Pellienza

Vinnie Paz

It's never too late
That's where they got you
Every day is a, every day it's the same thing, man
Until where you at, you don't stop!
Never too late!

Fuck your pipe trades and paper work
My rhyme schemes will lay you murked
Fire breeze and flames, get burnt
Bars bleeding pain and hurt
Thoughts, demons, dames and dirt
Watch me and they observe
Behind the dreams footage like a mob scenes [?]
Spark diesel haze and perks, spittin' the cushion
Sacrifices I've made, risks that I've tooken
Final option, strong arm 'em
If that don't work then I can tell whatever mirror I look in
Look it, I go through the bullshit on a regular basis
Rage is part of my pores that just make my music even deadly
Basic pages document wars, life and endorsement, four clips and I sla
y them
Hit everything moving, 'till everything move and hit the pavement
Heads get tortured in basements
For thinkin' that it's all entertainment
Get stuffed in Hefty Bags
Clip his ass, drop him to the bottom like [?]
Pellegrino, Vinnie Paz, none of you haters is really maggers
To f'ing bad, yeah

Don't you ever look at me funny
If I get knocked first, then Vinnie do his snuff in his bunky
Destruction is nothing, dump a fuckin' slug in his tummy
My father told me you could learn a lot from a dummy
It's hot and it's sunny, that's the fucking opposite from me
The brain particles is everywhere, they consciousness ugly
My father above me, I swear on fuckin' God that's above me
That I will torture y'all or slaughter y'all that talk to me funny
I'm awful with money, especially if you're hoardin' it from me
Here's a dead rapper father, take this offering from me
You awful and clumsy, couldn't learn the sorcery from me
Couldn't take the Necronomicon glossary from me
Out my face, I ain't even tryin' to talk to you money
I ain't tryin' to break bread or to walk with your money
I'm a carnivore, I ain't never stop being hungry
I'm the art of war, you ain't never stopping me dummy
Yeah...