

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" <- 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 Laters
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)