Duel to the Death (feat. Mobb Deep)

Vinnie Paz

Can't nobody fuck around with VP
Or else you're gonna find yourself D-E-A-D
Y'all ain't got your eye on the prize, you can't see
Cause I ain't really livin' my life for Plan B
Anybody brave enough to come against me
Gonna find your body in the bottom of the Dead Sea
How dare you ever in your live walk past me
Without acknowledging this man as G-O-D
I always been here, always been deranged focus
The heat is always in my hand like chain smokers
Hard work, dedication and sustained dopeness
Bust a motherfucker's head 'til his brain opens
Stay cookin' in the kitchen like we hasta frito
I was always smoking wakata with poppy people
I ain't never doing anything that's not illegal
Read the Torah lord, black mask, black evil
This is duel to the death, this is murder, death, kill
Stay real, because the sun can't chill
M-O-B-B, ain't nobody playin' 'round
Vinnie P-P, fuck around, lay around
I'll have you laid out, Posturepedic
Before the day's out, somebody gon' be layin' bleedin'
Keep fuckin' with me, bring me to the darker side
Where the wolves play and nothing but your calm alive
Get it back tenfold, yeah, I do you dirty
I'm in my dirty dirties, that means I'm past the worry
I got it mapped out, every plan hashed out
Perfectly executed, squeeze 'til I'm fresh out
I got goonies, all they do is stick their neck out
For a nigga, cause his loyalty is nothing less
And when it's on, you know they got them toolies on deck
What you looking at, boy? You made of bullshit
Infamous, yeah, we celebrate life
Pour liquor for the dead, kill niggas on sight
When they get beside themselves, we run up right upon 'em
Leave 'em where they stand and pour some fuckin' liquor on 'em

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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