

Kingdom Crusher

Vinnie Paz

You can sense it in the air, man, you better beware, because
Something wicked this way comes
We run through your district, our guns are sadistic
Something wicked this way comes
When the hairs on the back of your neck stand erect, you know
Something wicked this way comes
If we display guns, all the bitches, they run, they know
Something wicked this way comes

My level of rhyme is just another level of shine
My level divine, anyone on the level is dyin'
A rebel refined, telling you that the reverend lyin'
Malevolent mind, dump the fuckin' lead in your spine
Dead on the dime, leave his body redder than wine
It's lead in my palm, Vinnie the fuckin' deadliest Don
I'm raw and I'm delirious like Ed in his prime
I'm '99, Jedi Mind, baby, steadily shine
My pettiest fine, I would never regret or rewind
I would never separate the fuckin' bread and the wine
I would never fuckin' dedicate the dead to Haran
I would never fuckin' educate the heads to Haraam
The rebel of crime, that was like an echo in time
It's still me, I'm just better, I'm a better design
I'm better with time, you ain't a competitor, slime
I'm Romero when he made The Living Dead in his prime, yeah

You can sense it in the air, man, you better beware, because
Something wicked this way comes
We run through your district, our guns are sadistic
Something wicked this way comes
When the hairs on the back of your neck stand erect, you know
Something wicked this way comes
If we display guns, all the bitches, they run, they know
Something wicked this way comes

The method of raw is just another level of war
You're a pussy claat rapper, duke, I said it before
I should body you for leaving all that red on the floor
Hell is heaven, but you still believe that heaven is pure
Weapons on drawers, Vinnie only read the Koran
And if rhyming is religion, Vinnie P the imam
Peaceful Islam, Vinnie on his deen and he calm
That's the only reason I could ever see through the storm, yeah
Baggy jeans, Air Max and a four-fifth
Faggot rappers in the closet like old kicks
I got my own label now, I am so rich
And got more men that's down for me than Joe Smith
I'm addicted to vodka bottles and low shit
I'm addicted to topless models that nose sniff
Y'all ain't never have me open like an old gift
Who is y'all? I've been too busy to notice

You can sense it in the air, man, you better beware, because
Something wicked this way comes
We run through your district, our guns are sadistic
Something wicked this way comes
When the hairs on the back of your neck stand erect, you know

Something wicked this way comes
If we display guns, all the bitches, they run, they know
Something wicked this way comes