

## Panic Room

Dope D.O.D.

[Skits Vicious]

I turn ya scar tissue to a fresh cu  
While me n Jay play good cop bad cop, slice ya tats off  
And wear em like i was Buffalo Bill  
I take a couple of pills and give a couple of suckaz the chillz  
What the deal? box cutter and rubber gloves  
Gun fring it's nothing you rot in a rubber tub  
Some ruff uppercuts 2 da jaw sure 2 shut em up  
And make em wonder what then fuck keeps me doin this  
Or why I keep breaking crewz rigs with sewer lids  
I toss em like frisbeez vicious ain't new to this  
...see what I'm chweing iz a magic shroom  
Rappers lock themselves inside a panic room  
Good afternoon, we turn ya whole house to ground zero  
I'm the slayer of the mayor, ghosttown's hometown hero  
Dope dod got em running with fear  
Now move back muthafuk's: The Onyx is here!!!

[Fredro Starr]

I got Monsters in my head, unconscious almost dead  
I hear voices putting all this nonsense in my head  
It makes no sense, waking up with both hands covered in blood  
Got your favourite rapper chain covered in mud  
As it hangs from the front of my truck, like an ornament  
I collect trophies for rappers I tormented  
I got em walking like zombies in this bitch  
One show blow him out his abercrombie & fitch you give these niggas an inch,  
they wanna take a mile  
I put the 5th to ya face take that with a smile  
I'm foul... yeah so fuck repercussions  
Black hoodie on liking like the grim reaper cousin

[Chorus]

You need a panic room for this shit  
Why is that?  
Cause when we in da house, all we wanna do iz rip shit  
You can't mess with sickest  
Who are they?  
Dope dod, and onyx, deadly mix kid

[Dopey Rotten]

I crack skulls cause my life is dull  
I sold my soul ain't got a life at all  
Yeah I'm making the calls watch your empire fall  
I won't move aside my mindstate's like fuck it all  
No need to panic yall  
The world is my basketball  
I'm not gonna pass at all give me what I'm asking for  
Underground ambassador our army's coming after ya  
You're living in the past and ya not a time traveller  
Damage ya cut you in half like a paprika  
Used to be in front but you didn't have the stamina  
To keep it up now you starving like it's Africa  
Now witness the massacre to death ill be bashing ya  
Ya wife I be banging as you watch you couldn't handle her  
Now take ya last breath and watch me strangle her  
Evil right her yeah its more than pure

Keep killing till my heart stops that's the cure

[Jay Reaper]

Crack a heineken

Its time to strike the mic again

Seasons switch

Cycles end

We blowin' up like hydrogen

Now ima tell you that ya hype will end i'll grab the mighty pen

This god is vigirous i'll smite ya men

Ya niggas need to step it up and all

Im fuckin bustin balls

With flows bolder than a buffalo

See no cuffs can hold this nigga cause i rock and roll

And when i reach my toll i explode like Mark Ruffalo

Thats why im actin kinda cynical ya'll niggas like to make shit

I make gold and chrome minerals

Pitiful

Nevertheless im a killer cold

Bad to the bone thats why im livin' by the sinners code

Yeah you stepped into the dark abyss

We're narcissist got a taste for bloody carcasses

The problem is ya'll niggas ain't fuckin' with heated beats

The real chiefs or these evil streets

[Chorus]

You need a panic room for this shit

Why is that?

Cause when we in da house, all we wanna do iz rip shit

You can't mess with sickest

Who are they?

Dope dod, and onyx, deadly mix kid

[Chorus]

You need a panic room for this shit

Why is that?

Cause when we in da house, all we wanna do iz rip shit

You can't mess with sickest

Who are they?

Dope dod, and onyx, deadly mix kid

[Sticky Fingaz]

I take you to a place that I don't like to go

I got that rifle flow cause killing niggas is like riding a bicycle

And how to break a neck is something that you can't forget

It's Sticky Fingaz... but you can call me face of death

Nigga i won't battle rap you i just eat ya adam's apple

Take you to the tabernacle, drag you through the street in shackles

I come inside yo house, nigga hide inside the walls

I sniff em out until I find em all

My voice sounds like my stomach growling

Grimey nigga what I won't do for a 100,000

This nigga something bout him, something wrong guns arouse him

Always got the huns around him

Hip hop is fucked without!