Accordion

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[Produced by Madlib][MF Doom]
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 mixmaster
I-C-E cold, nice to be old
Y2G stee twice to threefold
He sold scrolls, lo and behold
Know who's the illest ever like the greatest story told
Keep your glory, gold and glitter
For half, half of his niggas'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 liquor
Chase it with more beer, taste it like truth or dare
When he have the mic it's like the place get like: "Ah 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 in the spirit
In 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 swords
Or 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 fiends
That'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 accordion
When he had the mic you don't go next
Leaving pussy cats like why hoes need Kotex
Exercise index, won't need Bowflex
And won't take the one with no skinny legs like Joe Tex

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