

OPG Theme

Vinnie Paz

We puff cigars and sip Jesus juice
Do get dough I don't need a booth long as crack smokes and needle shoots
Yup, unbelievable, a lethal crew where evil rules
I be in Cali smoking diesel, you never leave the room
You in your crib just clickety clacking
Typing messages about how niggas be rapping
Like he used to spit fire like really what happened?
You really need cabbage cause you're simply a faggot cocksucker
While your jaw's tight, eh yo I'm sick
I got a wild bitch who strangled you to death like Arturo's wife
Rest in peace to all of those who died tragically
Steve McNair got a nigga scared to eat at Applebee's
I mean Dave & Buster's and I don't give a fuck about my own life
So it's nothing for me to take another's (nothing)
The bitch is a freak, she said take a number
We ran trizznain, that bitch say take a number

Hey yo I weigh about a deuce and a half
And manoeuvre too fast for you losers to grasp
You're not eluding my wrath
Grab the duffel bag and shoot, the loot and the cash
I subtract you from your stash and now you do the math
I sit on the church steps with the booze in a flask
I love the sound of the music from a funeral man
Want me to google your producer man, you dude should just ask
I see through you like glass and my goons just laugh
Take a swig of the Grey Goose, take a trip to Jesus
Get your gay troops, turn your strip to Beirut
This is fight music, I ain't? the comrade
This is combat, give your sister her son back
I'm repping OPG, you got OCD
Your shit is one dimensional, my flow's 3D
They they say that I'm as gritty as ODB
Dirk McGurk but they call me Burke the Jurke

Pazienza and Lost Cauze drunken with the four-fours
I just mangled the fucking mic pussy, it's all yours
I don't need to spit sixteens, you done in four bars
Fat motherfucker, I only eat it if it's four stars
When you knocked out cold it's hard to fight back
Street pharmacist with more pills than Mike Jack
I don't wanna listen to y'all, y'all shit is tight whack
I been eating rappers for years, you just a light snack
Eh yo Sharif burn these motherfuckers at the stake
They ain't gonna get a chance to learn from their mistake
Death is coming for you motherfuckers, save the day
Everything I spit is equivalent to a Mason's hate
This is Pazienza, the Official Pistol Gang
And we was born and bred in Killadelphia, Pistolvane
The thirty-eight, a four-five, see every pistol bang
They can levitate your body and they can rip through brains