

Vents f/ Suffa

"In the Shadows"

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[Suffa] Da da-da ... fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all Uh, so you nice with the pen, man? Oh you're with them, man? Well you paint a pretty picture but it ain't a fucking Rembrandt Pull in your head, man, this bedlam's too raw and this year we're bringing out Vents like new Jordans So, get supporting or get the fuck out and head to the pavilion like I was Billy Bowden Man, I've killed a thousand emcee's careers and you get knocked out like emcee's veneers [Vents] Yeah but I could see clear, visions of body bags appear You paranoid, you fear from Bakar Bashir You fear from the Qur'an, Osama, Islamabad drama Pakistan, Iraq and bulletproof armour Shark or piranha type bastards bite to leave Jeffery Dahmer apartment type aftermath Laugh at the devil from the Hilltop Revolution for real when my shit drop [Suffa] They're scared of everything Joe, they're sweating wetting the bed sheets But I ain't sweating it though like Rakim's techniques Like lead sheets laid on depleted uranium I'm trying to shield the listener from elitist Australians [Vents] + (Suffa) Yeah, kicking your back door down like Shaq' ripping a backboard down on Dee Brown Take your rebound, flip it around and slam dunk (So take that) Fuck that! (Payback) The first in command remain fat [Suffa] I'm so defiant, man I'm slamming like Kobe Bryant On top a blonde, I'm a beast to these Sony giants I'm a threat to Warner, I'm a vet' to BMG It's World War Three, Vents One strapped with TNT [Vents] Original funk from the doctor, we knock the stocks off your VK Razor sharp, torture your DJ You resort to replay, what the fuck was that? Vents, Suf' back once again, must attack [Chorus 2X: samples] "In the shadows" "Casting shadows over tomorrow" [Vents] Check it out Yeah ... It's the return of the rebel of rhyme Peril define attempts to take mine We regenerate in the daytime Feast on the remains of grape vines, straight canine Sideways fucking pigs at the same time So feel the wrath of the menace We gunpoint kidnap chemists, corrupt youth the premise Concoct a compound that sound lethal Backyard lab to medicate the people [Suffa] Generate the evil, immaculate rhyme I got skills, got strength like your

dad when you're nine But you're, only as strong as the
DJ that backs you With your crew it's like, is your DJ man
or a statue? While my DJ can scratch, mix, produce and
can rap too He cuts a verse like the scar in a tattoo or
Book of Mathew, and grabs you, rolls up like rubbing
tobacco bro We come from the shadows, it goes ...
[Chorus 2X]

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