

Ivan Ives f/ Vast Aire

"Victory"

Visit "[Victory](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This song contains Russian Elements, so if something looks weird, it's because it's in Russian

[Ivan Ives]

Welcome to my brain, where night is day
Where life is plighted with a slight delay
I dont play, I just work at it, lurk with addicts
Beserk, it's madness
You cant handle this Nanotechnology, odyssey
This is rap how it ought to be
You calling me out? I'm calling you in
You're late for your appointment
My shit is soylent green, epic
Rhymes collected, beats is hectic
Spend a lot on the septic, cuz I got the best shit
Plus I'm epilectic, snap off your neck
This is where terror rests, show respect
You are rocking with the best
Scratch n' sniff the spliff, if Ives on the mic,
You know its a hit
You know its the shit,
When the words be coming out your mouth
Two weeks later when you back at your house
And you're like, "Dude. Ives. The flow is incredible"
Thanks man, I'm trying to stay off the oedipal
More than credible, scraping the surface
Humans are animals in cages no purpose
So nervous, life is a circus
An act on a stage, careful how I word this

[Choir]

Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!
Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!
Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!
Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!

[Ivan Ives]

Second verse even better than the first
Even better with the words from the ghettos to the burbs

Amen, Ives wise like Brahmin
Word got out I ghost write for Paul Barman
Whoops, y'all now fucking with the realness
Feel this or die or a fatal illness
Kill this and K live over the skillless
That pop pills and manage chump change with Bill
Quick

Oh - I'm sorry, that's kinda sick of me
You throwing up peace signs?
I'm doing "V" for Victory
Focus on the pain, the bloodbath beautiful
Choked up mundane, trapped in a cubicle
Sick of my job, sick of my life
So i quit both, now I'm just sick on the mic
Sickly precise - skashi cho ti hochish,
Gavnom a zabotchin, ya visha, ya lochik

[Choir]

Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!
Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!
Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!
Nas nilza pabidit
Our Victory!

[Vast Aire]

I got a flow that you got to rewind, I don't gotta be kind
I'll just break your spine, now you got Egor's back
Put him in the dungeon, and he'll die like that
And that's that (that's that) I don't gotta talk long,
You move first and you move wrong
You see I mastered my breath like laserbeak,
When he exits the chest (yeah!)
Your soul will exit the flesh, and I'm here to cremate
you
Until there's nothing left
You should have just watched your step,
Now your ankle's broke, and your leg got sweat
You could hate cuz my style's def,
I kill with notes and bass clefs
He died such a sad death, and I ain't even bite his face
yet
I push wigs back with Gillette (uh-huh!), and all you had
to do was watch my set
If Vast is on the mic, you know it's a hit, you know it's

the shit

You know it's equipped, with cargo, weapons I borrow

You better aim good, or there's no tomorrow

You would be quiet, if you knew what I know

[Choir]

Nas nilza pabidit

Our Victory!

Nas nilza pabidit

Our Victory!

Nas nilza pabidit

Our Victory!

Nas nilza pabidit

Our Victory!

Visit [Ivan Ives f/ Vast Aire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.