

The C.I.A. Is Trying to Kill Me

Non Phixion

[Ill Bill]

Non-Phixion be the real hip hop
We make you wanna kill cops
Cats hatin, 'cause they know I finga girls twats
You feel helpless, real jealous, we killed Elvis
I shot Reagan with the help of the secret service
Super double agent, shoot your mother with my brothers favorite
12 gauge waving at your brain, strange universe, I'm too famous
Leaving the muder scene blameless, drug entertainment
Thugs that'll blaze with laser guns
Saying what I wrote, you feel what I feel
They see the same picture
We made a biscuit do the talk and it became richer
Nobody gets a record deal, you gotta take that shit
Treat the record label like a slut, then rape that bitch
I keep it simple for these stupid cats
Claiming you the facts, but in reality, you a trap
Jesus Christ was a gangsta rapper
They killed him then he came back and made a platinum album
The path that travels like the dragon shadow
Invisible to CIA camera angles
They got a file on every rap group
They killed the last man that had proof
They after me for information that I have too[Chorus]
I'm paranoid, tell me what the fuck they asked you
You fuck around with me and Im'a have to blast you
The CIA tryna kill me, we bad news
Get the fuck up out my way when I pass through
I'm paranoid, tell me what the fuck they asked you
You fuck around with me and Im'a have to blast you
The CIA tryna kill me, we bad news
Fuck around with Non-Phixion thats a bad move[Sabac Red]
Symbolisms, socialism's live life lead, learn
Struggle war whole drug fiends, the white house burn
Sex, pain, fear, freedom love, young guns be shootin
Genocide, revolution, lost souls, prostitutin
Military confrontation, safe sex, and masturbation
Peace to all the homeless people livin in the train station
Project war, spill the one verse four

Lock the door, burn the disc now everybody hit the mutha fuckin floor

They bustin out a blunt for this shit

I'm number six on they list next to kiss and all these kids

Cause I run wit Asians, Latinos and Black fists

5 percent is caucasians thugs who live communist

They broke in my house, planted bugs in ma lamps and my couch

They after me, what? Let me find out

I'm not havin it, My rap attract the service like a magnet

The bastards gettin under like crowded parties wit no laminents

If Im'a die, Im'a die bustin and strugglin

I'm hostile for the people, fuck them devils and corruptions

Nuttin for nuttin, and if somehow they do

They ID me due to my tattoo[Chorus][Goretex]

Projects for straight jackets, electric shock states

A rock could fall out, traded for royalty rates

Get ya drink on, we build the bombs, spit in ya face

Smart to change cars like cruise the block I do it for chase

Nice spite work, the fancy knife work

Hit to Chirst Non-Phixion striking prison Ice shirts

I paid dues, nothin to lose, Steady bustin off weapons In 2's

When I come home I be smellin shit and furnitures moved

Eat a slug, take some weight off, I lit it so real

I do this for the dead, rest in peace I'm holdin you near

Makin on time, 12 years we on tour we blow you back off

Support cats that jack the car seats and tear ya scalp off

Soldiers of merits, inherited for way back

Cyanide in bullets, so I should follow my stats

We too futuristic, thugs to robots, experiments

Four point restraint and my hyper cube on medicines

Pain Veterans, crippling souls

Its gettin bigger now the information runnin the globe

Its just my mechanics, either wit a gat or xanax

Widespread panic until the sabbath[Chorus]

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

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