple of rock, the type to range rifles and cops
I'm spiteful, fake's get left shaking like Michael J FoxI deliver aids infected acupuncture
Gangster and hustler murderer and kidnap a suspect
Wrap her in [unverified] with blood red to crip blue
My shit's to colorful
Running through with a hundred goons and maniacsIf a bitch like to suck dick, she a brainiac
Bust up in they mouth piece, see how they react, take it back
Like a instant replay, live in the PJ's, watching my uncle Freebase
Analyzing the angles on a fiend's face
I learn to love my trees lace, the way the PCP tasteThe way it make me see things
Old school dice spot bills and sheep skins as I write
Yes, I'm rocking Iceberg jeans and Tims
Thinking where I'm going be in 2007Either a house in the Hamptons or a house in Heaven
I be chillin' on the beach in the South of Venice
Or merking the President live on Channel 7Coming through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)
Non Phixion, unadulterated, emcee'sComing through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)
Non Phixion, unadulterated, emcee'sI be Brooklyn till I die don't even question it twice
My crew's nice, late night at the corners we shooting dice
It's like, summertime in New York, jeans, shorts, tims
Tanktops to roofies, groupies acting looselyWho'll be, in a black drop with his hat cocked that can't block
Puff on the stove, get spit in snapshots
I'm trying to live, feed the kids, drive some whips, handle biz
Own a crib, do my shit, in the streets, that's how it isIf I say, rock star, I'm talking about rocking the mic
My shit's hot like the rock fiend dropping a pipe
These cats are idiots, with raps so pussy they catch period's
I'm serious, my life is like a drug experienceA porno movie with no plot and I'm the only guy in it
Like Vivid video's with Kobe Tai dime, bitches
Ill Bill rap crusader, chilling in the black Navigator
Canarsie to Pennsylvania

Wild like rock, rock stars, who, who smash guitarsComing through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)
Non Phixion, unadulterated, emcee'sBreak Mumia out, bang you with shells and heaters out
Blast off the terrorist, blow bombs and speakers out
Hookers and bricks, gutter cats, bitches and pimps
Cripples and Gimps, ex-cons, pushers and tricksStreet poet, speak the essence, what's realer than this
Up in the club smoked out coke, the feeling of Cris
You lighting the wrist, Richard Simmons fro with a pick
Taking my record label hostage if they stompin' my shitI remember them cold nights and long lines for clubs
Now it's strictly VIP, free drinks and drugs
Pounds and hugs, getting back rubs
Be them underground thugsStay street but got new found love
Take a Continental, driver rental, travel the globe
Non Phixion to the end worldwide we rock shows
Explode from out the projects, Glenwood to Drysneck
Hold your drink up and make a toast to how the gods getComing through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)
Non-Phixion, unadulterated, emcee'sComing through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)
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