

Watch Out

Vinnie Paz

"General"

Magnetic what up, what up Steele? Astro on this one fam. Niggas hate to learn (yep), and learn to hate though (haha). Please educate all comrades everyday (yessir).

"Listen to me."

I pump death to the death, let the blind lead the dumb
I'm a mess when I'm stressed, use a mic like a gun
Shoot a verse through your vest verb shatter your chest
Every word I project manifests in the flesh
I'm destined to rep on deck where the weapon is kept
Fully loaded Smith and Wesson how I earned my respect
Steele the vet, I'm still I'll, still with TEC
Still will kill that real with the King Magnetic

Check it, it's highly unlikely you cannot out-write me
You might need a bodyguard like Letterman I injure men
I'm vintage when I blast bayonets, jacket made of ninja skin
So interesting I reenact the son of Sam murders
Don't kid a Kinison no sin is innocent
I dress British, think Yiddish, my verse makes you all skiddish
Like De La's first iddish
It's Esoteric, fuck you cop outs, we knock cops out
You should watch out

Cause we watch and ain't scared of the cops
And when I die my lawyer in Heaven is Johnny Cochran
So I spread my wings let freedom ring
Instead of shine I used to stay on the stoop and move this loot with my Jedi mind

Dred will find his essence, along with a weapon
Organize, rhyme my lines, or I deal with my [?]
[?] no second guessing, triple my stakes
Violate, fist to the face, inspire my apes

I recite grace, flashlight under my face
To some it's the past life come jumped in my place
Asunder my taste punish the mistakes come from my hate
Erase the look of wonder from her face, hunger awaits
Wear gloves, there will be blood
Not to get warmer hence two strips of crud for my lip corners
Supreme killing machine, I'm a busybody
A little hard work never killed anybody

My mind a hologram cousin I've been nice since '86
Right around the time they started moving that grey shit
I ain't overcomplicated, give me the basics
Glock 45 Lord give you a facelift
I'm drunk all the time, every day May 5
Rhyming ain't for you God, stay on your dayshift
Negative motherfucker, I hate shit
Y'all are on that gay shit so you could make hits

Yo Mag, what up cousin?
What up baby

A.O.T.P.

Yeah. Let's go

Fuck if you did and he suffered his tyranny
Harder than finding MCs that fuck with me lyrically
Every big touching me spiritually, knuckle invariably
Punk your security, sand dunes, nothing is near to me
[?] and a mask like door math teacher
Not a killer but King Mag chalk out features
Have the coroner exploring you like Dora does? caught a buzz
War with us you can't afford, get courted by more of us