

Eraserheads

Vinnie Paz

"Here it come, come."
"Here it come, come."

"Stay dope boy, on guard, real sharp
Write rhymes that's real hard" – Gemini The Gifted One

The sound of my voice will make stab wounds
Father of the Universe leaving planets with half moons
I have assumed that those who choose to make rap music have no talent at music
So me and Vinnie came to grab your head and put a gat to it

I bring the .45 Glock and the .38
AR-15 send their body to the pearly gates
Me and Celph ain't making happy music, this is truly hate
Toby Hooper in this motherfucker cousin, saw his face

And when we're holding the Tec we'll put a hole in your neck
Equipping you with a permanent T-Pain vocal effect
I ain't a flossy dude sipping 'Mo
But if I was I'd pop that cork off in your bitch's asshole (Let 'em know)

That's how that ho get treated, she get the smut treatment
Toss her out the whip, leave her on the rough cement
Celph and Vinnie will deliver an abrupt beating
And the Walther 9M will leave your guts leaking

Your video had the best special effects I seen
Had you in the projects using computer blue screens (Know what I mean?)

You phony motherfuckers never held a ratchet ever
You was in the faggot bar with Kanye strapped in leather

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I never thought I'd get a bitch pregnant ever
Until my main squeeze gave birth to a baby Beretta
The more gravy the better, don't holler just yell
It's like the night before Christmas, I can't wait to see Hell

I can't wait to see Hell either
I'm a run up on the first motherfucker that I see with a rusty cleaver
I ain't a sucker neither and no one fuck with Vinnie
Fat gut, wife-beater, pasta, I'm a fucking guinea

I'll smash a mirror, I'll walk under a ladder
I'll let a black cat cross my path, it don't matter
Cause I ain't superstitious and I don't fear nothing
You're talking all that tough shit

But you's a queer fronting
And y'all are snitch but let me tell you something, you ain't hear nothing
I like to refer to my trigger as the fear button
I don't fear nothing either, I just cock the pistol
I like the way the bullet burst and what it do to tissue

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Yo we blazing son like gangbangers with laser guns
My rap verses are curses and scriptures spit with a razor tongue
Nitwit I play ancient drums to conjure up demon spirits that appear in smoke
out of a pagan's lungs
I'm everything: hardcore, complex, original
Yeah that one test, the disciple of death
C-Titled is Christ-like, salmon at Red Lobster
And C-Titled's the best at blamming hammers at imposters
Get your ass whooped with automatic hazard causers
You can't make tables turn, you got bad revolvers
Faulty guns that go [click] when you pull the trigger
Mine's go [blick blick], it's sick when I pull the trigger

It don't matter how we get down, guns or rhymes
I'm white and raw like the perico chico, tons of dimes
I got a way with wild shit cousin, tons of crimes
Tons of forty-fives, AKs, tons of knives

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