

# 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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