

# Accordian

## Opie and Anthony

Livin' off borrowed time, the clock tick faster  
That'd be the hour they knock the slick blaster  
Dick Dastardly and Muttley with sick laughter

A gun fight and they come to cut the mixmasterI C E cold, nice to be old  
Y2G steed twice to threefold  
He sold scrolls, lo and behold

Know who's the illest ever like the greatest story toldKeep your glory, gold and glitter  
For have half of his niggaz'll take him out the picture  
The other half is rich and don't mean shit-ta

Villain a mixture between both with a twist of liquorChase it with more beer, taste it like truth or dare  
When he have the mic it's like the place get like, Oh yeah!  
It's like they know what's 'bout to happen  
Just keep ya eye out, like, Aye, aye captain  
Is he still a fly guy clappin' if nobody ain't hear it  
And can they testify from inner spiritIn living, the true gods  
Givin' y'all nothing but the lick like two broads  
Got more lyrics than the church got, Ooh Lords

And he hold the mic and your attention like two swordsOr even one with two blades on it  
Hey you, don't touch the mic like it's AIDS on it  
It's like the end to the means

Fucked type of message that sends to the fiendsThat's why he brings his own needles  
And get more cheese than Doritos, Cheetos or Fritos  
Slip like Freudian

Your first and last step to playin' yourself like accordionWhen he had the mic you don't go next  
Leaving pussy cats like wild hoes need Kotex  
Exercise index won't need Boflex  
And won't take the one with no skinny legs like Joe Tex

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