Brick Wall (feat. Ill Bill & Demoz)

Vinnie Paz

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Ill Bill and Demoz:]
[Verse 1: ~Vinnie Paz~]
This is Taliban rap, I'm a fucking bomber*
My head wrapped like somebody who suffered trauma
Musically I'm the embodiment of Jeffrey Dahmer
Usually in the environment of marijuana
My straight right like Arguello was
You a medigon, Vinnie do what a dego does
You about to find out what the human tornado does
You a bitch, you ain't even half what you say you was
My shit is hard body lord, I'm a fucking legend
I don't get my hands dirty, that's for fucking henchmen
I'm the equivalent of Russian Roulette, fucking tension
And when you hear the ram's horn it's the fucking ending
I'm a vampire, I love the setting of sun
The night my time killing already begun
I'm from the same place Anton Lavey is from
I'm about to put the biscuit right to my head and be done
[Chorus: ~Demoz~]
This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off
This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
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[Verse 2: ~Demoz~]
1978 my mom had a date
'84 had me, had a hard time great
Mom wasn't weak, I guess my dad wasn't fake
But guessing only led to one thing, my mistakes
That's why I cut the grass real low, check for snakes
Apply pressure when I need to satisfy my weight
Selling coke and the diesel
Fiends going crazy putting dope in their needles, it's hopeless and evil
You can smoke wet and get smoked with the Eagle
All over nothing, fucking pride and your ego
Spit all facts, I ain't gotta mislead you
Talk shit wherever you stand, that's where I leave you
Believe me, I can get you killed real easy

Leave the scene but the ho won't leave me
Tackle the dresser, bitch try to tease me
I put a hole in her head right where her weave be, believe me
[Repeat Chorus:]
[Verse 3: ~I'll Bill~]
I'm the bomb attached to the chest of exploding martyrs, code of honours
Shoot me out your M16, deliver souls beyond the world
To conquer planets and enslave entire populations
Colosseums where Hamas supply the operation
Gladiators battle on the side of sovereign nations
Fathers of confrontation, Lamas to pop your face in
Blinded by lies and hatred, they conjure up abomination
Armies march across the continents honouring Satan
The final countdown, 2012
Jumping out the Black Hawk with the black Eagle by the money belt
I take you from the edges of space to the projects
From the pyramids to Giza to where God sits, we monstrous
I'm conscious homie, I'm wide-awake
I supply the hate, La Coka Nostra
The skull and guns, I supply the weight
How many bricks you want? Let me see your money first
As a matter of fact I'm taking your money you fucking herb
Fuck outta here, Billy Idol, La Coka Nostradamus
[Repeat Chorus:]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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