

# 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"

"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"

[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

[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"

"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"

[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]

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

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

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

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