

Aristotle's Dilemma

Vinnie Paz

Silly girl to be a fool
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

Y'all motherfuckers walk around like you got a wire
My watch face the same size as a Ducati tire
Everybody hit the deck when the shotty fire
Vinnie give your team problems like I'm Stoudemire
Your fam should be ashamed of you still
This ain't a cookout but Vinnie put the flame to your grill
You claim to be real but y'all just end up painfully killed
My four-fifth is vicious, cold enough for Satan to chill
I don't give a fuck cousin, everybody can fry
Everyone could be a victim, everybody could cry
Only a real man look another dead in the eye
And tell him that he only got like twenty seconds to die
I'm slow but I realise that's my best pace
My voice raw, when I spit it crack through my chest plate
I ain't the type of motherfucker to test fate
The type of motherfucker to increase the arrest rate
Streets fucked up suffering bad, there's no kush
Motherfuckers stuck hustling skag
Yeah, same ones get stuck with the mag
Hard rock turn to rubble cause he's fucking a fag

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I'm a go hard till nothing is left
Till there's nothing left in the world, nothing but death
And the .38 tucked in my vest
And I stare at my guns like they're a pair of voluptuous breasts
I don't care, I'll take one in my chest
If it means seeing my father again and maybe touching his flesh
I'll walk around with thirty guns in my sweats
If it means that I'm eating and my mother eating, son of success
I see the world different than y'all
I have more determination and persistence than y'all
It's probably why I have such a resistance to y'all
It's probably why I been so much more consistent than y'all
It's business-involved, I'm everything that you could possibly dream
I'm a mathematician, I'm a vision, I'm a machine
Know what I mean? I roll with brothers pushing rock to the fiends
Roll with brothers who love their mothers, stay on top of their Deen
Louie Dogs rap harder than most
And I got something that rearrange your face and turn your pop to a ghost
You get rocked with the toast
And I make you put your hands up like people that are talking in quotes

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