

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

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Bring it back, come rewind