Drag You To Hell

Vinnie Paz

[Chorus x 2]
I'm taking my own life, I might as well
Guess where I'm going cause the Devil's inside
I'm taking my own life, that's where I'm going
Except they might not sell weed in Hell[Verse 1]
See I always have respect cause I always talk fact
The .38 and the 50 caliber hot, black
I always left with nothing but I always brought back
I always been a hustler, I probably go off that
Y'all don't wanna go to work with the boy
There's only two words that describe me: search and destroy
I don't think you wanna get murked by the boy
My shit is military, y'alls is like a nursery toy
It's hurting you boys
My team ain't even hungry, we famished
I murder everybody, fuck collateral damage
I'm animal savage with Hannibal's habits
I'll mangle your cabbage
I walked into the parish and I strangled the faggots
I hang with the baddest brothers, put their trust into Jesus
Run with brothers who's forty guzzlers, Islamic extremists
Ugly and ignorant is how they perceive us
I don't care, I'm trying to deal with my personal demons
[Chorus x 2][Verse 2]
Y'all don't wanna go that route
Broke motherfucker need to throw his throwback out
If you see me drinking something good I stole that stout
If you see me drinking in the hood then roll back out
On the real I don't want no one to bother me, cousin
Rapping just a little fucking bit of part of me, cousin
I'm just trying to have a drink at the bar with my cousin
I ain't mean to be rude, god, pardon me cousin
I stay strapped lord, gun in the tuck
Young boys act wild lord funny as fuck
I scrap southpaw sonning you fucks
Look at you lord on the floor bummy as fuck, what?
My life been defined by death
So I guess if everybody dead mine is next
My father dropped a jewel on me, time forgets

It's not as easily the mind forgets
Y'all know what I mean?
[Chorus x 2][Verse 3]
Drag you to Hell, I'm evil dead, you can call me Sam Raimi
These motherfuckers want a verse but they can't pay me
Fuck a funeral home, put em in the sand maybe
Y'all are acting like you're big, like you're mad gravy
Y'all don't wanna beef with the god
Don't have the brain power to compete with the god
Y'all should retreat from the god before you get turned to meat
Something to eat for the god, peace to the gods
I carry heavy shit, big guns, John Rambo
I'mma spot Russia like Pakistani commandos
How you go to war when you're standing in sandals?
Now you're dead and your family handling candles
Don't even call for a truce, I'm about to end this
Whole motherfucker when I call for the troops
Reservoir dog walk with the troops
And I burn this motherfucker down to the ground down to its roots[Chorus x 2]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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