

## Slum Chemist

Vinnie Paz

Hahahaha The God Of The Serengeti  
The lion king  
Boxcutta Pazzzyyyy  
Hahahah

Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy  
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by  
My blood's g-code, never seen my dad cry  
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry  
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why  
Youre arms to short to box, god – that's why  
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye  
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie  
Send them to the devil let his ass fry  
Heavy metal on another level that's high  
I self lord and master from past tribe  
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes  
Reincarnated rap from a past life  
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze  
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5  
You asking for forgiveness – you should ask god

It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard  
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god  
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster  
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

This is 45-caliber flow  
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know  
I'm ravenous though  
Jack you with the ratchet for dough  
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow  
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at  
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at  
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat  
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap  
If you got the army gear then you need the boots  
If you talking about an army then you need the troops  
Its all war over here I never seen the truce  
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe  
This here this the duffle that I carry bones  
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Homes  
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome  
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home