

The Oracle

Vinnie Paz

Yeah, ha ha ha
Yo Premier, yo what's the word lord?
It's Box Cutta Pazzie, DJ Premier
You know what I'm sayin'?
Ha ha ha ha ha ha

Yeah
Ha ha
One, Two, One Two Come on'
Yo Premo you crazy for this right here Pop
Shit Hardbody

What I'm a hit you with
You motherfuckers better duck

I'm a bull in a china shop, watch how the uzi spit
Who he with? bros with hammers and they like too legit
I ain't got any time for your foolishness
Raw raps from the same place where the Kufi sits
He the mo'fucker always sippin' goose and shit
Stomp a rapper out, Timberland boots and shit
The left hand is what I give you the contusions with
The right hand is where I write all of the ruthless shit
Survival of the fit, on my little boozy shit
My hands are made of stone cut from that Madusa shit
Big gold chains, we was on that dookie shit
Still roll with the kids I stole the Gucci with
I punch you dead in the face, so fuck the music shit
The guns commando, Hollywood movie shit
Y'all aware y'all on some Lollapalooza shit
Let the beard grow, alhamdulillah, Sufi shit.
Y'all are scared when I step inside the booth and shit
Cuttin' mo'fuckers cell, roll on some sushi shit
Y'all are cowards, y'all only talk on computer shit
This a Haitian ritual, I'm on my voodoo shit

Fucked up
Find out Who's the realest? (Vinnie)
Rock and not quit
What I'm a hit you with
You motherfuckers better duck

Death before dishonor, Tiger blood y'all are fake
I let the 4.5 blocka blocka! Rob his Cake
Dead Sea overlook the view from inside a grave
The dictionary definition of dominate
Y'all weak Germantown brown lord, lots of shake
Fat boy, but my pockets never out of shape
You a bitch, security guard lock the gates
The Louis Vuitton bootleg, Prada fake
I'm tryin' to make the same money that Madonna make
Eyes never lie, I'm surprised that you not with Jake
Rhymes in one tape, record an album in an hour straight
You a pile of waste, I see a sucker and salivate
Cutting motherfuckers off, time to consolidate
A thousand pounds of weight'll force your heart to palpitate
It's Armageddon for you motherfuckers, lock the date

Any bitch I meet means that I'm a copulate
My revolution will be met with Peter Tosh's fate
That's the reason that the God is tryin' to populate
A connoisseur, I can tell you how the Vodka taste
The 4.5 lift you, send you into outer space
BRAH!

Hahahahaha,

BOX CUTTA PAZZIE!

Mean Joe Preem, DJ Premier
Headquarters, Philly to New York
All day baby

It's Hardbody shit, ha ha ha ha