

ANGELZ

MF DOOM

Yea, that's right
It's not a Hardy Boy mystery neither
This is real shit
This shit come on right after Hart to Hart y'all
No doubt, 7 o'clock Fantasy Island
This episode is "Death to a Brooklyn Man"
This is Tony's Angels

It was three white bitches who worked for Tony Starks
Undercover agents, far beyond narc's
Amazed by they beauty marks
Wonder Woman bracelets, knee-high boots that was made Clarks
My dick got hard, at how they spoke and shit
Every language was music to the kid as if..
I was modern day King Midas
Doreen, Skye and Kelly, Starky's Angel's- Shaolin's finest
Though it happened in the streets of Brooklyn
Plus I played the whip real low cause my face was rooklin
My Angels jettied out of Albee Square
Gun out, wrap in their hair, kinda crowded so they clap in the air
Chased a nigga down block for blocks
Squeezing glocks, these mommies real anxious to blow off his top
He's a rapist, murderer, convict, burglar
The more they ran the more they skirts got dirtier
Sending shots like check day, Fed Ex expressway
BOOM BOW BING! You heard the gunplay
"Who shot that duck out the window" Mr. Lee said
"Three pay now, you fucking weed head"
We can stop the finest suspect, he's dead
Then I pulled up "Come on girls to Club Med"

Stay tuned, the Villain Three's Company
Don't sleep, Part One

Two brown sisters assisted the Villain, DOOM
He woked up, stoked like they was still in the room
Freed his right arm and leg, it was more like a sweep
Release his other leg, arm, head and rose to his feet
Staggering except for the socks and mask, naked
Threw on the boxers, searching for the trio
and checking for the keys Stacked, a robbery expected yet
Nothing obvious is missing
Recollected now why Hollywood hotties stepped into Giuseppe's
And naughty personnel nurses, Chanel purses, CLK shottie
Chased the trees with Thai iced teas
She drive while nice to veggie fried rice spicy
Told them both, "I don't feel so well, my belly,
Spin me down Melrose, drive me to the telly.
Ya'll go 'head and get the dutches, be back copy
Feeling woozy, no Uzi, who's he see in the lobby? Ray
Peace. pizza man change a hundred, stopped and looked
"Nah" Whoops! Left the knot in her pocket book
Wasn't the juks but too careless fearless
Got to the room and fell flat out on the terrace
The question remains who bound and gagged them?
That's when they found the empty pack of black Magnum
Villains skiid a gram on the street, 50G

The part of Mr. Ropo was played by Mr T