

## Vakill

### "The Darkest Cloud"

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[Verse 1] I prayed to God for his blessing to consent  
slaughter Your seven ounces of brain holds two  
percent water Literally, your dry ideas belong under  
your armpits Fully armed spit, my palm slick with this  
engraved Vakill, in quotations, "the nicest", after I  
come fuck this liquid Hell Only hos that's giving head is  
getting floatation devices Digest words to kill by,  
autopilot my technique So even if I sleep on my own  
shit, it's still fly I'm God's only begotten renegade  
angel, saint sinner, make anemic hemorrhage I can  
draw a graphic scenic image with paint thinner Let the  
bullshit stop 'til it screech with hot lead I beseech hip-  
hop heads 'til the tooth brush is obsolete Meaning fuck  
around and catch a reach flip-top head, I set  
respectable trends Tell the sickest emcees blueprint  
my testicle skin Don't worry if I write rhymes, I write  
checks to your chin [Chorus] Bow down to a entity none  
of y'all nice than Put your tool on safety and a mic in  
the mic stand Your fight plan's now in Christ's hands  
Cause the darkest cloud shall rain the rest of your  
natural life span Bow down to a entity none of y'all nice  
than Put your tool on safety and a mic in the mic stand  
Your fight plan's now in Christ's hands Cause the  
darkest cloud! [Verse 2] I voice a oral crucifixion with a  
mouth full of nine inch nails Conceptually blazing it  
trails, with your skeletal remains and entrails In pales,  
snug and cushy, my hip-hop status is c-section (why?)  
Cause I'm a cut above you pussies My DNA splice with a  
Japanese feudal lord Brutal sword lacerations with  
impartial rhymes Keep a bitch that's a 10, pimping's  
like Farrakhan with cerebral palsy I can start a million  
march of dimes Significant severed uncertain signs  
Salivating circles around cyphers of a venomous  
serpent kind Dizzying bitches, murking niggas, grizzly  
and vicious 'Til they minus Flesh-N-Bone like Layzie,  
Krayze, Bizzy and Wish's Who the sickest shitting this  
year? And your continuation of breathing all depends  
on how good is the answers Fuck up and the judge will  
sentence me so many times You'll have to indent this  
shit and put it in stanzas [Chorus] Bow down to a entity  
none of y'all nice than Put your tool on safety and a mic

in the mic stand Your fight plan's now in Christ's hands  
Cause the darkest cloud shall rain the rest of your  
natural life span Bow down to a entity none of y'all nice  
than Put your tool on safety and a mic in the mic stand  
Your fight plan's now in Christ's hands Cause the  
darkest cloud! [Verse 3] I don't talk shit, I give shit a  
second language You ass-betting in dyslexic  
Spanglish, hope for the best but expect the anguish  
Presently, sleepers dying pissed off And my sole  
solution for the chronic bedwetting is electric blankets  
My diatribe murks entire tribes I'm the thirteenth ghost  
from drama's future So when I make the alphabet  
before Karma Sutra The English language'll have to be  
staple stitched back together with stainless steel  
armored sutures Drunken word techniques from  
mental and Taquina liquor Shit bananas with a peel  
and a Chiquita sticker Heat a clip up, shush kids to  
sleep Spitting Korean entrepreneur flows that push  
wigs to eat Illuminous whip, darkest cloud cumulous  
thick Shrap numerous cliques, cancer tumor is sick  
Nickel slick, quick humorous spit Liquid sword  
salivation 'til throats of every consumer is slit Shit, in a  
recessive state my flows are ego spectacle If I was  
born with one nut, I'd still be ego-testicle And niggas  
shit-popping more instead of worth they weight Can't  
hold a fucking candle to me with Bob Hope's birthday  
cake I've enhanced the Jordan rules Putting bodies on  
the Mike and watch the flyest nigga leap to his death If  
the name of my profession is "fuck you" Then basically  
what I'm trying to say is... never mind, my work speaks  
for itself [Chorus] Bow down to a entity none of y'all  
nice than Put your tool on safety and a mic in the mic  
stand Your fight plan's now in Christ's hands Cause the  
darkest cloud shall rain the rest of your natural life  
span Bow down to a entity none of y'all nice than Put  
your tool on safety and a mic in the mic stand Your  
fight plan's now in Christ's hands Cause the darkest  
cloud! Bow down to a entity none of y'all nice than Put  
your tool on safety and a mic in the mic stand Your  
fight plan's now in Christ's hands Cause the darkest  
cloud shall rain the rest of your natural life span Bow  
down to a entity none of y'all nice than Put your tool on  
safety and a mic in the mic stand Your fight plan's now  
in Christ's hands Cause the darkest cloud!

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