

# Righteous Kill

Vinnie Paz

I'm a fucking thunderstorm, you's a light shower  
You a bitch, you shoot and miss like Dwight Howard  
You can't battle the god, I'm too precise coward  
That's like Khalid Muhammad saying he's White Power  
This the machete that your organs getting sliced out with  
The blind motherfucker in the village Bryce Howard  
My brain only function proper in the night hours  
You might own a fucking label but the mic ours  
My shit hi-tech lord like a plastic bomb  
An asshole, I punch people with glasses on  
Anybody disagreeable we mashing on  
I only fuck with green and gold god magic wand  
An encore is the only thing that you clapping on  
I'm a pitbull pussy, you a papillon  
A bitch get a 40 from me, not a glass of Dom  
I'm the G-29 in the assassin's palm

All I hear is danger, all I see is danger  
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"  
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya  
Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

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It's a righteous kill, I don't do nothing but write and kill  
Drink 40s, smoke el, push the white and krill  
I move strong and fast, I have a bison's will  
I'm the motherfucking champ, I'm the fighting field  
I'm from the city of the syrup and Vicodin pills

From the city the most fearless of fighters was filmed  
The city where we have the most street veterans still  
The Moors, Nuwaubians, Five Percenters will build  
I'm from Philly motherfucker, the rawest it comes  
I make your body disappear, I'm a sorcerer's tongue  
You live your whole life in fear that the torture will come  
I hope my music is revered like a portrait of Pun  
I'm paranoid god here in my fortress with guns  
I had a void god, filled it with whores and with blunts  
I ain't have a choice god, I was born in the slums  
I ain't have a voice god till I slaughtered the drums

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Yeah, the four-fifth is a melon popper  
Hollow tips spin your body like a helicopter

Anything can move god if you sell it proper  
And I've been through more viewings than a teleprompter  
This is horrorcore beat, got hella monsters  
My team's got more Gs than a spelling proctor  
Y'all ain't never moved D, y'all are petty choppers  
I got a vicious left hook, call me Eddie Thomas  
But I'm raw with the right hand  
Like Jack Johnson fighting against the white man  
Yeah I'm about to shorten your life span  
Evil shit can be good if it's in the right hands  
I make motherfuckers burn, you a slight tan  
I keep a motherfucking urn on my nightstand  
So wait your motherfucking turn like a hype man  
I bury you with the snitches under the white sand

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