

## Vinnie Paz

### "Drag You To Hell"

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[Chorus: x2]

I'm taking my own life, I might as well  
Guess where I'm going cause the Devil's inside  
I'm taking my own life, that's where I'm going  
Except they might not sell weed in Hell

[Verse 1:]

See I always have respect cause I always talk fact  
The .38 and the 50 caliber hot, black  
I always left with nothing but I always brought back  
I always been a hustler, I probably go off that  
Y'all don't wanna go to work with the boy  
There's only two words that describe me: search and  
destroy  
I don't think you wanna get murked by the boy  
My shit is military, y'all's is like a nursery toy  
It's hurting you boys  
My team ain't even hungry, we famished  
I murder everybody, fuck collateral damage  
I'm animal savage with Hannibal's habits  
I'll mangle your cabbage  
I walked into the parish and I strangled the faggots  
I hang with the baddest brothers, put their trust into  
Jesus  
Run with brothers who's forty guzzlers, Islamic  
extremists  
Ugly and ignorant is how they perceive us  
I don't care, I'm trying to deal with my personal  
demons

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Y'all don't wanna go that route  
Broke motherfucker need to throw his throwback out  
If you see me drinking something good I stole that  
stout  
If you see me drinking in the hood then roll back out  
On the real I don't want no one to bother me, cousin  
Rapping just a little fucking bit of part of me, cousin

I'm just trying to have a drink at the bar with my cousin  
I ain't mean to be rude, god, pardon me cousin  
I stay strapped lord, gun in the tuck  
Young boys act wild lord funny as fuck  
I scrap southpaw sonning you fucks  
Look at you lord on the floor bummy as fuck, what?  
My life been defined by death  
So I guess if everybody dead mine is next  
My father dropped a jewel on me, time forgets  
It's not as easily the mind forgets  
Y'all know what I mean?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Drag you to Hell, I'm evil dead, you can call me Sam  
Raimi  
These motherfuckers want a verse but they can't pay  
me  
Fuck a funeral home, put em in the sand maybe  
Y'all are acting like you're big, like you're mad gravy  
Y'all don't wanna beef with the god  
Don't have the brain power to compete with the god  
Y'all should retreat from the god before you get turned  
to meat  
Something to eat for the god, peace to the gods  
I carry heavy shit, big guns, John Rambo  
I'm a spot Russia like Pakistani commandos  
How you go to war when you're standing in sandals?  
Now you're dead and your family handling candles  
Don't even call for a truce, I'm about to end this  
Whole motherfucker when I call for the troops  
Reservoir dog walk with the troops  
And I burn this motherfucker down to the ground down  
to it's roots

[Chorus x2]

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