

89.9 Promo

Non Phixion

[Intro]

Gimme a F, "F!"

Gimme a U, "U!"

Gimme a C, "C!"

Gimme a K, "K!" [Hook]

We do drugs, Uncle Howie 'til we die

So long as we alive keep it movin' like a drive by

We could stack dough sky high

Listen one to five

Eighty nine tech nine it's all live

(2x) [Ill Bill]

Yeh yeh I shot Reagan plus I shot Nixon, Non-Phixion

Fuck up competition like nine car collision

Now ya arm's missin', you look like the drummer from Def Leperd

The walkin' talkin' death weapon that junk that the head spins

Peace to the X-Men, eighty nine tech motherfuckin' nine

I wrote a hundred fuckin' rhymes about these troubled times

Fuck up ya head like when ya mother dies

Non-Phixion launch an', you brothers want! [Goretex]

The quartet, drop you at ya parents doorstep

It's G-13 with Mister Goretex government issue

Run in ya chick Israeli pistols, I'm here to dis you

All them rhymes that you spit on ya shit don't really fit you

Non-Phixion we move like rock stars we burnin' cop cars

Dust the guards tryna top ours Howie he got charged

Runnin' the label, I twist tits like twin trae deuce

I'm takin' the stage pissed the fuck off with twin cables

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

Lyrics provided by

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