

When You Need Me

Vinnie Paz

the most toxic, dough overflows the pockets
with ho's so exotic, it blows your optics
I'm flashy, Egyptian kings couldn't surpass me
chameleon Nikes that change colour to match me
I used to date a gangster bitch like Apache
but that dumb ho pronounced my name A-pathy
and ever since William Cooper been deceased
police watch every AOTP release
and they tap when we speak
when we rap over beats
when we crap when we eat
or relax with a freak
I'm a emperor, stay with a crown as a jury
ride around when we dirty to the sound of the fury
you're unworthy, to walk this ground or observe me
back packers pack bags leave town in a hurry
the AOTP, we just similar citizens
sinister circle of serpents eatin virgins for dinner
emerge as winners, from summer to winter
the sons of the ministers burnin down churches
and chokin Jehova's witnesses
Known for they viciousness, the ignorance kings
who hang ho's from the ceiling by their clitoris rings
Manchurian Candidate, who's brain went AWOL
walkin' through hurricane rainfall, with a chainsaw
Dr. Claw, droppin' y'all, only see my hand bitch
catch you in the subway and serve you a knuckle sandwich
Vinny that's my brother, that motherfucker helped me
my first appearance ever was a Jedi Mind LP
so till our blood is absorbed, in morgue floor boards
we'll live by the sword, and die by the sword

... It's the raw, Planetary

Let me explain the rain that is intended
to drown the universe and drain the heads selected
I'm like a pet detective, watchin' your dogs
I'm dodgin' the law, cops saw me plot in the fog
so I scooped Vinnie Paz, nigga hop in the car
I'm rockin' Pac, Big Pop, D-Block and Ras
somebody gotta die, if I gots to go you gots to go
but I'm a die, with a hot flow
Timbs with my socks low
my death wish is to die on the Soul Plane
next to Chuck D., Coltrane and Cobain
I never sniffed a fuckin' line of cocaine
I'm r.a.w., youngins don't know Kane
you just a lyin' coward
I'm rap's Brian Howard
swingin' bats for the raps for ten violent hours
Paz dial the numbers, I supply 'em with thunder
it's the fourth quarter, bottom of summer(hahahaha...)

Yeah! Planet, What up baby?
Apathy, what up cousin?
AOTP in the buildin'
What up Reef, what up Mach

7l, Eso(teric) King Syze
all of y'all it's love baby

Yeah!

Yo I'm God incarnate, from the grimiest back blocks
Pazienza lyrical equivalent of sasquatch
low shit, baggy nautica with the gatt cocked
you ho shit, tight jeans, pink with the tank top
you make the kind of rap music that fags watch
I make the kind of rap music that stab cops
I brought it raw, I been here ever since
I remeber you the fagget wearin' gear like you prince
the type of fagget shed a tear when you pitch
I'm the type to disappear and reappear in a clinch
I'm here in a clinch, you know I'm always here for my fam
the type that fuck somebody up and drink a beer with my fam
BLAP BLAP! (hahahaha...)

Heh! Pazman, Louie Dogs!
Apathy, (hahahaha...) yeah, what up Plan, baby
(fuckin' clowns) what's good?
(Jedi Mind in the buildin')AOTP
(yo Stoupe)Celph, what up daddy?
Stoupe my brother
We runnin' this rap shit
We runnin' this rap shit
(yeah, we runnin' it)
Jedi Mind, we runnin' this rap shit
(yeah we runnin' that shit)
the God Jus Allah!
(what up God?)
It feels so good to be back baby!
Haha, feels so good...
Hahahaha... (Hahahaha...)