

Rock Stars

Non Phixion & Ill Bill

And now it's time bring out the headliner for the evening
Very special, please welcome to the stage
Escape 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 brick
Click 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 Fox
I 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 maniacs
If 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 taste
The 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 2007
Either 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 7
Coming through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)
Non Phixion, unadulterated, emcee's
Coming through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)
Non Phixion, unadulterated, emcee's
I 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 loosely
Who'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 is
If 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 experience
A 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 guitars
Coming through rocking
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars
(Inspectah Deck)

Non Phixion, unadulterated, emcee's
Break 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 tricks
Street 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 shit
I 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 thugs
Stay 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 get
Coming through rocking

Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars

(Inspectah Deck)

Non-Phixion, unadulterated, emcee's
Coming through rocking

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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>