

[Vinnie Paz: Verse I]

Your liver taste exquisite with Chianti  
The uppercut is so vicious that it could lift a donkey  
I pop pills and cop kill, the visions haunt me  
Kill him then bring him back to life and forgive a zombie  
Blow the shotty up and hit him in the prison lobby  
The closest thing you got to pussy is doing bitches laundry  
Youz a sucker, motherf-cker, and that should alarm me  
You ain't carrying hammers, you a fictitious army  
Y'all make Drake look hard bodied, that should appall me  
And my money astronomical like Dennis Garvey  
Unless you want your f-cking head shattered, get up off me  
I'm about to break fool on you, catcher, harm me  
Pull the motherf-cking biscuit out catch a body  
Italian luxury and I ain't talking Maserati  
The fish hit you dead in the chest the kamikaze  
The flying monkey gets Ozbourne like I was Ozzy  
Boxcutter Pazzzy!

[Jarren Benton: Verse II]

All I need is one mic, three syringes and two rocks  
I rap like I got Pac's dead corpse in a shoe box  
I'm a retard, Jarren stay on that stupid shit  
So disrespectful I slapped Christ off his crucifix  
I go to your funeral punch the eulogist  
Papa used to tell me that rapping ain't f-cking lucrative  
That's foolishness dad, you sound ludicrous  
Fuck your opinion goddamn it we 'bout to do this shit  
Boxcutter hooligan  
Look what this blade would do to him  
F-ck a fifth of Henny, I could chug a whole pool of gin  
Kill him then I stand over his body then I shoot again  
F-ck coke, get high off the pesticides of fuel again  
I'm an animal, I grew up in the pits of hell  
I'm strong enough to punch through the ocean and f-cking kill a whale  
Scalpels and all sorts of assortments  
Bitch, I'm a pimp I can sell shit to a toilet  
So scram with your faggot ass  
Don't make me let the semi blast  
F-ck a gun, don't make me pop the trunk and pull out Vinnie Paz  
Y'all some homos, rappers talking 'bout finny bags  
Keep the conversation brief but we ain't talking clinic ash  
Just read a shitty comment now my day is ruined  
You 'bout as gay as a B2K reunion  
I'm an innovator give a shit what they were doin'  
Rotting flesh pollutes my back yard so now my neighbors movin'  
Adidas on my feet, it's never Reeboks  
Hop should say he dropping his album right after Detox  
I'm into bestiality, getting head from an ewok  
You niggas got it f-cked up like a blood trying to ski walk  
I throw you off a tree top, in a Chevy bumping P-Rock  
Bitch I'm off the wall just like f-cked up Sheetrock  
Doctor Lecter, I eat you rappers get eaten  
Finish it since Papa skeeted me out his urethra