

# Blood on My Hands

Vinnie Paz

I don't really like to hear the squealing animals in the cemeteries, when they do their rituals, but they give me free vodka

Ya'll ain't about nothin', I'm bustin a hundred rounds at you  
I'm Pack Pistol Pazzzy, I'm poppin like .40 rounds at you  
This bulldog barks and it mean that I'm sickin' hounds at you  
He puff a pound or a two, Pazienza just insurmountable  
The Goma-2 roll on the substance wasn't compoundable  
It's bodies everywhere and they try to hold me accountable  
The burberry bag is boujee and booty bountiful  
The bankroll blickie, the name's ain't even pronounceable  
It ain't an ounce of you that can fathom haven't abandoned you  
The weaponry is wonder it's numbers ain't even calculable  
I stomp you out and pull the Beretta, money, it's marvelous  
The gladiator war, fight with Gannicus since it's Spartacus  
The seventy disciples of the Judaizers is the Barnabas  
A reconstruction of the Acropolis Pagus pardon us  
The deeper the abyss is the deeper into the Tartaros  
The AK diesel the drum is a hippopotamus

He a dead man walking, that's a body  
Get his hand pop talking, that's a body  
This a hundred round drum, that's a body  
Where we from that's a slum, that's a body  
He a dead man walking, that's a body  
Get his hand pop talking, that's a body  
This a hundred round drum, that's a body  
Where we from that's a slum, that's a body (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)

Yeah, y'all still about nothing, I'm choppin you with a tomahawk  
Allah hates the cowards, you do a lot of vagina talk  
It's as-salamu alaykum, I greet him with lots of guys to talk  
Headshot medulla oblongata on a puzzle walk  
I caught too many homies, now it's time for me to find a morgue  
Go here and rhyme it, dog, it's another vagina monologue  
I'll take you to a digital death, the place with no analog  
I have your bones shaken, I break 'em like marijuana laws  
There ain't no other boss that's as ill as me, son, it's lunacy  
The leftist ideology is killin' the black community  
You need a couple bodies, just give me the opportunity  
You milli mild muhfuckers is making buffoonery  
It ain't no unity, ain't no talking it out, it's hammer time  
I'm moving, B, but I don't be talking, I'm like a pantomime  
And I don't think that being a pussy should be romanticized  
I roll with motherfuckers that's diddy-boppin and vandalized

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