

Kill 'Em All (feat. Beanie Sigel)

Vinnie Paz

(*Prod. by C-Lance)

[** feat. Beanie Sigel:]

[Intro:]

People want to think that this is the Wild West - we don't have any laws*

What we don't have is enforcement of those laws.

Senator Fumo argues tougher gun laws alone won't stop shootings.

Last time I checked we had a law against murder.

It doesn't prevent people from killing people.

The governor, the mayor, the DA, they all want stricter gun laws.

[Verse 1: ~Beanie Sigel~]

May death come to all those who cross us

The preachers, the pastors, the deacons, coffins

Church masses, closed caskets, Bible verses, long black hearses

Long-ass gats too big for holsters, obituary posters getting posted

The reaper closing in, he's getting closer

You just fake, you blink it's over

[?] soldier here, SK shoulder gear, ice grill who? Hold that steer

Half a clip and I hold that dear [?] now roll that J, yeah

You missed the list of the souls I spit

I double-checked that you ain't on that there

I squeeze weapons, hollow points open up like the cobra head

Collapse lungs like a fold-up chair, flat line, clear

[Chorus (2x): ~Vinnie Paz~]

Kill 'em all, kill 'em all

Kill 'em all, kill 'em all

Kill 'em all, kill 'em all

Kill 'em all, kill 'em all

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

I rhyme like my life on the line, this fucking mic is mine

The past burglar, the mass murderer, the viper's shrine

A strong body could never conquer a righteous mind

Some think it's destiny, some of you think it's Christ-designed

You consider what I'm doing like a magical art

I consider what I'm doing like a stab through the heart

My brain moves at light speed, nothing fast as my thought

You might feel a slight breeze from the savage's heart

Y'all saying Vinnie is back but Vinnie never left

I just had these faggots hating and watching my every step

Everything with Vinnie very deadly, every breath

Everything with Vinnie very heavy, heavenly flesh

Y'all ain't fucking with weight, I'm doing steady reps

I'm a sell my shit and then skate like I was Kerry Getz

I keep my biscuit right next to where my machete rest
Everything is everything but pussy death is death
[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>