

# Heavy Water - Billy woods Feat. Breeze Brewin and El-P Lyrics

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## "Heavy Water"

[Verse 1: Breeze Brewin]

Time to be bold, screamin' in a demon creole  
Knowin' that the native is the way to see our people  
As if through a peephole at the evils they try to keep close  
Shit is hard but regardless, the Gods is given cheat codes  
Nod to cheatin' on some peoples  
That's the fuck the fame with a lust for shame  
Now adjust the game, divulge  
Nick of time, kick a rhyme, tell 'em we know  
Yelling, « Why y'all tryna trick the hood, whip em good, Devo »

[Verse 2: billy woods]

Multi-verse Benzino  
Rode back on a black pegasus

Medusa's head in a sack  
Senegalese twists snakin' out the bag  
I come bearing gifts, rat, fleas, cave bats, black exorcist  
Clarence 13X had the white girls sick  
Shimmy down the steps with a wink  
Yakubian experiments, gain of function in the kitchen sink  
The stage plot was a hundred and eight mics and two centrifuges  
A HEPA filter glove box, brand new offline computers

[Verse 3: El-P]

Simulation rebooters  
New version, I'm gunnin' for light, the void's useless  
It's all a stab in the back, et tu Brute-ers  
Brutalists blue boys movin', they shootin'  
Nothin' new, Google « Chrome » if confusin'  
Welcome home to the truth, big crime proof  
It's a ruse, you a feeder without use, throw the deuce  
Come and hang with the gang, all time slang  
Want a clue, say Indelible the crew. Fuck are you?

[Verse 4: Breeze Brewin]

My fight different, tight twisted  
Begat a nemesis and flight griffon

Might flip and begin a pegasus  
I'm a fiend, addiction is diction  
Regular reckless, Halloween type of victim  
That's stickin' eggs in your crevices  
Gun him good, till understood, that's some gotcha  
Quit scrubbin' y'all ass after runnin' the bath with Baphomet  
Badness, y'all comin' with plots, settin' up savage shit  
I'm Brad Pitt, what's in the box  
Givin' em graf, legit

[Verse 5: El-P]

You lunch in a box  
Maybe don't talk, run, hoof it  
I'll make it all stop, eminence front, talk butchers  
Good in a crunch, you know this bunch walk crooked  
Raised in the waves of a collapsing star cooking  
Dead or be quick, I'm on the last clip sweatin'  
Front to the flames, back to the black clip, weapon  
Steadily aimed, couldn't be tamed, too reckless  
You entertain, we bring the game, true bedlam

[Verse 6: billy woods]

Toxic avenger out here gaslightin'

Cadavers shudder with lightnin'

Villagers apathetic so crowd sounds is piped in

The film black and white, who better to play the niggas than white men

Mexican meth in the old west

The play within the play was G. Dep as Macbeth

Ashanti gold on Queen Elizabeth neck

Scarification across both breasts

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