

Geometry of Business (feat. La Coka Nostra)

Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz (Feat. La Coka Nostra) - Geometry of Business
Make room for the heavyweight villain with foul language
Formally known as low-class but now I'm distinguished
Hold that, corner to corner no room for foreigners
Coroners performing their craft daily
There's a war and it's morbid
Twenty-four and it's ease to close at his own wake
Our chest plates, filled with ice cold hearts that don't break
Respect my g's, fouls and rejects
Respect those bullets bloody bullies battle for respect
Any cities up inside of this northeast corridor
We sported quarters of raw imported all from Florida
Now the whole block's flooded with cut coke
We don't stop leaving youngins gutted, it's cut-throat
Sometimes I'm rolling dolo in a stolen polo
But I'm still true to my crew I'm never going solo
All these cold winter nights that keep the ice in my blood
I'll spill the guts out this bitch and ditch a knife in the mud
It's Paziienza
, Coka, goon music listen
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in
Vinnie P. put the key in the ignition
When we get back lord, we shine and glisten
Respect my G, ya'll sound nervous
Respect everything that I do or found murdered
Y'all servents, y'all blind without purpose
Stay high walking with
guns without permits
Snake bite came in my life with foul serpent
Amaryte blind from birth lord, he worthless
All of y'all signs of ignorance is earthless
All of my mind is viligance and churchless
I don't want to splash Ack 'cause Allah made him
And I don't want the faggot
P.O.
AR-15 big it'll annialate him
You ain't ever gonna eat this is starvation
Try to sell wolves chicken, feed Allah bacon
Try to bite the hand that feeds y'all, violation
Pussy boi get spotted like dalmatian
Look for God in wrong place so he found Satan
It's the Coka Nos', Louie Dogs, murder music listen

Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in
Cult leader
put the key in the ignition
Bottle in my lap, full throttle twisted
I'm like an exploding bullet in a clip
Like a rocket cracking a capsule
Like a lack to see planets that travel backwards through black holes
Run towards conflict, play with dissipation
Guns talk constant
, slave in civilization
Egyptian pharaohs worshiping sun ra
Walk up to your window with the barrels and dump shots
Buck four in your lung, slumped over in blood
Stuck over some crumbs, fucked over and done
I teach a crash course in brain surgery
So I don't need no passports to orchestrate murder sprees
Show you nothing changed, more than when the casket drop
I'll blow your fucking face off like maskatron
Pop you while you're driving make you crash your car
Drop acid, yeah, tell you who to drop the acid on
Look what the uzi do, empty fuse and anger god
Shoot your funeral, tell me who to drop the casket on
This is Slaine homie goon, chasing goon music listen
This is the only pot I ever had to piss in
The odds against me I'mma fight with my own hands
These are the words I've been writing as a grown man
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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