

7 Fires of Prophecy (feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Vinnie Paz

We minding my business and leave me yours alone
We talking about me your job is on the camera motherfucker
Hey look at this motherfucker right here in the back. Look. Look. Look at this motherfucker right here in the
back
Look. Look at him uppercut. Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut!
Look lo lo lo look at the uppercut right there! Hey! Hey, do the uppercut again! Do the uppercut again
"Is it good or bad?"
Terrible. Like the worst thing in the world
Hey it's a job, you know what I mean? And especially in America having a job is a blessing and doing
something you love is a blessing even if the people are miscreants
Yeah you's a fucking wuss. You know what I mean? You couldn't last a day in my shoes
A lot of these cats I wish they'd just forget the address to the gym
You know everything is not for everybody. You don't see me going in motherfucking Wall Street picking up a
fucking briefcase trying to type do you? Cause that's not what the fuck I do
I beat the fuck out of people. You know what I mean?
Slow.Slow down and recollect!
Flow is tsunami (Shunami?), bulletproof Bugatti
Arab Nazi spraying a semi out a Ferrari
Crash Maybach music, smash Aston Martins
Cops turned rappers, y'all niggas is targets!
Regardless, I'm the hardest to wannabe martyrs
Chest game weak, niggas need to move more smarter
Art of war is mastered, my thoughts be the realest
Military intelligence, hood under surveillance
Armed up like they got beef with the government
Hood shit, ghetto apostle, live covenant
Move like the niggas that's facing Capital Punishment
Jedi, Militant Minds is who I run with
Queens where the villains meet,
killas with illa heat
Lifers with blood in they eye, saying they feeling me
Naturally will only be me, one tragedy
Kuwait Majesty, stay tuned, witness the faculty
Come on lord don't make me load the pump
The Mossberg have you taking shots like the local drunk
My trigger finger itch like I ain't had a smoke in months
I land a left-right-left before you throw a punch. (Left, right left!)
I was sent from God in case Jehovah fronts
I'm the explorer in the Torah I was chosen once

Put you in the corner you a lonely dunce
I been rhyming since Phyllis Hyman and golden fronts (I'm from the crack era!)
And y'all don't wanna see the heat melt
The strap go click and I ain't talking bout a seat-belt
Y'all could never feel the pain that we felt
Pops died, watch my mother cry, think how she felt!
You in Me-he-co (Mexico), fuck around with federale
I ain't hard to find, look for the severed bodies
I come from a culture where we treasure Gotti
Sono Italiano, we ..., rebel Gotti!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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