

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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