

## 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

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

Yeah!

Yo I'm God incarnate, from the grimeiest 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...)