

De Vita Franco

"Kublai Khan"

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[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

God hates me, never keep my banger on safety
My mother raised me alone, you can't break me
My hearts pumpin the blood of Royce Gracie
My thoughts dumpin the slug and point straightly
You rhyme fakely, you still scarred
I'm studin deep thoughts like Bill Maher
I'm real raw, we just dumbin it out
And y'all ain't sayin nothin with a gun in yo mouth
Thats what I'm about, but Vinnie Paz go deeper
Y'all still under the spell of dose ether
The Grim Reaper, its all nature
And every word from Allah is on paper
We all hate ya, we can't stand you
Chapter 8, verse 3, book of Daniel
You like a candle, you just burn
You never worship Allah, you can't learn

[Chorus: Stoupe]

Mixed Sound Clips

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Chemicle, space ships, see dust splits, hit from the
Matrix
Pig Destroyer, Anakis kiss, splatter your patriots
Make coast stops, injectin my pockets with Votox
Laytex bitches be chokin on cock like Blow-Pops
My flows hot, my glocks like a popular friend
Sniffin Oxy-Cottin, we rock till the popular says
Merciful fate, we at the gates, I hurt you for cake
Cause Red Planets like a Shit Magnet, it counters with
Jay
Digital cuffs, runnin from the D's and the fuzz
Gut you out, rock Gas Mask, bleedin an stuff
Into the void like blue velvet, goons and clerics
New syntetic designer jewels for moods in deserts
In heaven and earth, barcodes to measure my girth
Thats like the J.D.L. joinin the zoo relation for turf
Birth of the solar, we did so, write for the cobra
God teks me, and we all stand with iced out clothes

[Chorus: Stoupe]
{*Mixed sound clips*}

[Verse 3: Goretex]
Check it.. yo.. yo

Now where it be's like, niggaz wanna stay tight, I stay
right
Face fight, get your weak, split, shit then I spit
Most Acurate, Flex writin back a bit
range on the side of it Yo I'm tryin to get a lot of it
I rock that exotic shit, spit the hottest shit
Yo trial, might get the same time ya oughta get
Death before dishonor shit, gangster persona shit
Jedi Mind, 2-5 is who I'm probably with
When Im tryin to score the third, its who I holler with
Yo hood, its my project, exchange objects
Yo guns for my teks, yo range for my lex
Q.B. to Philly, we control sets
I stay splurgin, heads stay wrapped in Turbans
Tigher than a Virgin of Ford Excursion, nigga
So how you figure that we don't be reppin
Hoes sell weapons in the Dodge Intremped, nigga

[Chorus: Stoupe]
{*New sound clips*}

[Outro: Goretex]
Yo Stoupe, whattup baby, whats good
Jedi Mind, the gracious, 2-5 collabo

{*Sound clip from Chorus continues*}

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