

Mossberg Solution

Vinnie Paz

Let it be known we too much for these underclassmen
Fuck the lights, fuck the cameras, I want the action
I want in on anything that can get me money
For the root of evil watch how I get ugly
Completely famished, hungry is an understatement
That's real talk, my words they under investigation
I'm never hesitating, too much time is wasting
I ain't half-baked, my brain is never vegetating
Everybody wanna rap, gotta regulate em
Thou shall not spit in my presence, that is my legislation
Constant elevation, constant steady pacing
Deadly melodies, deadly combinations
MCs nowadays heavy population
Too many hard-looks, we gotta rock their face in
I ain't no Indian, homie I'm a chief rocka
Goodfella capo, put you in a meat locker

We ain't going nowhere, locked and loaded in here
We controlling this here, all of our soldiers is near
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December's unholly so cherish the sun slowly
The pharaoh inside of a narrow grave, you can't control me
If I die nobody hold me, my body would rather be lonely
My soul is in purgatory waiting for Satan to scold me
If I had to go back into the old me
I'd be depressed and distraught from all of the OE
I'd rather take a fucking shot of that Cognac
Y'all niggas is bottom-feeders, the rest of y'all below that
Pharaoh clique man we deep like the Wu was
Or really like the Wu is but we be the new buzz
A few drugs got you niggas all gassed up
MP3s are like M-16s after they pass us
Ask for us, Outerspace we salute y'all
Only fuck with fam cause y'all be acting all RuPaul
My niggas rugged, we carry Louisville Sluggers
And we claiming outerspace, ain't a fucking soul above us nigga

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I'm a do what I gotta do to get the gwap
And if it's daylight and kids is out I wet they block
Young boys, no respect, they will get their pop
I'm a G, I'm polite, let me get that aunt (you're a great grand God)
My head wrapped like the Iron Sheik
And the Desert E have your wig peeled like tires screeching
The bullet holes have you dying leaking
My beat's savage, it speaks Spanish like I was Rican
Y'all last like y'all was culo
Son chill all of y'all grill like el a du yo
Guns big like they was sumo
Let em bang, I let em hang like they Arturo (Blood and guts warrior baby)
I don't call it haze, I call it smog

The drug is white girl and I ain't talking Lady Gag
Motherfucker I'm nice at mine, y'all nice at yours?
The difference is like Nike 4s and Michael Kors