

Accordion

Beat-Maker-Beat

[Produced by Madlib][MF Doom]

Livin' off borrowed time, the clock tick faster
That'd be the hour they knock the slick blaster
Dick Dastardly and Muttley with sick laughter
A gun fight and they come to cut the mixmaster

I-C-E cold, nice to be old

Y2G stee twice to threefold

He sold scrolls, lo and behold

Know who's the illest ever like the greatest story told

Keep your glory, gold and glitter

For half, half of his niggas'll take him out the picture

The other half is rich and don't mean shit-ta

Villain a mixture between both with a twist of liquor

Chase it with more beer, taste it like truth or dare

When he have the mic it's like the place get like: "Ah yeah!"

It's like they know what's 'bout to happen

Just keep ya eye out, like "aye, aye captain"

Is he still a fly guy clappin' if nobody ain't hear it

And can they testify from in the spirit

In living, the true gods

Givin' y'all nothing but the lick like two broads

Got more lyrics than the church got "Ooh Lords"

And he hold the mic and your attention like two swords

Or even one with two blades on it

Hey you, don't touch the mic like it's AIDS on it

It's like the end to the means

Fucked type of message that sends to the fiends

That's why he brings his own needles

And get more cheese than Doritos, Cheetos or Fritos

Slip like Freudian

Your first and last step to playin' yourself like accordion

When he had the mic you don't go next

Leaving pussy cats like why hoes need Kotex

Exercise index, won't need Bowflex

And won't take the one with no skinny legs like Joe Tex

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>