

# Purge

Vin Jay

This is not a test. This is your emergency broadcast system announcing the commencement of the annual Purge sanctioned by the US Government. Commencing at the siren, any and all crime, including murder, will be legal for twelve continuous hours. Police, fire, and emergency medical services will be unavailable until tomorrow morning at 7AM, when the Purge concludes. Blessed be Y PG and America: a nation reborn. May God be with you all...

Yeah!

The Purge back, come indulge in the beef  
Got me rollin' like a polo, I'm patrolling the streets  
Got Patron up in my soda, fuck a moment of peace  
Crack your dome and put opponents in a coma for weeks  
Jumpin' out vans, lookin' like the Taliban  
Blade swingin' at fake bitches, you know the battle plan  
You never stop it, there ain't no way to control the violence  
I swap spit with your bitch and gave her Corona Virus  
No monogamys, I don't follow equality  
Time to drop bombs, It's Vietnam on your property  
Fuck about, apologies, fire rockets at wannabes  
Am I [...] poverty  
Not familiar with the plan? Just study  
Finna purge [...] so the fam' gets money  
Run up on his new cast, make they spandex bloody  
Get 'em thrown out the whip like a crash test dummy  
Go!

Sun's down so get ready to purge  
I need guns, knives, ammo, murder  
Better pray to God when the devil emerge  
I want guns, knives, ammo, murder  
Everybody take cover when I come through the gates  
I got guns, knives, ammo, murder  
It's the motherfuckin' purge so ain't nobody safe  
We got guns, knives, ammo, shhh

Can't hide, got your phone lines tapped  
Molotovs hit your face, turnin' both eyes black  
But if anybody miss, I make 'em go right back  
Tell 'em, "finish that, man" like I'm NoLifeShaq  
Get the blades spinnin', face splittin'  
You fake bitches 'til your leg's stiffen'  
Werewolf, my fang's drippin'  
Feel the pain kick in  
Mix breed, I'm blade grippin'  
Oh, my brain different  
Rollin' up in a tank, trippin'  
No guns, I be rollin' with machetes, tucked  
Step in my path, I run 'em down with a semi-truck  
'Bout to run up in a bank with the Rémy, drunk  
Take a hundred grand then I blow it on a petty slut  
Get to runnin' with my clique, cause trouble  
See them mobbin' down the block with them pitchforks, huddled  
Everybody gettin' diced when the big dogs scuffle  
Can't put you back together like the jigsaw puzzle  
Let's go!

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