

All Caps

Madvillain

So nasty that it's probably somewhat of a travesty having me,
Then he told the people, "You can call me 'Your Majesty.'"

Keep your battery charged,
You know it won't stick, yo,
And it's not his fault you kick slow.
Should'a let your trick ho chick hold your sick glow;
Plus nobody couldn't do nothin' once he let the brick go.
And you know I know that's a bunch a snow
The beat is so butter,
Peep the slow cutter as he utter in the calm flow
(Yo' mother),
"Don't talk about my moms, yo."
Sometimes he rhyme quick, sometimes he rhyme slow or vice versa

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Whip up a slice of nice verse pie
Hit it on the first try
Villain—the worst guy.
Spot hot tracks like spot a pair of fat-asses;
Shots of the scotch from out the square shot glasses.
And he won't stop 'til he got the masses,
And show 'em what they know not through flows of hot molasses
Do it like the robot to head spin to boogaloo.
Took a few minutes to convince the average bugaboo.
It's ugly like, "Look at you, it's a damn shame."
Just remember ALL CAPS when you spell the man name.

And you know it like a poet like baby doll,
I bet she tried to say she gave me her all;
She played ball.
All bets off, the Villain got the dice rigged,
And they say he accosted the man with the sliced wig.
Allegedly the investigation is still ongoing
In this pesky nation, he got the best con flowing.
The pot doubles, now they really got troubles.
Mad man never go "pop" like snot bubbles.