

Moonshine

Dope D.O.D.

I'm back in moonshine it's the mark of the fucking beast
Straight villans, Staight sipping on the bucky yeast
In fact it's all extra cold we're from on the streets
Fuck the speach, rush crush your beads till I bust your cheeks
We're at the darkside, sipping on that homemade
Two part probe babe, one part rolegame
Cold face poltergeist, vicious of a old say
Skeaming with the reaper while we listening to cold vein
Dark skies bloody seas now I'm seeing keys
Step down catch me kicking if you see me give it
After getting information from the grimist theories
Happily subject your pussy future to the freeky dicky
I see the picture not believing in your feble scriptures
My teams a mixture of the evilest and deepest figures
I play the lecture for these veins ain't a cheap prediction
Threat this like like a fuck fest, be brief to fix it
Back to bust, got a plastic cup
Full of moonshine funk with the bottoms up
(Now I'm) Seeing things for a different perspective
My spirit is strapped in my liver (you get it?)
I sip some sniff some smack my bitch up
That's when Skits got that ass on gridlock
I mix up which was the glass I slipped drugs
In to confuse and harrase a thick slut
Got an acid rap tab on my beer gut
Drunk life north side I'm six pack
It must be the alcohol talking
Come to the show me and Beggars performing
Touring the globe for the booze and the dope
To me it's all jokes until the show time (word)
That's when your life on the cokeline
When I come to deliver a bit of that moonshine
I see the world through a different kind of focus
Fuck up! Staring at the bottom of the bottom
I other words, spining like my head is in a twister
Twisted, damn right we'll be sipping on that moonshine
Fucking up your breathalyzer
Moonshine, fucking up your breathalyzer
Moonshine, fucking up your breathalyzer

Moonshine, fucking up your breathalyzer (Bitch!) I be that nigga sipping brews with little bit of
X in the mix life live it to the limit
A shit I couldn't give it, a fuck I give less
Unless a bitch with big breasts sparks my interest
I've been stressed living like Kennedy
Everyone's my motherfucking enemies except Jack from Tennessee
And my man set my remedy, and Hennessey, and Hennessey
And more fucking Hennessey
Bottoms up let me have another shot of jugs
These bottles up from the young dirty bastard buzz
It's the moonshine it's hazardous
It turned me into a half man, half the drug
I'm at the pub, getting hashed and buzzed
The way I'm, sipping buds it's an act of love
I'll be kissing my liquid mistress
Getting pissed, shit is part like part of the business
Dirty like my dishes, rugged like the hair cut I'm vicious
Me and the beggars we getting bitches now
Get to the booze pouring, I feel smooth warming
I put my shoes on and, start moonwalking
Now who's crew talking, this new dude awesome
I choose brews often, Moon sparkling
It's a motherfucking celebration
Signing off, Satan
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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