

Evil

Dope D.O.D.

[Verse 1: Dopey Rotten]

Who instigated this hardcore revival?
No career, you can focus on survival
Never competition if you wiped out your rivals
I'm homicidal, here to kill your idols
My urges are primal, the outcome is spinal
The smell of fear is frightful, it's so delightful
We don't got fans, got the cyborg
Your hype's dying (dying), it's a downward spiral
If I was you I'd blow my own head off, suicidal
Underground's finest we claiming the title
Sixteen bar recital my ways are tribal
Dope D.O.D here to break the cycle
With vital, be mindful, even more careful
I got my hands full, your end will be painful
You can't match what we bring to the table
You're not capable

[Verse 2: Skitz Vicious]

I gotta get something off my chest
It's the blood from the last dumb rapper that crossed
my path
Ghost town on the map, follow the compass
I'm the nihilist that will cut off your Johnson
Fucking Nicki Minaj without the condom
We run the train on her, in London, in a dungeon
It's time Kanye West came out the closet
So I can punch him right back inside and lock it
I'm like f**k it, who wanted huh?
My shit's so disgusting you break down to vomit
Watch me plummet, into the mosh pit
And stomp kids to death at my concert
Bow down to the duo of darkness and no kid
Mr. Freeze holds MC's with a cold grip
My flow just, splits oceans wide open
The shit is nothing short from mind-blowing
Rappers get bitch-slapped for every rhyme stolen
And left in wheelchairs with their spine broken
We'll get Jay Reaper to force J. Bieber (Come here!)
To inhale ether during his hate fever
Let it be known Hip-Hop don't accept you
So, those that f**k up, or hit, we'll come wreck you
When a battle you know where to find me
I roll with the mighty, behold the grimy, whitey

[Hook 2x]

All you people
See no evil
Hear no evil
Speak no evil
Dope D.O.D will
Eat you, legal
Eat your ego
See your see-through

[Verse 3: Jay Reaper]

Chase down for justice, I bust 'cuz I love this

Fuck niggas up make their pus drip like mustard
Cut short like custard
We cousins are custom to cunningly crush, any cunt like
a husband
Spit fire, mad nigga with a sick science
My fists high and I bust lips of big liars
I'm the reason why your bitch crying
I'm the cause of the riot while your shit's silent,
punk
Let me toss another young one, right into the sun
Anyone who want some of the cunts done I conundrum
I see your f**king with the one that's pretty dumb son
Electrify 'em with a stun gun for ransom
I'm so super fantastic, matching sunglasses
The bastard cat's acid
A class act like bats, you a bad actor
A half ass-crack bad-back back snap