

The Coffin

Vinnie Paz

Yeah
Yo, Les, what up papa?
Juju Gigante, y'kna mean?
Goblin Queens New York
Philly out here
We shining

The four-fifth symphony lift him
It'll spin your head around like a rotisserie chicken
I was born on the Red Sea, Abyssinian vision
We ain't A-Alikes, God, we completely different
How much more proof you need that the boy crazy?
I carry four pounds like a premature baby
Pussy boy, coming out his mouth, all shady
I will punch him in his fucking teeth, all gravy
I'm liable to take a young boy lunch box
And if it's any resistance, then you gon' get punched ahk
I catch homis, Lord, harder than punk rock
I remember 'xactly where I was when they slumped Pac
Quintetto had everything, but got cocky
Philly wop with nice hands, but not Rocky
Mommy making manicotti, but it got sloppy
Yous a bitch, Benny Blanco when he shot Papi

The left hook startle 'em, the end is a mean right
Sublime nature, I am from the sons of the Green Light
I could tell from your eyes, something don't seem right
Hands shake, brittle, so I know you the queen type
This 550 Sonoran, force is absurd
And God told me the pen is the source of the word
How he call himself a rapper, but he awkward with words?
In a city I diddy bop, walk with a bird
Let's be honest, money, you just mediocre at best
And these cop killers going to put a hole in your chest
I'm Vido Loncar throwing blows at the ref
You like Luke on Hoth, almost frozen to death
The straight right'll lift his fucking pussy out of shoes
With no counters coming back and that's the point I'm trying to
prove
You ain't get the fucking point?
That's the point that I don't lose
You can see me muhfucker, I'll anoint you on the news
Yeah