

# Banished

## Hocico

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 bluffs  
Please, enough's enough!

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