

Shadow Of The Guillotine

Vinnie Paz

I have heard the young men of Judah. They acknowledge me king
As for you, you thought my father's yoke was heavy, wait until
you feel mine
You thought my father's taxes too high. Mine will crush you
How dare you speak out against your lawful king?
My father chastised you with whips. I shall use scorpions!
I am your king!

I stand on top of the mountain, I was a born rapper
The house of the Holy Spirit, another long chapter
Untouched glory of God, a strong factor
The nine laws were bound together from psalms after
The Smith & Wesson rubber grip made my palm blacker
You're not a MC, pussy, you're a reformed actor
Your whole fam is fucked up in Al-Anon matter
The chemical wedding of Christ where the gods gather
The weapon of the dead gods was a thorn dagger
Every verse, every surah in the Qu'ran has a
'Nother scripture, another picture was drawn blacker
Arabize Kurdish legacy, the storm catcher
The fucking MC you don't wanna perform after
The seventh son of the seventh son of his law passer
Mercy prevail over wrath from Imam ladder
16 bars similar to God's rapture.

They tried to stop me at every level and stress me and send me
devils
I press 'em like Chevy pedals and shred 'em like heavy metal
Whenever settle for a minute of the spotlight
Your raps is a gat spitting it ain't shot right
I caught some spitting shots to your brain cell
So you and George Zimmerman can rot in the same hell
Captital Q, stand at odds with the metal ready
And level the playing field with the God of the Serengeti
Keep your enemies close enough to never fall
The victim of a death plot, keep afar and get shot
Decapitated heads drop and fall down a flight of stairs
Like Apocalypso sacrifices, I wrap the stack prices
Like Apple Mac devices, it's real brutal
And got that rock steady seal of approval
I pray to the heavens, he pray to the east
And on the Sunday San Gennaro we parade to the feast, minkya!