Banished

JJ DOOM

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 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 vet 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 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
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 Please, enough's enough!

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/