

Byzantine Jewelry

Vinnie Paz

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah
Yo yo yo (yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo (yo yo)
Yo yo

Yo, son duck down the alleyway
Hot shots have him screaming like Cab Calloway
You can hear the hooting and hollering from like a mile away
I run with assholes who see a vic and salivates
I don't touch the work, that's just something that I allocate
Sectarian split, ineffectual Caliphate
It's goma on the scale and difficulty to calibrate
Don't ask me about nothing now I ain't trying to collaborate
He saw an angel in the Lazarus pit
This that Yahweh real king of Nazareth shit
I ain't the one that you should walk into the labyrinth with
And I ain't the motherfucker you should saddle with shit
The dart spray semi-automatic like a ooh-wop
Spit the rhyme then I bounce the master like a doo-wop
It's a 249 and it's colder than hell
And I treat this assholes like they JoJo the Whale
(Put 'em in da fuckin' bat-troom)

Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yo yo yo (yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo

Look
In a resort in a housebed
Your money short cause your mouth big
Tryna put too much food in his mouth pit
We take trips back and forth down south kid
It's detrimental if you telling me after
Hop with the Jet Set, Jello Biafra
Panic in Needle Park, a 70s master
Suicide, there's a ebony plaster
The Prada duffel is a khaki tan
Snake in the Eagle's Shadow lord, Jackie Chan
Make salat on my deen like an Iraqi man (Allahu Akbar)
It's feddy absolute green like it's Barry Mann
This ain't the devil's dirt this is rare soot
The shoemaker children go barefoot
The way you die isn't fate it's a choice
Watch your bombacлот mouth, take the bass out your voice

Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yo yo yo (yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo (yo yo)
(Aight)