

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

## Non Phixion & Ill Bill

[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  
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, for those devils and corruptions  
 Nuttin for nuttin, and if somehow they do  
 They ID me due to my tattoo  
 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[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 (x)anax  
 Why spread panic until the sabbath?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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

