

The Odd Couple

"Old Rasputin"

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[Verse 1]

Don't get your head on the cutter black trees and go
against the royal fan
Cuz chopping is easy {??} dissed loyal man
We study under lit oil lamps through the arcade
Beside who's on our side like a new apartheid
Pass down the keys to the fortress
And secrets of course the release of door bridge
We even got a militsa and {?} deforces
Who feed weed to the horses and leave them where
the war is
Of course it's the rulers, Jay Love and Louis
Don't say nothing to us we make punks look foolish
It takes a bunch of fools to straight up amuse us
Wake up you losers, you're ain't nothing to us
Where rockstars are, we locked on wars
With {?} on top of our charge
{?} a collection full hood on a mist
{?????}
We got odd boss that's private, cars with drivers
And chicks who lick sticks {??}
And ever since we was born in diapers we was called
"your highness"
And "sir" for alcoholic minders
Y'all can find us, in the land of pimps
Where the full hair of chicks who take care of our dicks
{????} terrible fist
And all the other villagers are scared to resist, bitch

[Chorus]

Feh fah foh and a bottle of rome
The Odd Couple don't stop 'till the bottle is done
Move your feet to the beat and march to the drums
We're the kings of this rap shit, majority one
We target the market make a profit and run
And shot kids in the proccess with diamonds and
tongues
So listen to the explicit content for fun
And stay spitting like we're obnoxious and drunk

[Verse 2]

Wake up the horses it's time to take them to night
You can't challenge the king, lying naked with your wife
Even if your {?} a fight swallowing your pride
And follow the Gods with heineken
Bottles of size like comics that fly fizz out and drop for
the sky
Like these two superheros {??}
Jay Love and Loui Logic, the kings of the castle
Bring it to battle and stone you till you sink in a gravel
Swinging and tag you if you challenge my reign
They cut you up and bag you like an ounce of cocaine
No name of the fuckers with {??}
Thrown you over the fence {?} no in a tent
This is a social event for millions to witness
And they got no opinions, an interfear with business
My interest protected, riches invested
And bitch in the kitchen, fixing up breakfast
Listen to checklist is reading in extensive
From a lix {??} to a plot of bitches to have sex with
Chick that striptease like demi in a scence
Got baders and rosebeers like semi in a kime
Many enemy is tortured when we blazing hash
And maked in to in-consciousness to make us laugh
Now rase your glass and toast to the livers, rulers of
this rhyme shit
I'm out, sign it of it is your highness

[Chorus]

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