

# 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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