

# Rhinestone Cowboy

Madvillain

Hold the cold one like he old the cold gun  
Like he hold the microphone and stole the show for fun  
Hold my flow for ransom flows is handsome  
Hoes is tandem, anthem, random, tantrum

Phantom of the grand ol' Opry ask your dumb hottie  
Mask pump shotties somebody stop me  
Hardly come sloppy on a retarded hard copy  
After rocking parties leave the party in a jalopy

Watch the drop top poppy  
Known as the grimy limey, slimy try me blimey  
Certainly smashing in a fashion that's timely  
Madvillain dash in a beat rhyme crime spree

Who rock the house like rock and roll  
Got more soul than a sock with a hole  
Set the stage with a goal  
Or have the game locked in a cage getting shocked with a pole

Overthrow it like throwing over a biscuit  
A lot of bitches think he overly showmanistic  
Let go his dick if that's the case  
Rats want to waste, there's more cats to chase

Dogs, we got to light new powers  
Woke up broke, spit shit, few hours  
Sheesh, been unleashed since the Greek club  
Have the fans saying please make me a dove

Well, since you asked kindly  
Where you been behind the mask you can't find me  
Ya, blind in the wine zone leave ya mind blown  
When he shine with the nine, he's a Rhinestone Cowboy

Gooney, goo, goo, loony, coo, coo like new off  
Who knew the mask out of new school  
Hell could hardly tell, having to tighten it up  
Like the drells of Artry Vells

Speaks well of the hyper base  
Wasn't even tweaked and addicted to cyberspace  
Couldn't wait for the snipes to place  
At least the track listing old print type face

Stopped for a year, come back with thumbtacks  
Popped full of beer with hip hop sharecroppers  
Used to wear flip-flops, now rare gear coppers  
He's in it for the quiche might as well not ask for free shit capice

Oh, my aching hands from raking in grands  
And breaking in mic stands villain  
The styles stun your chicks  
While he put himself in his shoes, run your kicks

You heard it on the radio tape it  
Play in your stereo your crew will go ape shit

Raw lyrics, he smells it like a hunch  
The same intuition that tells him spike the punch

Curses, he's truly the worstest with enough rhymes  
That spread throughout the boundless universes  
Let the beat blast, hold him with the mask  
Said, "You bet your sweet ass?"

Made of the fine chrome alloy  
Find him on the grind he is the Rhinestone Cowboy