

# And Your Blood Will Blot Out the Sun

Vinnie Paz

Yeah, one two  
Yeah, it's the God of the Serengeti  
I'm the god of the seven deadly  
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen what up?  
G.O.D, Jus Allah  
Tony Kenyatta, what up baby?

Supreme Godhead, gutter like poverty  
Righteous man is one of forty six parts prophecy  
It's epicyclical orbit like the hypotheses  
It's metaphysics that borders on the philosophy  
Another song of yours is just another disaster  
Another verse of mine is just another cadaver  
You could call it a Genesis of another chapter  
You could call it the venom that's from the troubled rapper  
The same rapper that was known for just smashing your face in  
Who is God? What's material manifestation?  
I'm indestructible, my actions are that of a Mason  
Yamasee Native American tribe of relations  
The judge threw the book at me, I take it in blood  
The rook move horizontally, basically drugs  
A nation of intellectuals, a nation of thugs  
Jesus is hate, a nation of Satan is love

With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right  
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide  
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
So what's crackin'? So what's stackin'?  
If we falling out, then we brawling out  
Vinnie chalk 'em out, ain't nothing to talk about  
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
Yo, what's happening? It's all that shit...

Me and my conglomerates shall survive Apocalypse  
I charge a price for telling people what the process is  
Living in a world where dictatorship is obvious  
Natural resources running out for the populace  
Murder doesn't need a lobbyist or an ambassador  
Ask the survivors of the Mỹ Lai massacre  
'Back to the Future' without the flux capacitor  
Kill you for the gold like Colonel Gaddafi characters  
You bath salt sniffin' zombies fuckin' a stranger  
Navajo skin walkers, nigga, I'm a face changer  
Surgically remove your heart, bury it at Wounded Knee  
A microcosm of the graveyard that Earth is soon to be  
A eulogy for those chasing cars and jewelry  
I'm stocking food and water cause shit ain't what it used to be  
I'm motivated like Buster Douglas when his mother died  
Border Patrol, nigga, see you on the other side

With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right  
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide  
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
So what's crackin'? So what's stackin'?  
If we falling out, then we brawling out  
Vinnie chalk 'em out, ain't nothing to talk about  
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?

Yo, what's happening? It's all that shit...