

# Necklace of Heads

Vinnie Paz

Yeah, 1 2  
Yo Oh No  
This shit crazy pop  
Look, 1 2  
Aight, look  
Yeah

Lick shots like they would do with the fever  
Stab 'em dead or a Pompeii, Julius Caesar  
Knife work nice, show you what to do with a cleaver  
Son mounafikoun, he a truthful deceiver  
Supplication on the plains of Arafat  
Peurto Ricans everywhere, they talk to me in Arawak  
Money always [?], and I'ma pull the barrel back  
Knowing damn well he couldn't see me like a cataract  
Where the organ grinder partner, tell me where the Tommy at  
And riddle him with bullets in him, move him like an army rat  
Anarchist and Marxist, you listening to Commie rap  
Self-proclaimed God so the fuck if I'ma honor that  
This rap tried to get me book like a library  
My shot unorthodox like Shawn Marion  
Powers of pain, Animal Hawk and barbarian  
You beaten by the fist of God so Paul bury 'em

One gun, two gun, three gun, four  
It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war  
One gun, two gun, three gun, four  
A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

I told y'all not to fuck with me  
Kidnaps takin' the kids like full custody  
Every rhyme like my first, I spit hungrily  
Y'all don't know cheese and wine out in Tuscany  
Y'all think having a rack is called luxury  
All bark and no bite, you not touching me  
It's too dark for you, the wind is too blustering  
I don't like cops or opps in my company  
The trap boys still cookin' the brick  
And it's raw so it look like they cookin' the grit  
If I counted every bottle that I took to the dick  
I'd lose count pa, I was in a room full of shit  
You cupcaked out, still bitchin' 'bout a jaw  
End-game talkin' 'bout a bishop verse a pawn  
You dead goin' to sleep, listenin' to birds chirpin'  
The type of asshole to be talkin' in third person

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Yeah, yeah  
Pack Pistol Pazzo and all that, the Sicilian Shooter  
Y'nam sayin'?  
Philly in this mahfucker, yeah  
That's the law  
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