

American History X

III Bill

[Ill Bill]

I eat politicians for breakfast
Till infinity it's endless
Bill and Hillary, George Bush, everybody's gettin it
Presidents, Supreme Court Justices, and Senators
Run up in the White House
Erase people, edit them
Press delete, hit em in the chest with heat
Hail to the chief
Bullets everywhere, its beef
Violence is more American than apple pie and Soul Train
Baseball, nickel-plated nines, and cocaine
It's Ill Bill, Non-Phixion
If I offended you with my words I meant it
Protected by the First Amendment
If this was Iraq I'd a been beheaded
Instead of sparkin a dime log
I'd be hangin in Baghdad shredded
Yeah I recognize
But if I ever disappear under mysterious pretenses
You guess why
I guess the CIA's trying to die
They wanna terrorize the kid
And fry him alive

[Chorus]

Scared heads and Black hebrews
Punk rockers and Hip-Hoppers
Street pharmacists, drug dealers, witch doctors
Rappers wearing hundred thousand dollar wrist watches
Little kids starving, the police killed his father
Rich man, poor man, civilized man, Tarzan
Who's right? fightin over God's land
American History X
Represent the future unknown
What's next?

[Ill Bill]

I leave an ATF truck burning with the passengers in it
Hit it with anti-aircraft missiles with Bill's spid-it
No apologies, asking what's wrong with truth
Tell me whats wrong with the world
I'll tell you what's wrong with you
What's wrong with the youth
Brain eating, corpses, and coupes
Sorcerers and spooks
Luminating torturous kooks
Murdering devils that wear police officer suits
Revolutionaries standing on street corners and stoops
I'm the reason the FBI killed JFK
The reason they have metal detectors at JFK
The reason that the Constitution no longer protects us
They don't even need a reason anymore to arrest us
Living in a state of Martial Law
Learn the arts of war
Arm yourself, marching forth into the monster's jaws
America eats its young, swallow raw
Falling through the doorway of death
Never know what we dying for

[Chorus]
[Ill Bill]
I seen spoiled kids murder they parents with shotguns
Poor kids from the hood sellin they mom's drugs
A lost generation of fools
Without a clear destination
No guidance, no rules, no education
And the older generation's no better
Matter of fact they worse
They oughta know better
These greedy motherfuckers trade blood for oil
An American graveyard on another man's soil
Makes no sense
The Roman Empire in the present tense
Murder for corporations that they represent
Whether Democrat or Republican
The same scumbag government
Where scumbag brains are running shit
[Chorus]
(2x)