

OuterSpace f/ King Magnetic, Vinnie Paz

"The Killing Fields"

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(Intro) Crypt Yeah, AOTP, ok, King Mag, Vinnie P,
whadup nigga? [Crypt the Warchild] Yeah, the real is
back cocksucker, this is 08 A lot of people show love,
people sho' hate A lot of niggas fall back but I won't
wait This doe will be made, I motivate to those states
We build destroy only just to keep building We kill the
noise only just to reach millions Time to step my game
up, change myself I neva point the finger I blame
myself I make this music for me, refuse to sleep He
who works hard, he usually eat We two but we deep, we
grew some more beat We Q to the D, we glued to the
streets Who's who when he speak? That dude is a key
He who barks loud, he usually sweet Maneuver the
beat, paralyze the bassline Dismantled kick snare and I
neva take time Laid on the line even if it takes mine
Laid on your mind even if it takes nine Shots to your
melon, Cerebellum on the Stateline Spit 20/20
Primetime like its Dateline (Chorus I) Planetary
Everything is real in this field we walking We talking,
we start this, no comp nigga We lock shit down And this
shit gon' burn All day you in the way, Paz it's your time
[Vinnie Paz] This is ignorance at its finest I'm most high
like Dalai Lamas I cock back the four/fifth put you in
pajamas I don't think that I even needed my fist to stop
it My word bond it's similar to a Prince's promise I shoot
3 at you three times like Clinton Thomas Fuck around
wit Pazi and get you hit wit llamas I ain't even really
trying to go war wit you I'm just gon' let you know that
I'ma let the four hit you Put you in the Tabernacle let the
Lord hit you Send you to the blue Mosque let Allah get
you Break your jaw wipe the mothafucking floor wit you
Break your jaw wipe the mothafucking floor wit you
Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrtttt... Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrtttt... Brrrrtt... (Planetary
talking) That's why they hate you nigga Stop that, let's
do it (Chorus II) Planetary (Crypt) Everything is real in
this field we walking We talking, we start this, no comp
nigga We lock shit down And this shit gon' burn (All day
you in the way, Plan it's your time) [Planetary] I drink
wine out the holy Tabernacle, its shackles Throwing
that ludicrous shookeries, that Judas statue Planetary
get at you wit Warchild at the chapel It's rotten like

Adam's apple that infested the battle I ejected
poisonous outta my brain to tame Evil thoughts that
arose as we toast to fame As we say a prayer for the
fallen labels As we eat the Last Supper off Angie's table
Breaking bread wit the Army Sound of the streets
called me Satan's messenger tried to harm me But he
ain't stronger then me, NOPE!! Mag I'm just like Moses I
call the rules of the game as I walk in the ocean This is
what we like to call poetry in motion Catch us overseas
wit the crowd wide open It's the New Testament Heaven
sent so bow down Kiss the ring of the Lord, man our
time is now (Chorus III) Planetary Everything is real in
this field we walking We talking, we start this, no comp
nigga We lock shit down And this shit gon' burn All day
you in the way, Mag it's your time [King Magnetic] The
jig will cause a drip in your throat like you blew Hov You
only see the burners when they use like a new stove I'm
too old for new roads, too cold to warm up to new hoes
Do shows for two O's and two buck The two bucks will
do something, too much Move up, move out, you bruise
up, shootout or shoot up At odds wit my new luck, I'm
nos when I'm souped up In arms wit a toothbrush, if
God couldn't rule us Then God doing too much, I'm one
in a million Meaning five thousand others is wanted for
killing Outta five billion I'm the one or the runner up
Twelve bars you almost on my dick like my gun is stuck

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