

# Shadow Of The Guillotine

Vinnie Paz

I have heard the young men of Judah. They acknowledge me king  
As for you, you thought my father's yoke was heavy, wait until  
you feel mine  
You thought my father's taxes too high. Mine will crush you  
How dare you speak out against your lawful king?  
My father chastised you with whips. I shall use scorpions!  
I am your king!

I stand on top of the mountain, I was a born rapper  
The house of the Holy Spirit, another long chapter  
Untouched glory of God, a strong factor  
The nine laws were bound together from psalms after  
The Smith & Wesson rubber grip made my palm blacker  
You're not a MC, pussy, you're a reformed actor  
Your whole fam is fucked up in Al-Anon matter  
The chemical wedding of Christ where the gods gather  
The weapon of the dead gods was a thorn dagger  
Every verse, every surah in the Qu'ran has a  
'Nother scripture, another picture was drawn blacker  
Arabize Kurdish legacy, the storm catcher  
The fucking MC you don't wanna perform after  
The seventh son of the seventh son of his law passer  
Mercy prevail over wrath from Imam ladder  
16 bars similar to God's rapture.

They tried to stop me at every level and stress me and send me  
devils  
I press 'em like Chevy pedals and shred 'em like heavy metal  
Whenever settle for a minute of the spotlight  
Your raps is a gat spitting it ain't shot right  
I caught some spitting shots to your brain cell  
So you and George Zimmerman can rot in the same hell  
Captital Q, stand at odds with the metal ready  
And level the playing field with the God of the Serengeti  
Keep your enemies close enough to never fall  
The victim of a death plot, keep afar and get shot  
Decapitated heads drop and fall down a flight of stairs  
Like Apocalypso sacrifices, I wrap the stack prices  
Like Apple Mac devices, it's real brutal  
And got that rock steady seal of approval  
I pray to the heavens, he pray to the east  
And on the Sunday San Gennaro we parade to the feast, minkya!