

# The Oracle

Vinnie Paz

Yeah, ha ha ha  
Yo Premier, yo what's the word lord?  
It's Box Cutta Pazzie, DJ Premier  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha

Yeah  
Ha ha  
One, Two, One Two Come on'  
Yo Premo you crazy for this right here Pop  
Shit Hardbody

What I'm a hit you with  
You motherfuckers better duck

I'm a bull in a china shop, watch how the uzi spit  
Who he with? bros with hammers and they like too legit  
I ain't got any time for your foolishness  
Raw raps from the same place where the Kufi sits  
He the mo'fucker always sippin' goose and shit  
Stomp a rapper out, Timberland boots and shit  
The left hand is what I give you the contusions with  
The right hand is where I write all of the ruthless shit  
Survival of the fit, on my little boozy shit  
My hands are made of stone cut from that Madusa shit  
Big gold chains, we was on that dookie shit  
Still roll with the kids I stole the Gucci with  
I punch you dead in the face, so fuck the music shit  
The guns commando, Hollywood movie shit  
Y'all aware y'all on some Lollapalooza shit  
Let the beard grow, alhamdulillah, Sufi shit.  
Y'all are scared when I step inside the booth and shit  
Cuttin' mo'fuckers cell, roll on some sushi shit  
Y'all are cowards, y'all only talk on computer shit  
This a Haitian ritual, I'm on my voodoo shit

Fucked up  
Find out Who's the realest? (Vinnie)  
Rock and not quit  
What I'm a hit you with  
You motherfuckers better duck

Death before dishonor, Tiger blood y'all are fake  
I let the 4.5 blocka blocka! Rob his Cake  
Dead Sea overlook the view from inside a grave  
The dictionary definition of dominate  
Y'all weak Germantown brown lord, lots of shake  
Fat boy, but my pockets never out of shape  
You a bitch, security guard lock the gates  
The Louis Vuitton bootleg, Prada fake  
I'm tryin' to make the same money that Madonna make  
Eyes never lie, I'm surprised that you not with Jake  
Rhymes in one tape, record an album in an hour straight  
You a pile of waste, I see a sucker and salivate  
Cutting motherfuckers off, time to consolidate  
A thousand pounds of weight'll force your heart to palpitate  
It's Armageddon for you motherfuckers, lock the date

Any bitch I meet means that I'm a copulate  
My revolution will be met with Peter Tosh's fate  
That's the reason that the God is tryin' to populate  
A connoisseur, I can tell you how the Vodka taste  
The 4.5 lift you, send you into outer space  
BRAH!

Hahahahaha,

BOX CUTTA PAZZIE!

Mean Joe Preem, DJ Premier  
Headquarters, Philly to New York  
All day baby

It's Hardbody shit, ha ha ha ha