

504 Boyz F/ Mac, X-Con

"Raw is War 2003"

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[Vinnie Paz]

we heavenly divine, that's why we steadily divine
and put a steel mic through an enemy spine
my voice got power like a ??? rhyme
and gettin in my face mean it's weaponry time
look at you studyin my every rhyme
bangin this, listenin to every line
hit the rewind, Vinnie Paz will fight vicious
y'all easier to fuck wit than white bitches
we nice wit this, y'all better stand still
must've forgot the fact Vinnie Paz ill
I doubt y'all, Hologram the outlaw
ya mothafuckas is never right like southpaws
that's why I doubt y'all, ya ain't raw
wettin you wit a 45 caliber claw
you want to see the last kid I battled before?
then check his fuckin brains splatter the wall

samples

[Vinnie Paz]

you forced to fight, when I'm scorching the mic
my source of life, holy like the corpse of Christ
ya lost of life, and I'm the source of it, right
and Vinnie Paz rhyme have you lost in the light
what, y'all mothafuckers think you flossin tonight
gimme that, matta fact toss me ya ice
but still, my clique is too ill
and y'all, ya more bitch than Dru Hill
but the true skill, that come through me
is from bangin All Hell Freeze by Cool C
y'all don't move me, ya'll at war with the veteran
wit a digital trigger finger like the Letterman
the vendetta ram, I know where my heart's at
I'm the better man, so don't start that
when I bomb back, burn fuckin leeches
send you to hell, and see more shells that beaches
we elitists, we from Hamburger Hill
science and math combined with supreme skill
the team ill, I send you to Hell fast
the cream build, you buried in Belfast

samples

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