

Vinnie Paz, Silence

(Vinnie Paz)

Yo, I mastered the flow, I know death more than Lazarus know,
And me defeated is infrequent like Nazareth snow,
Hold your earnings cuz I ask so your ashes can blow,
Hold the burner in the ass so the pacifists know,
That I ain't scared to start a revolution,
Another fixed election, another injustice!ma excute em,
Land of the free, home of the bravest,
Who you think the victim,
Who you think the fuckin' slavers?
People on the grind working for minimum wages,
Working 9 to 9 and seeing the minimum paper,
Not to mention the inadequacies of welfare,
And the lack of a proper universal health care
They don't know about the common man,
They care about distracting you,
And hope that Israel will bomb Iran,
I got a bomb in hand,
And it's for George Walker,
Meet your maker motherfucker,
Meet your lord, father.

Chorus:

It's gangster how we rock,
While you watch,
Attracted to our style,
This is how we get down,
With big jewelry and big guns,
We get busy, and get grizzly

Repeat Chorus

(King Syze)

This is concrete rap,
Q-Dement's paving the way,
It's a sacred day,
Waiting for my patience to pay,
I'm a horse that's grazing the haters,
Saying Ole
I'm the evil that's born when someone good passes away,
I'm most good in foul things,
The love and hate,
I want a child brings right, left, life, death, distresses
The child brings the best of the wild kings,
That's us,
This is multi-rap,
Get high, angel dust,
Roll with them niggas that be paying their dues,
Playas that don't give a fuck if they lose,
Live they whole life draining booze,
Doc already told me,
Is it rap or smoke?
Is it Bars of Death or life or a hole in my throat,
Hard-headed,
Living my life for granite shit,
This is the next shit,
Syzemeology, the New Testament,
Do this for my niggas,
Calling them fam,
Yo I do this for them haters,
Think my songs don't bang.

Chorus x 2

(Celph Titled)

If this industry is a movie,
I'm the starring actor,
You're an assistant for the intern of the backup gaffer,
But I'm only a rapper standing on two feet,
Backstage with four whores on all fours,
And that's on all tours!
How long can I spit a punchline and an ill statement?
And keep your attention on my records,
For entertainment?
No explaining it,
You do the math, I did the math teacher!
Miss Anita spread wide underneath the gymnasium bleachers,
Fucker, doesn't matter which herb speak,
Cuz we got pistols with barrels longer than Big Bird's beak,
Plus the creamy white powder,
Yeah, we selling the milk deep,
My audio too raw for children,
Its filthy,
And I never leave the crib without a pack of Now and Later's,
I'll pack now,
And do that later!
And there ain't a player,
You can find rolling down the strip,
With a hundred rounds of clips,
Packing Macs in the back of an Ac,
On some big pun shit,
And when you hear the click,
Your clique run quick, dick,
We transporting handguns in minivans,
That's the pistol whip,
Celph Titled, the gourmet chef,
Ripple effect,
An inconspicuous spic will catch your mittens,
When I'm splitting your neck

Chorus x 2