

Ugly

Dope D.O.D.

It's a funny world we're livin' right?
When you look different, they judge you
When you think different, they dismiss you
When you act different, they ban you
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
This is Dope D.O.D. and it's about to get ugly

I ain't f*ckin' with the beat if it ain't heavy
So when it's time for dinner I know penis on you plenty
(Oh that smells good)
On this microphone I'm known as deadly
The psychopath chewin' shrooms, bumpin' Lemon Jelly
(Feelin' so good)
Rollin' through the city, yeah I know my chick is pretty
We split it fifty/fifty like chuba split the Philly
Silly and I'm gritty, guess I'm somewhere in the middle
Pieces to a puzzle make you fiddle with the riddle
To the max, speaker fresh, tatted up, bad as f*ck
Fitted with the logo, yeah I'm shittin' on you homos
Let them die, I'm the catcher in the lie
Your mama p*ssy tastes like Ben & Jerry's apple pie
Look at the hater lookin' bitter, hittin' Twitter on the shitter
Just to diss whatever shit is on the internet
I killed your crew and I ain't even had dinner yet
That means you're lunch meat, trust me it's ugly
Yeah!

Ugly x10
Trust me

John Lennon put them bullets to my body seven
No heaven, straight hell, nine eleven
High endeavors why I fried the damn reverend
Cause that nigga called me Kevin, but my name Damien
Filleting, got a flavor laser blade spade
Talking like an alien mixed with Arabian
And day by day we comin' for that cake so make way again
I got the power with the paper pen
Come and hate on us, you love I give respect back
And that's that, disrespect get that neck snapped
White or black, who give a f*ck about the skin tacts
When I swing back I poke eyes with my index
Finger, cold nights in the winter
When y'all was gettin' thinner, I was eating dinner
Nigga might skin a cat, touch me and I'll bust, I'm rusty
I gets lusty, it's ugly, trust me

You don't wanna see this, better look away now
There's no fun and games in Rotten's little playground
Nothing's disallowed so you know it's going down
(Master Xploder) better hit the ground
Paint pictures like the dutch Van Eyck now
No one around, we're living in the ghost town
Destined for greatness, don't ask how
Jay and me, serious! We never fool around (never)
Hitman for hire, euros or British pounds
It's a bloody scene when I start to fire rounds

Every weapon silenced so you won't hear a sound
(Another game plan) This one is new found
Step up, you get down, the slaughter's in effect now
Shock, froze and said 'wow' (Kings of the underground)
Bow down, can't be trusted, always break vows
Here to rape your spouse, it's ugly, I'm out