Banished

Ryashon

Villain got banished
Refused out the U.S., he ain't even Spanish
sock with a hole
Told Mr. Mean Streets to delay (?) a pot hole bro
Too gold though in the nick of time
To kick a sicker rhyme,
do your face like tequila lime
No, not deported
Be a little minute before things get sorted
Known to get money, never got caught kid
Escape with a soft skid, short bid
Knock on wood, dope on plastic
Rocks so hood, hope on spastic
Put it on the ritz
Put your bullshit facial recognition on fritz
I'm afraid you're sadly mistaken
Spit it like a bad piece of bacon
Even if you gotta lay down on the ground and fake dead
grab that
way out the habitat
Where the rabbits is at far from the lab rats
Man's right to know
Contemplate that at these hands write to flow
It ain't done yet
He let ya know some of the results come sunset
'Til then pack ya bowls
Sack it to ya crack ho with black soul coal
Just so ya know it ain't some buffoon rhymin'
Hey, watch ya tonsils
End up in the hospital, not responsible
bust that gizzerd
Then start to think how it ain't worth the risk-- is it?
Third degree black belt flow
Whip his monkey ass till the track felt slow
Melt snow, now that's gold
Blown and make fuss while that's cold
Stole'ded 'em, throws them dice
Cool it down, set to mo' flow with ice like
Liquid nitrogen ain't no wins

Macro-- Micro thin, itch your skin
Villain strikes again
Equivalent a hundred thousand milligram Vicodin
Pure get kill swift more
Beer flip doin' a Janes on the third floor
Like don't get your shirt tore boy
Crown of thorns, chain made of razorblades
Gallon of thorn homemade blades of suede
Bout to retire
Sit up somewhere in the sun and breath fire
That include tipsy getting
we get it like
big fat gypsy wedding
No more thuggin'
And don't think you won't get slapped kid, you're buggin'
Rhyme with more dough
Remind me of a fine wine time raw flow
It's like a worn-in suit
On a shoot, on a commute, torn boot
Publicity stunt, get paid on some Charlie Sheen
Summer (Santo?) (barley bean?) (?) party machine
Will graze ya more worse than an
Occam's razor
But anybody else notice
time's speeding up?
Make ya local police worry monthly
And won't be nowhere nears your country
And got no time for maps on the belly tooting out off the (?) iPhone
Bitches do a knock-knee, slight jaw
Afrikaans
cockney
patois
(Ahungalla?) last off the corner
Only thing he miss is blastin' off a warner
Super Villain, smooth sicko
Why oh why did I leave that booth? Click go
That's not up for debate
Be straighter than straight off a big gulp of V8
If she wasn't so bent
She know how the camel got his nose in a tent
Please, enough's enough
Don't get snuffed with the key to the cuffs
g's on your blufffs
Please, enough's enough!

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