

No More Games

Vinnie Paz

Yo, I'm a dark Abyss
Apocalypse in my esophagus breathing phosphorous while kamikazes spit on top
of it
Stomp the continents in consequence of your incompetence
My consciousness, emits the kind of cognac that you vomit with
I'm kind of sick
Comets hit with less of confidence
So common is devoured galaxies in lines of optimus
Galactus of the brain waves
Captain of the mayday
If God required 7, than I conquered on the 8th day
My Dragons reign is red pain
Blood Pumping through dead veins
Entire mind's my left brain
Creation caused my membranes
Post apocalyptic vision of warlocks and witches
With wisdom placed from incisions of surgically gifted children
My intensities strike heaven's peace down to the guts of centipedes
And dead MC's who's density rivers scorched the seven seas

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Set the world on fire screaming no more rain Rip your knees from your cartilage and bow to the king

57th passenger, fouler than your pastor is
My mind's arachnid, masterful, weave a web of massacres
Ambassador of cracking wigs, casket full of captured pigs
I rap to the percussion of crushed skulls and snapped ribs
The fact is I'm brutal, my backyard's like Lebanon
A lexicon drinking cherub's blood from a devil's horn
Peddle porn, dope, soap & hope like it's a telethon
The metal drawn precise like a draftsman-accurate-shred velours
And level all in radius, my razor rips with gracefulness
I'll split your face, the stage & pavement, lift the blade then shred the skies
Everything alive is jeopardized when I've been weaponized
I specialize in genocide, seven lives beyond death
My conquest stretches from Asgard to the Throggs Neck
Mosh pit symphonies, center of the chaos, a marksman
Shoot you out of the circle of your seance, fuck fortune
You play the odds or lay your cards and forfeit, ahh

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You think that sleeps an option?
But sleep to me is like a lethal toxin
I walk the street looking for meat so I can feed the goblin
It takes a God's philosophy to conquer these concoctions
Telekinesis between dolphins in the deepest cauldron
Failure is never in my mind it couldn't be an option
I went to Kashmir to see inside the Jesus coffin
It's either heat or boxin, because the beast is watching
Nobody ever wanted you, you had to seek adoption
I have a lust for blood and that isn't a recent problem
I have a lust for drugs, and not to mention drinking problems

I put em in the motherfuckin' trash cause he a opossum
I pull the stainless, make them shameless like if he was Rossum
It's time to bring the fucking pain this is a demons doctrine
I take the ox and slice you up like it was Dietz & Watzon
Every rhyme I write is heroin, you need Suboxone
Rest in peace, BLOCKA BLOCKA now you meeting Cochran