

Supervillainz (feat. Mobonix)

DOOM

"what rhymes with shillin, villain"

"what rhymes with shmilla, Villain"

"he's a villain, yes he is..."

1: Set it off adrenaline rush, the boys way beyond a pen of the dutch.

Stronger then hen a bag of the dust.

You need to watch how they actin wit us.

Now time to get it in gear, get it in right here.

Revenge is better than beer, yo doom its been a minute think they gettin it clear.

When brothers reunite, Make sure we party right, we rock it all night long even beyond the morning light.

Its hard to see him in the light, even harder to see him on the mic, a black benz beats bein on a bike, and he can talk a gay chick outa being a dike.

(Doom): Keep it on click fully auto, wont stop the rock until pockets thick and gordo.

more so a risk of sounding poor, bro, No tux licks and stole em tickets to the award show...

Normally cordial, more or less, less is more or no.

Hookkk.

Hock spit out the cockpit, stuck to the window till its solid as a rock hit. Yes he iiiiss "3: He grabbed the mic like

2 money bags, waiting for the getaway to count what he had.

Thought he was a spaz, but dude kept wreckin, the crowd remote control, keep em all guessin.

Funny man gave em nuttin like a bummy dad taught him how to fight wit a mic and the hottest stab.

But thats the life of a villain, and you know after that its chillin.

Went places got Gracie no follow and aint got no cola in the coke bottle.

writin rhymes till the pen go hollow and been flow hotter than the hot suns of Marrow.

And get the villain and scream, if its not real life its still in yo dreams.

Like that yall and like that yall, like that a like that and like that yall. What rhymes with thrillin, villain."

What rhymes with stealin, villain."

He's a villain, yes he is."

4: Pushin on the couch cushion, south side minneap neva lived out in brooklyn.

Kept the faith forget the fame, if they sweat the name let it set the lane.

Held mind cold and hard, had no regard who the chosen are.

Who, you?

Oh no, you played the Oboe, keep it on the low low.

Rappers are candy butterscotch, imma let their baby mothers watch, She loves the ock i touch the spot, bitch I'm the itsh that must be a god up her crotch.

Now stop leave the buildins, and leave some pills for these little villains.

Here shorty, share the flask, let me explain why i wear this mask.

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

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