

# Non Phixion, Big Don Vincenzo

[Goretex]

What's up kid, Big Don Vincenzo, pushin the Benz-o  
Loaded with endo, limo tint around the windows  
I'm on these sacks, we max like million dollar slacks  
Coked up, ready to run a hundred mile track  
Passing the buildings, smokin my ganja plant with children  
Like Dennis Hopper, rappin about zebras and Sicilians  
Predicting stardom like a swami  
I'm all about cold cuts, a t-bone soft red, and fly pastrami  
Eatin hearty like Luke Abrasi, I gotta call Billy back  
To hit me with Sonys, Fishers, and 'Tachis  
Off the truck with silk Versace, it all be criminal  
Drug residual, my flows be stoned like the chemical  
Gold fanatic, shootin beats like an addict  
Peace to all my shooters with gun stats who make it magic  
Bucktown goes BIZARRE  
Killin fraudulent MC's who be up in drag like Jamie Farr  
To the max, I keep it, rugged for days  
PJ's be like amazed, got these niggaz in a verbal haze  
Goretex Mussolini, rockin zuchini  
My classic hip-hop's equivalent to Pagnini  
Parmegan and baked ziti, puffin cases of beadie  
with cracker bitches, who look a lot like Ally Shedi  
Shit is real dunn, hook up killings with guns  
So give up your funds, next time you see me on the route