

# Bleed for Me

Vinnie Paz

Yo

I ain't even counting bars man you know what I'm sayin'

(Ew)

I'm just goin'

Yo introduc'in' the illest spic, Zilla rip your heart out quick

I put a thought out with Paz and make the whole world sick

Boom bat snatch a rapper with my glue-like grip

I'm the equivalent of Bruce Lee, free-write this

Smack fire out the mic all day, sinister groove shit

Oooaah and fightin' you on my cruise ship

Welcome to the planet where average niggas'll bruise quick

We can get it raw, call it using rhythm and blues fist

See I'm a monster, lock jaws, pop off

Rounds in the air, the block know it as They tried to say that I was destined to fail

Until I made my city question who could bring it as real

No deal, no dice, ain't luxury here

Instead it's kill or be killed and I ain't writing a will

Despite all the bullshit, nonsense, setbacks

I'm 'bout to show the world what your victory feel

Males stuck on some hood shit

My cousin clap a nigga quick

Your whole melon get split

One shot, why waste a whole clip?

A wood tip, my flow order niggas out of outta thinkin' they they shit

Fuck a ounce, grab a brick, break it down, flood the strip

Watch the law cuz they always tryna who doin' shit

Question: why niggas say they still affiliate with

I don't need fake friends when I'm dealing with shit

You can't trust 'em, fuck 'em, get 'em away quick

Before they start snitchin' and get you locked up quick

I bang a nigga, I ain't the type drop kick

Rainy days, dark nights, I still make a profit

They be really dressin' all black like they was gothic

Cry in the river like Justin over you casket

I'm always lookin' ahead, never dwellin' on bad shit

I never hold work Sino make it fast

This OK corral, everybody's hands in the air

We fixin' to shut it down

Where the jewels and the paper at

Never a diplomat

Official Pistol Gang 'bout to run this town

It's the OK corral, everybody's hands in the air

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Official Pistol Gang 'bout to run this town come on!

Every single rhyme I write make a buildin' collapse

It go from cell to cell, you can feel the synapse

Matter fact, I let Blac and Zill kill 'em with that

Three muhfuckas, three of the illest in rap

We treacherous three, that was the peel of rat

The Kool Moe D made it guerilla da rap

He winnin' LL when it is Phillips in fact

And at the same time brothers was dealin' with crack

Killin' 'em softly, Slaine was the villain in that  
Kenny Gill, Vinnie real, he still is intact  
You analog, I'm digital and I'm feelin' the dat  
I've been raw, Tim Dog had the ceilin' on wax  
Paul ritcheous teacher cuz I'm dealin' with facts  
Was the price of reefer when you dealin' with math  
Punch in a sucker rapper, maybe I'm guilty for that  
He just another rapper, y'all know my feelin's on that

Chauvinistic mysogonistic in every spot I visit  
Bitches get twisted, my G simplistic  
Even fat bitches get crushed too cuz I'm optimistic  
Director's chair, life is like a motion picture  
Scene from The Godfather, beat ya like Sunny's sister  
Apocalypse now, Black Hawk down  
Nigga's talk loose now, but they softer than goose downs  
I'm payin' no attention, layin' low like the benz suspension  
Crazily slept on, but still get an honorable mention  
Prophetical, last man standin' like The Book of Eli  
Lost in Italy, I'm trying to find a pair of felines  
Back to states where the steaks is great  
Feelin' ahead leavin' them bleedin like females menstruate  
Death to those who chose to throw arrows at the pharaohs  
Incineratin' your block, douse you with the Tommy Gun barrels  
Official Pistol Gang, bangin' guns like Al-Qaeda

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