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.