

# Celph Titled, Silence & I

(feat. King Syze, Vinnie Paz)

(The Allen Parson's Project:)  
"Two of a kind...Silence and I  
We'll find a way to work it out"

(Intro: Vinnie Paz)  
Yeah...Pazmanian Devil  
Louis Dogs...hahahahahaha  
AOTP, Celph Titled  
King Syze, baby  
Walk with me (hahahahahaha)  
Yeah...

(Verse 1: Vinnie Paz)  
Yo, I mastered the flow  
I know death more than Lazarus know  
And me defeated is infrequent like Nazareth snow  
Hold your urn into the air so the ashes can blow  
Hold my burner in the air so the pacifists know  
That I ain't scared to start a revolution  
Another fixed election, another injustice, I'ma execute 'em  
Land of the free, home of the bravest  
Who you think the victim, who you think the fuckin' slave is?  
People on the grind, workin' for minimum wages  
Workin' 9 to 9 and seein' a 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 distractin' you and hope that Israel will bomb Iran  
I got a bombin' hand, and it's for George Walker  
Meet your maker, motherfucker, meet your Lord Father

(Chorus: x2)  
"It's gangsta 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, it get grizzly" &lt;- Mobb Deep

(Verse 2: King Syze)  
Yeah, uh...  
Yo this is concrete rap, Q-Dimension pavin' the way  
It's a sacred day, waitin' for my patience to pay  
I'm a horse that's grazing the hay, that's sayin' ol  
I'm the evil that's born when someone good passes away  
I'm most good at foul things, the love and hate an unwanted child brings  
Right, left, life, death, distress that a trial brings  
The best of the wild kings, that's us  
This is smoked out rap, get high, angel dust  
Roll with niggas that be payin' them dues  
Playas that don't give a fuck if they lose  
Live they whole life drainin' booze  
Doc already told me, "Is it rap or smoke?"  
Is it Bars of Death for life, or a hole in my throat?  
Hard-headed, livin' my life regrettin' shit  
This that next shit, Syzemology: the new testament  
Do this for my niggas Kong and the fam'  
Yo I do this for them haters sayin' my songs don't bang

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Celph Titled)  
If this industry's a movie, I'm the starrin' actor  
You're an assistant for the intern of the back up gaffer

But I'm only a rapper, standin' 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 span on my records for entertainment?  
No explainin' it, you do the math, I did the math teacher  
Ms. Anita spread wide, under the gymnasium bleachers  
Fucka, don't matter which herb speak  
'Cause we got pistols with barrels longer than Big Bird's beak  
Plus the creamy white powder, yeah we sellin' to Milk D  
My audio too raw for children, it's filthy  
I never leave the crib without a pack of Now and Later  
I pack now, and \*BLAAT\* later  
And ain't no playa you can find rollin' down the strip with hundred rounds and clips  
Packin' MACs in the back of the Ac' on some Big Pun shit  
When you hear the "click" your clique run quick, dick  
We transportin' handguns in minivans; that's the "pistol whip"  
Celph Titled, the gourmet chef, ripple effect  
An inconspicuous spic with kitchen mittens when I'm splittin' ya neck

(Chorus)