

Real Gods

Dope D.O.D.

Jay: The real Gods, my style close to catastrophe
Fucking with the D.o.D. is straight up blasphemy
Get your Guns all my bitches grab your titles
Tonight it's goin' down this is Liberty City
Got the gridiest commite they committed to the action
And this is just a dream, I'm a holographic black man
But still, real enough to put you in your place properly
Dope D.o.D., you won't win like the lottery
Headz ain't ready for the fearsome, clear one
Pierce em like Predator the Mic is my speargun
Niggaz is slackin' all day
I'll be scopin' em
Spittin' in slowmotion they must be on Opium
It's hopeless son, it don't matter what the rest say
Your skills got killed just like the spliffs in my ashtray
And D-Day ain't nothin' comparised to what we say
I display my ways at the dawn of a new age.

Simon Roofless: A wise man once said, worship without sacrifice is si
nning / that
explains blood on my hands from a chicken / you unclean being ain't
worth the picking
/ apocalypto pillage your village, you the only man getting wind up
missing / Viking!
Ride horses with armor / use the dark forces...pilot to flying sourcer
ours / breath in space
without oxygen / Olmec face, blood in the vains of every race / all
over earth, in every
place / my D.N.A. Placed, when I spit its like mace / cleanse the ea
rth with fire, what a
waste / repopulate the hardcore mc's you soft like lace / you cant h
andle, Roofless and
Dope / you doufus, Simon, puppet master of the pope / use the gamour
a, twist you up like
rope / God stuck on your planet cause my spaceship broke....

Skits Vicious: Welcome to sin city, where sinners get busy
Evil resident, residence shitty ever since...
I killed itchy, I've been real gritty
No benevolence, when I carefully conceal the evidence
And its evident...who's the real gods
I rub my salad fingers across rusty steel bars
We take trips and fly in space ships
You ain't shit bitch, but a child of the matrix
I steal your pet for some poodle dog dissection
And add your dad to my voodoo doll collection
My hooks on chains will tear the poo from your intestins
The room of remains needs a group of 4 forensics
Since the system, labels human beings
You can call me barbaric like an ancient European
Bring the action, our reign is symbolic
I saw the dragon, with rains, bogz and gallic

We give flammable friction to pussy walls
And climb roofs in the shipment when duty calls
There's a million mc's to eradicate
Dope D.O.D.'s in your town, time to evacuate..