

Confirmation of your worst fears  
Ever since his first years had a thirst for beers  
Back from the future, it'll make you more sober-er  
And brought back a long list of fakers who crossed over  
I'm like, fuck it, bubble-baller  
Catch 'em up at Bob's show, stall him with a troubled caller  
Bastard, who could make G's faster  
Than a newly re-mastered while being truly plastered  
There's four sides to every story  
If these walls could talk, they'd probably still ignore me  
Contemplate war over a cup of warm coffee  
It's really getting gory, tell your problems to Maury  
Don't bore V with the "glory, hallelu-ey"  
Crews be like, fooey he's just a buncha hooey  
I knew he had new G, who he? Viktor Vaughn  
He had a new sicker song, I think he call it "Lickupon"

Umm but uh, he study rhymes and patter-ins  
Climb so steep sometimes the beat don't be mattering  
Sounded like a half-dead from Scurvy band rock  
A programmed, computer bio-grafted Herbie Hancock  
Maybe next life he'll try harder  
Died a martyr at the hands of the fire-starter  
More scripts ripped available for buy or barter  
Transport a stack to the lab via charter  
On the microphone he came to daze and amaze ya'  
What a guy, practice banging flies with razors  
And watch out for the robot, he got eyes with lasers  
Tell 'em when they come with more topics besides blazers  
Enough with the guns already, they're all toys and lames  
The joy's in the aim, he asked him, how's ya' poison game?  
Do you bust your crossbow? Also, more so  
Accurate body blows to torso, thought so  
These flows you won't find in no "how-to"  
If the blacksmith doubt you, he smack the shit out you  
Make nothing gone, let nothing twitch  
Just don't be near the mic when the on-button switch  
V bring the beef like a trucker to Fuddrucker  
Delivery to all y'all motherfuckers and bloodsucker  
Copping more pleas than when a rap nigga bicker on  
And that's my word is bond, I think he call it "Lickupon"

Umm, he wrote this one with a fever sick in bed  
With his dickhead inside a chickenhead  
No, a dead chicken's head, he said it help his nausea  
If he lost ya', wait till he tell you about the flying saucer  
Dag, the kickback'll leave your wig ragged  
For a big bag of good grizzle and some Zig-Zag  
Survival, keep a rival in denial  
And bust what he got just for coming out his pie-hole  
Die calmer than a suicide-bomber  
V just the type to do a hoo-ride with momma  
Said to James Bond, my name is Viktor, Viktor Vaughn  
Told the chick the quickest way to get on, lickupon