

Put Em' In The Grave

Jedi Mind Tricks

"So who the next to get it?"

"I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left"

Yo, roll the dro and spark, a bunch of animals like Noah's Ark
A rapper so ill, my flow just stole Jehovah's heart
My fist 'll break a fuckin' boulder in half
When I was young, I'd smack a stick off of your shoulder and laugh
I've chosen a path, spoke on my emotional past
Spoke on everything from war to how the ocean is vast
My flow is too fast, you can't contend with me there
Or it's gonna be a massacre, Tiananmen Square
My pen is prepared, and so the guns and the swords
And death the only thing you get for fuckin' with lords
Been stuck in some wars, but Vinnie fought his way out
The double jab, right cross what they caught in they mouth
I'm callin' 'em out, anyone who fuck wit my fam'
Thinkin' that they got away and they was lucky, then blam
Buck 'em and scram, don't use the shotty no more
They didn't think that Vinnie P was catchin' bodies no more

[Hook: Fat Joe, Jay-Z and Prodigy vocal samples]

"So who the next to get it?"

"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"

"I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left"

"Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it"

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[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, this is death and doom, my occupation puttin' flesh in tombs

Whether or not you shot, the aggression looms

I'm the one that speak the language of fate

I'm the one that speak the language and the anguish of hate

My banger is great, it split the top of your dome

Like the book of Revelations for the prophets in Rome

I'm locked in the throne, whether you like it or not

'Cause I'm chemically the reason liquid nitrogen hot

I'm nice with the glock, nicer with the semi's and Tec's

But I'm nicest when I'm clappin' at my enemies neck's

They tend to regret ever sendin' me threats

'Cause they know the only thing that they could send me is checks

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[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, I'm like Mark David Chapman with a Salinger book

Stalk my enemy and let the fuckin' silencer cook
It's down in the book, that my competitors ain't really ready
The way my four pound turn your stomach to spaghetti
It's like the Serengeti, because it's hot here
The way that policia set it on the block here
They pushin' rocks here, in the dead of night
I take my glock and I point god/point guard like Brevin Knight
Your fuckin' men are mice, you shouldn't answer that
If my father was still alive, he wouldn't stand for that
He wouldn't stand for how you act like a bitch
Wouldn't stand for anybody who a rat or a snitch
I'm back in this bitch, we was gone for a while
'Til a shorty told me that he heard my song and he smiled
I'm strong but I'm wild, they say I drink too much
The only problem that I have is that I think too much, pussy

[Outro: Jay-Z sample]

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