

# No More Games

Vinnie Paz

Yo, I'm a dark Abyss  
Apocalypse in my esophagus breathing phosphorous while kamikazes spit on top  
of it  
Stomp the continents in consequence of your incompetence  
My consciousness, emits the kind of cognac that you vomit with  
I'm kind of sick  
Comets hit with less of confidence  
So common is devoured galaxies in lines of optimus  
Galactus of the brain waves  
Captain of the mayday  
If God required 7, than I conquered on the 8th day  
My Dragons reign is red pain  
Blood Pumping through dead veins  
Entire mind's my left brain  
Creation caused my membranes  
Post apocalyptic vision of warlocks and witches  
With wisdom placed from incisions of surgically gifted children  
My intensities strike heaven's peace down to the guts of centipedes  
And dead MC's who's density rivers scorched the seven seas

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57th passenger, fouler than your pastor is  
My mind's arachnid, masterful, weave a web of massacres  
Ambassador of cracking wigs, casket full of captured pigs  
I rap to the percussion of crushed skulls and snapped ribs  
The fact is I'm brutal, my backyard's like Lebanon  
A lexicon drinking cherub's blood from a devil's horn  
Peddle porn, dope, soap & hope like it's a telethon  
The metal drawn precise like a draftsman-accurate-shred velours  
And level all in radius, my razor rips with gracefulness  
I'll split your face, the stage & pavement, lift the blade then shred the skies  
Everything alive is jeopardized when I've been weaponized  
I specialize in genocide, seven lives beyond death  
My conquest stretches from Asgard to the Throggs Neck  
Mosh pit symphonies, center of the chaos, a marksman  
Shoot you out of the circle of your seance, fuck fortune  
You play the odds or lay your cards and forfeit, ahh

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You think that sleeps an option?  
But sleep to me is like a lethal toxin  
I walk the street looking for meat so I can feed the goblin  
It takes a God's philosophy to conquer these concoctions  
Telekinesis between dolphins in the deepest cauldron  
Failure is never in my mind it couldn't be an option  
I went to Kashmir to see inside the Jesus coffin  
It's either heat or boxin, because the beast is watching  
Nobody ever wanted you, you had to seek adoption  
I have a lust for blood and that isn't a recent problem  
I have a lust for drugs, and not to mention drinking problems

I put em in the motherfuckin' trash cause he a opossum  
I pull the stainless, make them shameless like if he was Rossum  
It's time to bring the fucking pain this is a demons doctrine  
I take the ox and slice you up like it was Dietz & Watzon  
Every rhyme I write is heroin, you need Suboxone  
Rest in peace, BLOCKA BLOCKA now you meeting Cochran