

# 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