# Walk With Me

**Vinnie Paz**

Yeah. Big Louie Dogs. Genocide General. Vinnie Paz.
My cousin Gutta. What up cuzzo?
Yeah walk with me. Yo, yo.

It's murder and pain, to anyone who throw dirt on my name
I'm a surgeon and my purpose is to murder the game
I'm only scratching the surface with my verses, a Cain
I'm only casting the curses and they burst into flames
We the last of a dying breed
Listen to P.E. drink a St. Ides and smoke exotic weed
You my son little crumb, be a silent seed
A.O.T.P. a mothafuckin' violent breed
I like to watch a rapper die and bleed
I'll beat his lungs to the African drums then the messiah leave
You be holdin' onto life 'till the sheik lockin' trees
I'm be holdin' onto mics and the Morocan seas
Listen rapper, we don't play, that's philosophically
Shoot for the head but my aim sloppy, I'll pop your knees
My body harborin the spiritual of Socretes
I'll bring the war and then I'll swing the sword at Domocles

Yo, I fuck niggas up on tour, still and set trip
With the fresh grip, dump the punk 'till the flesh rip
Just that fresh shit, the G shit that I love
Big Gutta got goons from Broadway to the dubs
Moving everything I love was my code bid
The coldest kid, fold this kid, split him up like Moses did
This piece violate at your door like Jehovah's With
The baller savey type with Jevovah's with
The chosen, the rest forfeit drown in frozen spit
Vietkong is the gang, you know who the soldier's with
Hush puppies be touch puppies, hush puppies
Saw a D in a dutch, fed grapes by lush hussies
My batallion barbarians, can't none of you touch me
Three silencers in the sky-box, puffin' on lovelies
I ain't got beef with God, so I don't shoot in the air
Chase 'em down for that Vick, my tenth sack of the year
Shook the leeches and zombies, trust the whammy's army
These rat mothafuckers try take my nigga Kwamy
When they try to play him, I slay them
This ain't no playpen, we wyl' for the night at 7 A.M.
But they won't take us alive, no
Gut spin bar, get choked and your spine broke
Catch me in my D-Back fitted with an OG Dodgers hat
My Neptunes niggas swarm on you harder than Mars attacks
You got one foot in the grave, after fash cash
I got both feet in the grave, I don't do shit half-ass
Get blinded by the neon, can't see the black mass
Get my intuition tellin' me it's a quarter past Paz
Kick a cainine in the nose, quick sniffin' my close
Kick a bitch in the ass, bitch quit sniffin' my blow
I pop guns and bubbly, yes and that bubbly, yes
Turn your beautiful mind to a ugly mess
Watch Chappelle and Leuitenant Surprise none of y'all ain't platinum yet, pu
ssy sells
She some time when God leave her there, lungs still chokin'
When I meet God I'll be high with guns still smokin'

Yeah. Vinnie Paz.


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