

# Duel to the Death

Vinnie Paz

Can't nobody fuck around with VP  
Or else you're gonna find yourself D-E-A-D  
Y'all ain't got your eye on the prize, you can't see  
Cause I ain't really livin' my life for Plan B  
Anybody brave enough to come against me  
Gonna find your body in the bottom of the Dead Sea  
How dare you ever in your life walk past me  
Without acknowledging this man as G-O-D  
I always been here, always been deranged focus  
The heat is always in my hand like chain smokers  
Hard work, dedication and sustained dopeness  
Bust a motherfucker's head 'til his brain opens  
Stay cookin' in the kitchen like we are sofrito  
I was always smoking wakata with poppy people  
I ain't never doing anything that's not illegal  
Read the Torah lord, black mask, black evil

This is duel to the death, this is murder, death, kill  
Stay real, because the sun can't chill  
M-O-B-B, ain't nobody playin' 'round  
Vinnie P-P, fuck around, lay around  
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I'll have you laid out, Posturepedic  
Before the day's out, somebody gon' be layin' bleedin'  
Keep fuckin' with me, bring me to the darker side  
Where the wolves play and nothing but your karma lie  
Get it back tenfold, yeah, I do you dirty  
I'm in my dirty dirties, that means I'm past the worry  
I got it mapped out, every plan hashed out  
Perfectly executed, squeeze 'til I'm fresh out  
I got goonies, all they do is stick their neck out  
For a nigga, cause his loyalty is nothing less  
And when it's on, you know they got them toolies on deck  
What you looking at, boy? You made of bullshit  
Infamous, yeah, we celebrate life  
Pour liquor for the dead, kill niggas on sight  
When they get beside themselves, we run up right upon 'em  
Leave 'em where they stand and pour some fuckin' liquor on 'em

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Let me start from the beginning at the top of the list  
First off, nobody can do it like this  
No matter how hard you try, hard you go  
No matter how hard your beats, ill your flow  
Can't fuck with P, yeah, this we know

I'm not a rapper, I'm a master of ceremonial  
Gatherings at venues is jam-packed  
Fuck rap, I'm in it for cream and that's that  
Tryna stop my dough? I run you off the map  
Tryna stop my life? I'll blow you out your hat  
The most thuggish, the most ruggish  
The most AKAs you heard of is  
Bandanna, banana clip, RIP  
I can't help it, my career don't cease  
My name don't wear out, I go on forever  
That other shit a passing fad, it won't ever