

Nineteen Ninety Three

Vinnie Paz

Yeah

Yo E, what up God?

Stomping in the forty below troopers and all that

Triple fat goose jackets

Know what I mean?

Alright listen

Come on

Yeah

Yeah there's a rumble and money got crushed into rubble

For fakin' the funk inside the concrete jungle

DJ Eclipse on the cut with Bill with him

Sucker MCs well you can go to hell with him

Well this is a war here, it's Vietnam here

The five percent Nation of Brothers of Allah here

Whether he good or not, you soft as a Pudding Pop

He ain't halal, but he got cut in the butcher shop

You can't touch the mic, you don't deserve to

If he didn't learn too, then he getting burned too

The Kings and Queens are rebuilding they throne

With hardcore drums that's as ill as J-Zone

Suckers are petrol, so they better let go

'Cause I'm the human lightning bolt like Electro

Y'all ain't stepping up, cause y'all ain't deaf'n up

Yo, DJ Eclipse just cut the record up

You laid in the dirt and got put into a hearse

Suckers try to battle but they get they heads burst

Aye, y'all couldn't move me, I cut 'em like sushi

The word is a gun and it'll spray like an Uzi

I built with the Gods until knowledge is born on 'em

It took a little while for the science to dawn on 'em

You fade like a barber, my blade was just sharper

The Son that was born was the same as the Father

None of y'all could come before me or come after me

You fucking with Paz then it could be a catastrophe

Knowledge is infinite, you couldn't live with it

Suckers will fade and get played like an instrument

Nothing can harm me, why try bomb me?

You couldn't fuck around with Paz with the Army

Thirty-two bars of death will shut 'em up

DJ Eclipse on the wheel, so cut it up