

Gazzillion Ear (Jneiro Jarel / Dave Sitek Remix)

Doom

Villain man never ran with krills in his hand and
Won't stop rockin' til he clocked in a gazillion grand
Tillin' the wasteland sands
Raps on backs of treasure maps, stacks to the ceiling fan
He rest when he's ashes
Ask 'em after ten miles in his goulashes, smashes stashes
Chip on his shoulder with a slip on holster
A clip, a folder and his grip on a boulder bolster
They supposed ta know, it show when his aura glow
Get from out the row, when he get dough it's horrible
Time is money, spend, waste, save, invest the fess
From ten case of cave of chicken chest S
Yes ya'll the dub will get ya trickles
The best ballers pitch in to rub together nickels
But tut tut, he about to change the price again
It go up each time he blow up like hydrogen
(Villain!) Villain here, have em shrillin' in fear
And won't stop top billin' til he a gazillionaire
Grillin' stare, yeah ya boy had drama
Got em on a mental plane, avoided bad karma
Once sold an inbred skinhead a nigga joke
Plus a brand new chrome smoker with the triggers broke
I thought I told em "Firing pins was separate"
He find out later when he tries to go and rep it
Took a Jehovah money for a Arabic Torah
Charged an advance to translate it and ignored it, sorta
One monkey don't stop no slaughter
A junkie want ta cop a quarter ton, run for the border
Know the drill, it ain't worth the overkill
Flow skill, still there's no thrill
Villa bill ya ten K bills in his pilla
Villa, when it gets realer, split the skrilla withDilla, (Dilla) mix, mix, mix
Do a deal for kicks and get rich quick
Sketch lyric, bet 'cha by the nick on some vic
Ick from the drumstick, come with the dumb shtick
Sick slick, hidden in a book
The only way they find it if you're spittin' in a hook
Listen, don't look now, keep walkin'
Traded three beans for this cow, cheap talkin'

Hawk men stalkin' hear that we hawkin' often
Coughing to a coffin, might as well scoff the pork then
 He's like Worf, some say stronger though
 Off the top Jay Strongbow, play along bro
 Wear a mask like yo off the Gong Show
 Flow slow as Mongo, Don Juan thong pro
 For ya info when he's not practicing Jim Crow
 A actress and some nympho bimbo
 He's playin' Ray J the old tape
DOOM - well what can I say like JJ in a gold cape
 Fill it to the rim like brim
 Villain and ya won't find him in no gym
 Probably a foggy bog with the frogs
 With a dot on the guard as he squat on a log
 Half cocked and half baked
Used to keep a full stock of work, half rock and half shake
 My mistake, sign a track agreement
For more G's than lines and cracks in the cement
 In any event it's fake like wrestling
 Get em like Jake The Snake on mescalines
 Ahem, elixir for the dry throat
Tried to hit the high note, Villain since a itsy bitsy zygote
 By remote, send in the meat wagon
Bragging MC's packed in with they feets draggin'
 These stats are staggerin'
 Had his PhD in indiscreet street hagglin'
 Villain, his agenda is clear
Endin' this year with dividends to spare, here
 It's not meant for the seein'
Went through the ceiling after entering his center being
 A new meanin' to sales through the roof
Guaranteed raw and saw his truth was truth, proof
 It's the return of the tramp
Who do a duet jam when Ernest Goes To Camp
 For the right earn - na'mean like Vern
We need some more oil for the machines to burn, learn
 Jiminy crickets
He gets lucky like winnin' free tickets off SimplyLyrics
 One man's waste is another man's soap
 Sons fan base know the brotha man's dope
 A real weirdo with a bug-rear flow
And the way his hair grow was ugly as a scarecrow
 He wears a mask so the charge won't grab
 On a rooftop with a large stone slab
 Heads up, talk white and thought niggerish

Refuse to walk tight and got his off the vigorish
Black licorice and equally as yucky
How he handled the money was strictly Dan Stuckie
Monkey hustle, man on fire
Later for the date than the Hadron Collider
And cost more, it be singin' like a style
DOOM leave the competition steamin' like a pile
Smile, ding! Sparkling jewels
In effect like alternate side of the street parkin' rules
Fools, the roach was never dead
Live for a week, then dehydrate with a severed head
Instead it was depicted as flicked in
Split, the wick's lit
(Can you dig it?)We have got to try and find Doom
Good luck

Songwriters

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