

# Warhead

Vinnie Paz

A lot of people don't realize but  
You didn't get shot for anything, didn't get stabbed or anything  
Like my brother says, I mean anybody could pull the trigger  
Really it's just nothing  
It's really nothing

Yeah, you ain't part of this discussion  
Talk about the blinker when you never touch nothing  
What the fuck you know about suffering?  
Your man saying that he packing, shutting up, bluffing  
My opp he down doing a couple bullets for obstruction  
There's feds here, open yours, affecting your assumption

My father said to turn his stale bread into stuffing  
How you saying that, you look a mayor with onion  
Never separate a man from his tools  
Masato Tanaka elbows, anarchy rules  
I don't take the chain 'til his chest cavity cools  
Pull that shorty M16 in havoc and souls

Look  
Listen, I don't play no games you see  
As you to change homie 'cause the game don't change  
I heard you like to chat with the opps  
Motherfucker's head dirtier than African cops

Bring it back  
Bring it back  
Bring it back, bring it back, come rewind  
Br-br-br-bring it back, come rewind  
Bring it  
Bring it back  
Bring it back, come rewind  
Br-br-bring it back, come rewind

Rebel arm shit  
Came, she lyricist, exalted, most high  
Only thing you couldn't trip within this culture was committing suicide  
Around killing something, and safer than a Hindu cow  
Whoever stole my anti-depressants, I hope you happy now  
Foul and at your presence, even an irreverent presence will bow  
Put enough of them down, shout, spread pain and pestilence  
Specialist the aggressive is specimen child, you desparate, allowed, stress  
and pull up  
Let's pull up the piece of paperwork so that's explode, that you're full of

Fat cats, Catholic church try cancelling and targeting cheap  
Rappers say their prayers to realise they're just talking to me  
The living definition of underrated Tesla and Edison's  
Creative greatness never out illuminated  
Mindfulness in his paintings that I've narrated

Cure ready, it's scar gone, art form from a dark room  
You niggas pussy like Erykah Badu's perfume  
Violent, wild, and then stack the party of the private system  
When I was high and feeling the undesired side effects of the cabin pressure  
Manic def and checked her with a potential to puncture the pope's neck

With a pencil lead point that is dipped in cancer  
With a centre sector with a Vatican architecture

Use Candace Owen's head as a hood ornament  
I probably should be performing the sword assorted war but  
Scripted a strawman tournament event  
Whenever they exile accelerates spittin' arson fibers  
And I don't get writer's block nigga, I block writers  
A Puerto Rican superhero, this is monumental Vinnie  
Witchino on your side potter who can really be against you?  
(Get the fuck outta here)

Bring it back  
Br-br-bring it back, come rewind  
Bring it back, br-br-bring it back  
Bring it back, bring it back, come rewind

Bring it back, come rewind