

Role of Life

Vinnie Paz

(*Prod. by Bronze Nazareth)

Life, this role of life*

[Verse 1:]

This is Rock of Gibraltar rap
The Springfield M14 show you where the coffin's at
You motherfuckers don't belong in rap
Fuck with me you got a better chance taking an abortion back
You lack flavour, put some sauce on that
I went to the Great Wall, put my fist through and walked through that
Where this motherfucker's fortune at?
I'm a levitate his body, make it spin like a Laundromat
Motherfucker I was born to rap
I've been making records wild long, never did a song that's whack
How many have accomplished that?
I was wild as a young boy, shouldn't have put moms through that
Vinnie Paz been to Nam and back
I ain't never put the guns down cousin so my palms is black
You a bitch, I ain't involved with that
I got a big trunk and that's where Vinnie keep all of his corpses at

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

Silverback Gorilla walk through the minefield
We don't see eye to eye how you define real
Y'all are wondering if I'm out of my mind still
I just need some liquor and pills and I'm chill
I run with Puerto Rocks, Morenos and vagabonds
And Paz will shoot this motherfucker up like Barrie Bonds
I'm like a military doctor, Vinnie carry arms
I kick in the door like BI did
And the automatic weapons look like TI crib
Vinnie fat, you'll never see my ribs
I don't call it loading bullets, I refer to it as feed my kids
All I think about is slaughtering y'all
This little motherfucker named Charles Hamilton is harder than y'all
It's in the garbage with y'all
Listen to all you Myspace rappers, I'm a father to y'all

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I write in the rain, turn beautiful night into pain
I turn life into a frightening game
I don't have love in me, it's just ice in my veins

My fist Hammer of Thor, I Tyson the game
This rap shit deep in my heart
Y'all was sleep from the start
But that just led to unbelievable art
And on top of that the god is unbelievably smart
My bare fists turn trees into bark
Y'all don't want any improvement at all
Y'all are devils, y'all are torturing the rule of law
My mind is a computer of war
And it's typically the biggest motherfucker that'll usually fall
Give me one take cousin, the god out
A forty of [?] and I ride out
The forty Glock popping your eyes out
Now you never get a chance to see what the god 'bout
[Repeat Chorus:]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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