

Trapazoid

Dope D.O.D.

D.O.D. alive, and niggas wonder why
Niggas wanna try, these niggas gettin' fried
Eye for an eye, yo we rhyme til we die for this shit
Eye for an eye, rap til we die!

Fuck yeah, we on this shit
The extras and bonuses
Niggas just can't get ahold on this
We'll kiss my cojones bitch
Yeah, fuck being broke and shit
Hella cake, I want hella cake
Heavy weight but I levitate
And takin' niggas straight to the heavens gates
I never wait, I don't hesitate
K-Pax and set of blings, I'm Kevin Spacey
And I've said it straight, like this
Yo, we're takin' a piss, piss at your dog and your kids
Piss at your bitch and your biz
Piss at all the shit that exists
Yes, like that, and I like that
Yeah, you don't fight back
Bust back and your life's snatched
Put it right back on the right tracks
Y'all niggas hit, it's loosin' us
We need dopeness, shoot it up
We dem roaches, ruthless
But... Y'all already knew what's up
Tell me, who can touch this?
Who can bring that fucking ruckus?
Who can look the Reaper in the eyes
And tell me not to fuck shit... Up
This is no beginners luck
Niggas gettin' stuck when I conduct like loaded locks

We ride or die, I wonder why they think I'm kiddin'
I don't lie, this shit was written, so I'm nice
That's everytime I grab a mic, uh
My spike shine I could puncture, poke your pine
Rapping monster, sick your spine do this for commend
I drew the borderline again, hella bad the Devil laughs
Passing me a Heineken, shadow cast my mellow half
Ain't no wining and dining, ain't no 9 to 5in'
Yellow tabs, hella ass, hiphop got me grindin'
Spit that rapid fire flow
Then ride till the motherfucking tires blow
Life full of drama I gotta strike the globe
Slice your aura with the fatal blow
Credits grow, minutes end, head expolde - Finish Him!
A heavy dose of D.O.D. will relapse, rehab plenty comb
What goes around, comes around
You don't need to give me props
I'm known around the globe around
This ain't no beginners luck
The firefighter fightin' the fire with fire
Desire of a tiger, eye for an eye assiah

It's the Rotten, Dope D.O.D. for life

Rotten 24/7, the ambient, let's get it

It's eye for an eye til the day we die
So much dope it's hard to come by
Rise the price see the golden sunshine
Fuck the bars man, they can flatline
and we're out to get it
Run with the homies, stay athletic
Your style's plastic, synthetic
Your card declined, no credit, pathetic
Up to the sky in the way we go
Connect the system and overflow
Used to be Dope kid, way too grown
Still we get stupid on the microphone
Well known, we stay persistent
Well gifted, end your existence
Ain't no resistance, missed it
Gone in the distance, Rotten did it
You ain't ready for apocalypse
Wrote it down but lost the script
The doomsday prepper who jump the ship
Noah lived my life at this
We ride to die like terrorist
And lurk around your premises
Send some clear messages
That you can't never mess with us