

Heart of a Lion

Vin Jay

Yeah, you know who the fuck it is
Feels good to be back too
You know?
Gotta do what a man's gotta do
Provide until long after I'm gone

Yo, the only way to be the GOAT is have the heart of a lion
All this pressure that's on me is turning carbon to diamond
They want to sling shots at me, spar with the giant
I knock 'em back to 2012, and then they roll with the Mayans
No need to pardon defiance, I'd rather capital punishment
I live like a vigilante and laugh at the government
I'm the Bruce Wayne of rap, a loose maniac
I pop shrooms and then I throw 2 cases back
Filthy habit I can't shake, living life in the fast lane
Breathing more smoke than a drag race
Pulling the handbrake, I hydroplane and search for the ashtray
Then flick my cigarette in your gas tank, bitch
Sip Stella's and pop a tab like a liquid gel
Until I'm interstellar or lose my head like it's Winterfell
Can't strip the belt from the God, I'll body you infidels
Italian blood, I leave 'em sleeping where all the fishes dwell
I wish 'em well as I pray to God to be left alone
Don't got no friends in the industry, y'all are stepping stones
This shit is sabotage, cut the beat to let 'em know
The click that you hearing is a bomb, not a metronome
I see the game, and I truly hate what it's come to be
These rappers turn to influencers just to bump the streams
A bunch of fucking dweeb, carbon copy, money fiends
Sacrificing all your integrity for a couple G's
So I reiterate what history proves
I spill heat, been on a killstreak since 16 views
Got 'em yelling at the throne like, "Vin, please move"
Y'all are in my chateau like DaVinci's tomb, you know?
It's only fitting that y'all careers are in grave danger
Kept the underground alive, I've been the game savior
Way I'm skipping on a beat, I need a pacemaker
And I don't need to drop a hook, I drop haymakers
Duck and cover when a verse is deployed
You can tell I learn from the legends when I merc 'em with poise
It was '95 when mama gave birth to the boy
She was carrying a bomb before search and destroy
Yeah, I'm fire off top, young Hades, no Hercules
Turn your brown shirt to a burgundy
That's a metaphor or hyperbole
Kill 'em on a track, then the fans gon' be making a face like botched surger
y
Damn, manifested the plan
Crawled up out of the barrel and found some room to expand
Lonely quest of a man, I hold my fate in my hands
And I'm the only reason I will or I won't advance
Yeah, I'm addicted to breaking limits and quick to relapse
Y'all live a life full of indecision and slip through the cracks
I'm a dope fiend, bitch
Way I'm picking through tracks
Turned to silver, throwing kicks away, I instantly snap
Come on