Vakill, End of Days

My rep defy injury
I set the standard of nice so high
Once I'm in Heaven, 144,000 are denied entry
Can it be candidly
Vakill single handedly amputated hip-hop from humanity
Til every emcees are Stan fan of me
Let the world catch sleep and it's curtains for the canopy
Every time light bulbs pop over my head
The roaches running across the dark walls of my sanity, so
You're stuck with two options
You can swallow your pride and hand me dap
Or watch your family clapped
Competitions like parking spots
Good ones hard to find, everything else is handicapped, homie
We vise versa, I'm a nice person
They only good for one nice line in every verse they invent
Lava ran through my saliva glands with the sole purpose
Of turning every hood to ash like the first day of lent
The Earth comatosed last time the king feuded
Bring units when mandibles sling fluid
Ya'll can't be serious
Vakill's like Colombians sitting in a circle
My name has a dope ring to it
My reigns one step towards tomorrow
A new world order model flower
Spitting harder then a boxer with piss in his water bottle
The Second Coming
With a sperm count so high girls got to chew before they swallow

The end of the beginning is Kill
Dominion is mine
The world don't stop spinning until
Who should oppose? I'm bending his will
Put ten in his grill
(It's not a game)
The ending is real
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Some emcees I should have been blazed by now
Talking that front page murder
You couldn't make headlines with raised eyebrows
Traditional hip-hop is beating a dead horse
One mark[?] posted on the internet
Check your bed for its head when I send a threat
Cause hell hath no fury strict as mine
Yet disillusioned statements of hypocrisy are the sickest kind
It's like sign makers on strike
While holding them shits up in picket lines
Not everything that's abstract is coming from out the wood work
It's ill or deserve the skill
The underground circuit or circus's filled
With bodies of my meat hanging from trees
Like Blair Witch stick figures in Burkittsville
I'm above niggas with divinity, I spit the Trinity
So you up against trio odds and losing ain't a God or Ms. Cleo cards
The sickest emcees is beneath me
Snapping under my nuts like leotards
I'm [?] and violentest [? .... ?]

[? ..... ?] with straight razors at your cranium
Half postal worker, half terrorist anthrax biochemist
I'm the sickest pushing the envelope, please
Born nice and dying nicest
Dying nicest [??] I keep a hand full of ass and a wine cooler
Most quotable line ruler
In a class by myself like a bitched up tutor hiding from Columbine shooters

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