

There Is No Future (feat. Necro)

Non Phixion

[Ill Bill]

How can I make a clear decision in the haze of drugs?

Prostitutes & Guns

I stumble up the ladder with Sabac and Chunk

By my side when I ride in LA

We party with the stars & the starfuckers

And everybody love us

Yeah I do cocaine yeah I love to drink

Love to get my dick sucked and need drugs to think

It's sick

exploding school buses

Jews, Muslims, Christians

What the fuck's the difference?

We all want money, drugs & bitches

Anybody that doesn't rubs me suspicious

I don't trust none of y'all

I don't trust religion

I don't trust the police or the justice system

Peace to erez the hustler locked up in prison

See you when you get home

We gonna puff the ism

The future is right now

Y'all motherfuckers listen[Chorus: repeat 5X]

There is no future, the future is now

It's non?phixion; we're coming at you like pow[Necro]

Your future is morbidity

Like Martha Stewart's fluids

The new shit I kick is putrid

Like Bea Arthur's pubics

Jump off the roof and dive headfirst into the concrete

Till the knee splits and blood red squirts

There's no brawling with the strategy of energy

Your cavity splattered your falling

Now gravity's your enemy

Shooting a bullet through your head

Is all it takes to make you dead?

Put a gat to your head

Only thing left to do is pull it

Simple like pressin record

on the remote erasing your life
Elimination, the message is stored
I got a fascination for assassination
Half the nation saw Kennedy murdered as Jackie O Nassis faced him
When I'm rapping it's like an autopsy
awesome audio, audacity or an orgasm
From dying on crosses to spying war ships
The future is present, peasant
Wake up or stay lying with corpses[Chorus][Goretex]
Alien rehab, with L. Ron Hubbard the drug bucket
Pediatrics bugging on snuff flicks with Tera Patrick
Digital dick, out for cheddar bled on the mattress
Close encounters, add a Peruvian march and pout about it
A planet that turns actors to crack faggots
We in the ben hearse macking P-Funk & Black Sabbath
Playing it off, stinking like I'm bathing a corpse
Getting frisked by pigs in my Porsche like I'm David Lee Roth
It's the new mutants, torched your school like I see students
Metal detectors & dogs putting frost on intruders
I'm flashing my teeth, legal now for stashing your E
My cyborgs ill, this bad bitch with ass that speaks
Put it down with Charlie to eat, God pardon my speech
Godfather, dust blunts, the Judge Dredd of the streets
The Wizard of Gore, forensic, a legend that speaks
Sporting nipples like symbols of war till heaven repeats[Chorus][Sabac Red]
I'm not just a rapper, I'm an artist, I pound the hardest
Bars tha shot the globe to make the dope sound retarded
The guards get involved with some of the harshest mosh pits
Non phixion's back bitch, roll out the red carpet
I spar with legends, pray to the stars & crestens
A lost presence got me through rough times and hard sessions
Like deaths in the family, my method's insanity
A mixed conscienceness with a twist of profanity
We plan to be some of the sickest riches in the business
We mean business from the start to the finish
This is for the presidents, drug dealers, scholars & authors
Warriors, terrorists, professors in college & lawyers
Fathers & mothers, children, sisters & brothers
Pimps & hustlers, gangsters, riches & busters
There's no justice, I'm on some fiending by the thug shit
You're loving on your enemy, pull your gat and bust it BAM

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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