

Doomsday Machine

Vinnie Paz

Yeah!

Come on, pa, I'm cut from a different cloth!

Y'know what I'm sayin' I'm cut from a different cloth than y'all maf*ckas
(da da da da da!)

Ya mean?

Papo Andy foreva!

Yeah - Come on

Yeah

I told you, you should learn from mistakes
I will valet the maf*cka, personal space
This a (carbo) tech, come with a submersible case
As the sound of the demon bell, merciful fate
All we do is rock low symbols, turbans and weight (?)
I watch (Musa) be a father, give a sermon to (leif?)
This a cloak and dagger operation, turn to the safe
Have his physical return to an (invertible) place
First and foremost is my Ahki
Playin' with ya life, rollin' dice like Monopoly
Brothers overseas givin' dower talkin' cocky
Don't ask me 'bout nobody my relationships is rocky
I scribe thoughts pa I'm like El Diuno Muno?
Catch ya homie walk away like Claus Van Buelow
Its an undefeated record, ahki look at the stats
You was broke down ass bettin' look at the facts stupid

Trigger pine cocked - That's a headshot
It's fiends out here, zombieland you dead fly (??)
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy
You better get awa-a-a-ayy
Get away nigga
Trigger pine cocked - That's a headshot
It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly (??)
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy
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When Paz is done with ya body
He sends 'em to Vas to rock 'em
Freak form box 'em
This ain't a Christmas stocking
It's the last Mohican that keeps the burner in his Moccasin
Smoke signals, we got loud
Gunner air mysterious, beyond clouds
Never seen before, but once I reveal myself
It'll start the Secret War
The mind trick of cannibal
I'm like Hannibal
Having dinner with the doctor at the festival
At the end of the movie

Tell the cops it wasn't me
I was chillin' with Suzy
It's Vast Aire, the Sith Lord
I won't hesitate
To pinch your wind cord
Everybody's wondering like how

Do Millennium, blowing up like Lando

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I remember I was broke, scramblin' so I could smoke
No joke, I was livin' like an addict sniffin' dope
In the attic doing coke, with a addict gettin' throat
Like a savage, but I'm not a savage, nigga I'm the GOAT
Yes the greatest, you the fakest, it's sad the shit I wrote
Could have dropped a thousand albums
Scott(?) they glad I never spoke
But I'm speakin' now, and I'm spittin' ether now
Catch you like I catch a dutch, smoke you like the reefer now
p*ssy ass niggas in the game like it's Easter now
I'm in all black, weapon on me like the Reaper now
I ain't come to sold my soul, I kept it like a preup
Bitch you sold your soul now you tryin'a get a refund
Hey Mr. Critic you created a monster, in my head
I'm a double entendre, am I dead?
Please let me know, cuz I'm feelin' like a ghost
They can't see me like Stevie but they feelin' what I wrote

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