

## Target Practice

Vinnie Paz

Move back, we attack. Get down, lay down.

We come guns blazing like the young sons of Satan  
Some occasions gun play comes into the equations  
Gotta keep the chrome for home invasions and break-ins  
Go to your location with no notification  
Quick to pick up the Glocks, fill the clip to the top  
Kill the kids too little too big to adopt  
Got a whole lot of lost souls, pick of the crop  
Tape playing the oldies when you hear the click and the pop  
It's nothing but ice in my veins, the devil has a mic in my brain  
Has a lot of good advice to retain  
What's not to like about the guy who had Christ slain?  
I don't have the right to gripe and complain  
I have to hide the remains, I have to get Tide for the stains  
I have to find time that can bind and restrain  
I have to find lives to attain  
I'm looking for a homicide, offering a ride from the rain

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All you motherfuckers days is numbered  
Attack the winter and I slay the summer  
Pressure bust pipes God, I don't pay the plumber  
Y'all don't put me to sleep, it's more of a state of slumber  
Pimp shit, smash skins like your favorite drummer  
I'm a shooter and a shooter do what a shooter please  
A history of the broken land of the Sudanese  
I spit a verse and a motherfucking computer freeze  
The right hand is a bomb, it'll cost you two MCs  
It's suicide rapper you can hang from Judas trees  
We destroy and rebuild while y'all just shoot the breeze  
Me and Buddha are separated by two degrees  
The army gear is military and the boots are trees  
The kevlar isn't a problem, I'll just shoot his knees  
I rock a Panerai watch, y'all are boosting tees  
Dirty money on the block, I recoup with ease  
Y'all can't afford a sixteen, I'm charging stupid fees