

Pace Won

"Design In Malice"

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[Verse 1]

If I don't have the mag I get a bastard stabbed
With a knife because I claw for an Alaskan crab
Young, I'm down with Vinnie give me six weeks
All y'all little pipsqueaks is up s**t's creek
Think we a joke? I'll put three in your throat
Drunk off gin and C&C coke then we flee in a boat
Then I come open up the spot with coconut Ciroc so
the hoes'll suck some c**k
Then I'll forget the call, after the nut I get attention
deficit disorder
1-5 catch us off Xes and dust
Whole clique of registered sex offenders
Pop s**t, we'll hold your funeral XCs
n****s money come in roman numerals
Your block slow now, she f**k with them rappers
Cause y'all n****s money took a muscle-relaxer

[Chorus]

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time

[Verse 2]

My music's strong enough to stop a bomb
I'm putting pressure on you kids like I'm a soccer mom
Who you think idea that it was to stop Saddam?
Who you think idea that was to drop the bomb?
You get your s**t rocked ma like Mustafa song
You blowing smoke you m*****r, you should cop
a bong
The nine Taurus jam a little bit, the Glock is strong
I move brutal and use voodoo like Papa Shango

Over a billion Muslims, you could never stop Islam

Over a billion bullets shooting from the chopper's arm
The backstage filled with liquor and a lot of traum'
Cause it's been hard on Vinnie since my father's gone
I'm about to blow the fucking horns like it was Rosh
Hashanah
This is the calm before the storm, Armageddon dawn
Carry a m*****r head that I shred in Nam
I speak literally, figuratively, the prophet gone

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

You don't have to search and question
I have the purse and the murder weapon
Never get a second chance to make a first impression
I'm no virgin, a murderer, and I'm an urban legend
Rather be of real service than to serve in Heaven
I don't like cops, I don't like co-operators
I don't like traitors or story corroborators
In any problem I'm the common denominator
My behaviour is the product of intoxicators
I'm just blood addicted, it's the other liquid
I'm above the limit off of the blood of the wicked
Don't even ask, there's somebody in the bodybags
The blood matches that's on the hatchets and hockey
mask
I'm never traumatized, I don't have to compromise
I don't have economize the homicides
You tell reasons to take the will my faith is nil
I believe that even Jesus has a way to kill

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