

Monsterâ€™s Ball (Produced By Stu Bangas)

Vinnie Paz

I feel reinvigorated, don't fuck with the boss
I'd rather cut my own throat before suffering loss
Anybody fucking with me get hung on the cross
I have anger in me, don't make me summon the source
I go to war with the Glock
I go to war with anybody motherfucker, I'm a sorcerer ock
Fucking everything whether the bitch is gorgeous or not
I murder everything, that's just some of my torturous plot
If you righteous and you under attack
Like the Anbar Awakening and Sons of Iraq
The fifty cal is like a thunderous clap
If you think that you safe and nothing wrong that's a presumptuous act
It ain't no tomorrow, I don't got a dime saved
And if you did it's in the Wall Street crime wave
It ain't nothing worse in the world than a mind slave
Going to war with my people how I define brave
[Chorus]I'm a monster
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid
I'm a monster
My jail brothers stuck with a bid
I'm a monster
Everything I do is precise
I'm a monster
Pazienza ruin your lifeI'm a monster
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid
I'm a monster
My jail brothers stuck with a bid
I'm a monster
Everything I do is precise
I'm a monster
Pazienza ruin your life
[Verse 2]Yeah you know that Vinnie he been nice
Y'all don't belong inside of the ring like you Kimb' Slice
I ain't gonna take all of your skin, just a thin slice
They call me John "The Beast" Mugabi when Vin fights
Vin Laden, Taliban, Hamas, and Al-Qaeda
You a snitch cop lover, you fuck with a traitor
I'm a motherfucking brick you constructed of paper
I dumped the motherfucking clip now you dust and you vapour

I was there when all the planets was born
Before the Continental Drift and when Atlantis was formed
When Gandhi told the Indians to stand and be strong
And took the British out with intellect in spite of their brawn[Chorus][Verse 3]Everything Pazienza do is hard
body

I don't care if you Blood, Ñ'eta, or Godbody
I was devilish before the power of God got me
I just think I let the fucking sword of Allah chop em
Mossberg nine thirty-five is amazing
The Prada high-tops the same colour as raisin
He a rat, not even his mother can save him
That's what you get for being brothers with Satan
The thirty-eight practical, the Glock is for fair
And this for jail brothers something they can knock on the tier
Yeah, I'll stick a knife in your esophagus queer
I'm an animal, every rhyme will demolish you queers
Gas high but you can get the D for a real price
This Sig Sauer 1911 is real nice
I'll stick through the wrist with a steel spike
And now maybe you'll overstand the pain of the real Christ[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>