

Vakill

"The Creed"

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I granted my neighborhood immunity
During the Rodney King riots when niggas burnt down
and looted they're communities
Instead I pulled bricks from the walls of my imagination
and threw 'em
through the window of opportunity
Every studio date booked is a date closer to death
procession
We in overtime with 0.6 seconds left, possession
Still life's depth perception begins at the rectum
So I'm defecated from opposite ends of the spectrum
So, take these gems and stick 'em in y'all (?)
My definition of on-point affect hemophiliacs and
virgins all in the same
manner, one prick and it's all over
And you can lick the gun clips
But it's a sin to wet me like nun clits
None spit, with my ferocity
I over shadow passion
take my brain off safety and watch my ideas drop
shells and blaze battlefields

[Hook]

"Yo, the spotlight is mine!" (sampled from Big L -
Flamboyant)
"So betta get the name right"
"V to the Izzay" (sampled from Jay-Z - H to the Izzo)
"I only want to build wit skill"
"That's what I consider real..." (sampled from O.C. -
Time's Up)

There's more to Va than sick rhymes invented
I gas hoes with lines demented
At times I'm timid cause
When niggas talk dirty to women
That's sexual harassment
But when women talk dirty to niggas it's \$5.99 a minute
And it's an ongoing nigga-feud
The sisters driven, fueled by maxing credit cards and
getting jewels
And we motivated by getting screwed

And running up in bitches ribs like Adam in the Indian-
giving mood
And we all getting (?); shit, if I was Adam
Eve would have to count my ribs every night to see if I
tricked off
Please - hoes is like tornadoes
They scream when they come/cum, and take
everything when they leave
I give a bitch a warm reception instead of fur
Should the crazy notion of marriage in my head occur
And lawfully wedded her
It's all good, WIFE's an acronym for Wash, Iron, Fuck,
Etcetera

[Hook x2]

"Yo, the spotlight is mine!" (sampled from Big L -
Flamboyant)

"So betta get the name right"

"V to the Izzay" (sampled from Jay-Z - H to the Izzo)

...scratches and sampling of "uh-huh" and "alright"...

"I only want to build wit skill"

"That's what I consider real, in this field of music"
(sampled from O.C. - Time's Up)

I surgically carved my niche in the face of adversity
Till it cursedly inherit Jack-O-Lantern's like scars
irreversible
Chicago only get dispersed
Cuz most of us that successfully get our foot in first
Close doors on those that put in work
And I can count on one hand, how many succeed in this
occupation
Out of a city with a two million nine-hundred and
seventy-seven plus population
Not including fertilized eggs and ovulation from
copulation self-mission
One reason why the presence of a Vakill and Juice
album waits on a record store shelf missing
Thought you knew, niggas here blow-up and move out-
of-state
Fuck the share-the-wealth vision
Blow up or not, I'll never sever my block ties
My determination's magnified 800 times over, watch
my stock rise
I'm so against the grain, when I'm dropping shit my
toilets flush clockwise

[Hook x2]

