

# Lightworks

## Doom

What is the magic that makes ones eyes sparkle and gleam?  
Light up the skies, the name of the game is lightworks  
I see you're peein' in you pants little sissy boyJerks, welcome to the octagon, lay a player  
Flat before the trainer felt his clock was on  
Keep your socks torn, it's a box-a-thon  
With hard rock, black, Rock and Ron's gon' barbizonCurled up beggin', layin' on the canvas  
Instead of in the ready position like praying mantis  
Scissors, landvis, grand fist, sandwich, Stan switch  
Slammed on stitches switch hands, inch, damn snitchAny street corner could be the platform  
Till we defeat gone and wander  
Watch your mouth jaw southpaw outs floor  
Doubt your clout more bout roar outscore boyOff the leash like UFC  
Off the beat off ya feet like two lefties  
FUB's heifer, please, lost a few to stew beef  
New referees, what a remarkable team sold ya teethThe shine that sparkles and gleams  
Light up the signs, the name of the game is the lightworks  
Light up the spliffs, the name of the game is lightworksWipe off slight smirks, the match was mapped out  
Get jabbed and crap slapped out tapped out  
Either the lunch bin or choke hold tie  
Time munchkins get punched in like vocal rhymeThe shine that sparkles and gleams  
Light up the signs, the name of the game is the lightworks  
Light up the spliffs, the name of the game is lightworksThe right hurts

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