

Slum Chemist

Vinnie Paz

Hahahaha The God Of The Serengeti
The lion king
Boxcutta Pazzzyyyy
Hahahah

Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by
My blood's g-code, never seen my dad cry
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why
Youre arms to short to box, god - that's why
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie
Send them to the devil let his ass fry
Heavy metal on another level that's high
I self lord and master from past tribe
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes
Reincarnated rap from a past life
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5
You asking for forgiveness - you should ask god

It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

This is 45-caliber flow
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know
I'm ravenous though
Jack you with the ratchet for dough
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap
If you got the army gear then you need the boots
If you talking about an army then you need the troops
Its all war over here I never seen the truce
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe
This here this the duffle that I carry bones
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Homes
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home