

Natasha Bedingfield

"Chain Reaction"

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[Vinnie Paz talking]

Yo, this fuckin' Vinnie Paz baby
Esoteric baby, 7L baby
We takin' y'all motherfuckas to war
Teachin' y'all how to rhyme, awrite
So feel me, before I stuff a fuckin' sock in ya mouth
and stick you in my trunk, what, check it out
It's like this, yo, yo, yo

[Vinnie Paz]

This Vinnie Paz let me tell you how I handle my beef
Hands in ya safe, watch how I slang to a beat
And you weak motherfuckas better stand at my feet
'Fore I beat motherfuckas when I handle my heat
So consider this verse here a motherfuckin' bomb
threat
Cause I ain't even let out, all of my dogs yet
I ain't even pulled out my four fours yet
I ain't even let out, all of the launch yet
That's why ya plams sweatin', you fake bitch
I'm strong like Iron Mike Tyse in eight six
You fake snitch, you get slashed wid fast razors
Fuckin' wid Paz mean you dead, and that's basics
Slash racist, he'll rob ya parents and go
Y'all crazy big wid no skill like ?????? bo
Vinnie Paz bring physical rain
And the only thing y'all feel is physical pain, what

Hook:

We steady blastin, ya city gon' crash in
Ran like a cheetah with thoughts of an assassin
See a wack rapper, and start smashin'
"And that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction"

[Esoteric]

I'm like Bill Gates motherfucka
You're like Philbert Grate's younger brother
My rap style's undiscovered
Dames wide like the frame or the Lincoln Navigator
Style just like an aborigine that wrestles alligators
You know the deal crab rappers peel

I give 'em shit that they can feel
My style's like steel
You can stop tanks wid it, rob banks wid it
Plot pranks walk planks block shanks wid it
That's why when I challenge you cats you ain't wid it
And that's where the battle is at you can't spit it
Rappers tryna play-che, that'll be the day-che
Pulls a forty-five and ain't just spittin' reggae
Today's pay day, we on some dumber shit
Rip you out the whip throw ya body up the front of it
Put you in check, put my foot to your neck
You lookin' up to Esoteric and I've come to collect

Hook (2x)

[Vinnie Paz]

The Army is back, and we bombin' the track
Armed wid a gat, blood spill onto the DAT
Regardless of that, battery assault wid a mack
And Vinnie Paz a motherfuckin' dog when I rap
You beef wid one of us, we all in ya back
And a muh'fucker like me, put claws on ya back
Stalk you like that, y'all just talk like Grovano
My team, they fuck up more keys than a piano

[Esoteric]

Yo check it, my method on the microphone's murderin'
Blood curdlin', surfacin', the soul purpose still
Circling, in ya shitty deck
I defeat a vet, leave him wreck his breath
watch him bleed to death
Cause I'm the type of rapper that packs to full capacity
Actin' like you packin' a gapper to pull the blast on me
With Vinnie Paz on my side known as Ikon
We got it covered like cats that hold the mic wrong

Hook (2x)

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