

No Spiritual Surrender

Vinnie Paz

I don't know why y'all scared now, this ain't a new game*
Christians been raping children over in Ukraine
I don't indulge in small talk, it's only true pain
I don't divulge the plan ahk, I fuck with Hussein
Acid is falling from the sky, fuck a new reign
This is a flammable liquified gas butane
Muggs gave me audio heroin, hit the
Blue vein
I ain't even Vinnie no more, Evil my new name
I'm like Elijah Muhammad carrying thoughts afar
Laws of nature and mathematical charts of god
I'm taking everything letting you faggot authors starve
War criminals are becoming the arbiters of law
And y'all are fouler than swallowing pork
Real talk, free speech under foreign assault
And y'all are burying your head in the dirt
The heavy metal king hold big shit, hit your head with the lock

[Sick Jacken:]

This shit is (raw), the Jedi Mind's (raw)
It's war with the metaphor and you ain't seen a storm before
You ain't Pac, get the fuck out of the underground floor
It's over, homie you ain't got no love anymore

Do it (raw), the Psychorealm's (raw)
This war's gonna end all, you ain't seen a storm before
I ain't taking this shit no more
We approach with a white skull when we assassinating y'all

I'm the father of anything that's been done before
I was sparring with you, I ain't even begun the war
I like darkness, I don't know what the sun is for
Y'all have small hammers, y'all must be the son of Thor
Don't need hands, telepathically the gun will draw
That's the reason that you motherfuckers is running for
I saw the angel Gabriel y'all who we coming for
Y'all lock your part the same hell when I confronted y'all
I can ascend without any physical death
I can repent without any physical breath
To me it's not a discussion it's invisible chess
And if the vodka not Russian then it ain't hitting the chest
I can talk about drugs, guns, deading your shit
I can talk about the Torah and dimensional shifts
The power of the almighty is what's sent through my lips
The power of the almighty when the sentinel spits

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I'm the complete rapper, the seventh son of the beast master

My heart is bigger than anyone and it beats faster
I'm a fucking king getting better with each chapter
Kiss the fucking ring, you'd better agree bastard
A sucker MC like the DMC classic
I'm not a fucking star yet but the seed planted
Energy of god head, Vinnie P tantric
I'm capable of levitating and speak Sanskrit
Yeah, and that's all part of the perfect machine
Part of perfect precision, part of the perfect regime
Part of purpose and the part of the work on my Deen
Perform wudhu make salah now the surface is clean
Everything meticulous, Vinnie's work is pristine
Fuck with me you'll take a trip under earth with the queen
I give a fuck about a critic, I'm searching for cream
My shit is filled with hollow tips so it bursts in ya spleen

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