Accordian

Madvillain

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 mixmasterI C E cold, nice to be old
Y2G steed twice to threefold
He sold scrolls, lo and behold
Know who's the illest ever like the greatest story toldKeep your glory, gold and glitter
For have half of his niggaz'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 liquorChase it with more beer, taste it like truth or dare
When he have the mic it's like the place get like, Oh 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 inner spiritIn 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 swordsOr 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 fiendsThat'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 accordionWhen he had the mic you don't go next
Leaving pussy cats like wild hoes need Kotex
Exercise index won't need Boflex
And won't take the one with no skinny legs like Joe Tex

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