

# 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  
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off

[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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>