

Batty Boyz

DOOM

oh shoot - get a load of that fruit
in thigh high boots, red tighy whiteys and blue cat suit
even the rats know it's tacky -
"y'all ain't seen me slippin' like that bitch just smacked me!"
posing chest and legs open - couldn't stand worse
all that was missing was a bandana and a man purse
crying dying laughing 'til glands burst
faster than a speeding blast, bleeding ass ran first
fit some baby hair, messed up, wavey curl
under the cape the back of the 'S' says baby girl
the things some people 'll do for fame
its a herb, its a lame, its...a god damn shame
villain willing when them cold streets call
you can keep your hero and hold the meatballs
worthy title locked it with pockets on empty
he worked harder than a steam engine like john henry
turn dirt to dollars like don henley
ugly and still get holla's like ron jeremy
at least moniteraly, terribly
mc's need therapy its like a ferris spree (?)
hit 'em with a kryptonite brick
children come and poke his dead body with a stick
wrote this lyric from in the bed with a chick
she had the tightest grip around the head of...blaaaa!bic...now can i get my pen back
got no enemy, got no friend - black
with the green goblin got the bat cave robbed
bust in - batman head bobbin slobbin robins knob!
y'all already got your belts on the floor so
kick them shits over here and click off the porno
alfred come home and found them both naked
handcuffed to eachother just as he had expected
red n chrome batmobile wheelin' and dealin'
aquaman sleeping with the fishes for real for squealin'
psst, the low low on the seal skin blazer
its just a little graze from a razor thin lazer
amazed at all the so called wannabe players
showing off their titballs (?) to all the free gayers
its like a leotard fest
how it got started is any retards guess - regardless

thats their choice no hate to bate
becomes a problem when they try attempt to go straight
and raise the monster rate in the whole population
it's starting to effect the super-pimping occupation
now, who's the hater? headline the newspaper
fate of a fake - you out caped crusader
tied to the tracks make a damn tram de-rail
rap is like a spam scam nigerian e-mail
the man with no beard is weirder than a shemale
sucker got bagged on a tamezepam street sale
told 'em one of ours set it up - yeah doubt
did it like the dirtied draws - wet 'em up and air it out!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>