

Rambo Knife

Vinnie Paz

Yeah, I'm just tryna dance, man
You know what I'm sayin'?
Philly, Pack Pistol Pazienza
Look, yeah, c'mon man, lemme walk
Yeah, look, look man I'ma dance
I'ma dance on here
C'mon, look, yeah, yeah

Don't even ask me how do I fail
Valley of the River Clyde on a Clydesdale
Lord Monboddo and James Boswell
You a threat to society, you denied bail
Some are Kleinfeld, some are Seinfeld
Some of y'all is where the opposite of God's will
We outsiders like it's a yard sale
Motherf*ckers throwing 350 on a barbell (Slanging and banging)
Playing Rockwell out in Roswell (I always feel like)
I always feel like somebody watching a bronze bell
Never pal on your brother if he not well
We just trying to maneuver through the minefield
I was brilliant 'til my motherf*cking eyes wailed
Whether it's a mine meld or benign cell

That's all cap, it's an old wives tale
Motherf*ckers out here pitching like Don Drysdale

Yeah! I'm just a phantom that's singing opera
The same flame that go inside of the candelabra
Maintain we on the side of Guadalajara
Wizard with the pen, it's all from the kawahara
Yeah! Ain't talkin' 'bout a homicide
Motherf*ckers press you when they saw you was a dollar sign
Over here they puttin' poison in the kalala
Hallowell and unexplained phenomena
You should have seen the man that sent me
You can get sprayed, the Beamer, Benz, or Bentley
Traveling carriages, Vinnie part of the gentry
I was slapping rappers when I was in elementary
Velour suits and Reebok
Side stepper from Yugoslavia, Vlade Divac
You a mad rapper, you D-Dot
You an opp, you call the C-Cipher a C-Op