

Ballskin

Doom

The flow is towin' precision as a Afro trim
All big letters but it isn't no acronym
Smack the thin grin off the chin for crack smokin'
DDT the first bar, leave the track back brokenChrome grown men doing business with Anglo-Saxon 'em
Lacking swing but that banjo's so relaxing as the wax spin
Hacking axes in the wind, pretend it's just a pen
See if you can pencil 'em inTense, met your men on a fenced in, sensed this is tense
The wheels fall off then it's the end
Don't get keelhauled in villain always been
Feel real genuine ballskinNot to call the whole crowd out
There's just a few chumps
And you know who you are like a shout out
Place them in your loud mouth and taste them like a pastryWaste of space, face hastily, bow out gracefully
Disappear, reappear and disappear again
Villain knot his hair he's no Afro-American
If that's the case he be a bald headed AfricanTakin' all the credit and jetted astro-travellin'
Turn a man into a mannequin for Affleckin'
And bein' tough actin', tin actin', bluff jacking
He wears a mask so when you dodge his face
Each and every race could absorb the bassIn a place to be, don't believe the hyperbole
It's like a murder spree get sniped verbally
And beat in the head with lead pipe languages
For street cred leave 'em for dead and angro-snitchThe slanks suggest it was the guy in the glasses
Who came to help the people with they minds in they asses
And sent trippin' get a grip like Spalding
These walls is thin feel genuine ballskin

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