

I Am the Chaos

Vinnie Paz

Who the fuck is you?
Yeah, Pistolero Pazienza
Know what I mean
Who the fuck is you?
Yeah, I'm headhunting
We walk this dog let 'em breathe
Who the fuck is you?

I set this motherfucker off like I'm a Bolshevik
I hold the toaster grip, reduce the choir to a soloist
Unload the clip and leave a hole in shit the size of [?]
Patrol the vulture pit, I'm leaving Marx in 'em like socialists
It is the moment that you realize you're just not a vocalist
The coldest ocean grip is as close to it as cold Milošević
A male chauvinist, you can cross it off of your grocery list
You're holding swollen ribs, I'm beholding the olden coke
And the dope is odorless, getting hold of it kinda onerous
We all felonious, I got dogs, and homie they Dobermans
We noblemen, it's oxygen, hemoglobin and odorous
So close your lips, Akhi the shotty will leave you frozen stiff
I blow the fifth, homie, the hole the size of a poker chip
The yopper ownership, just another level of showmanship
I have the show up in me, you jokers getting the bulk of it
And hit his lower limbs, now it's closure homie, it's over with

Fuck out the way pa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Fuck out my way papa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?

I'm Pistolero Pazzo so every chopper reliable
The brujeria banger, the murders is justifiable
It's headshots homie, the body identifiable
The body parts intact but the face is unrecognizable
The weaponry is sizable, all of it modifiable
The doctor told my mother her child is certifiable
This Gucci lamb leather is terror, homie it's dye-able
Serial number off, money, they ain't classifiable
It's way too cold and the temperature ain't survivable
These hollow points, homie, the horror is indescribable
They think that I'm maniacal, mercenaries is glamorous
The Desert Eagle ain't even deadly, homie, it's cancerous
The rhyme annihilation, obliteration calamitous
I took a vote to see if you pussy, it was unanimous
A motherfucking son of an emperor, I'm Britannicus
The temple of a riot, the mind of a psychoanalyst

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