

## The Cenobites

### "Kick A Dope Verse"

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(feat. Bobbito)

Kick a dope verse and then we ghost [x4]

[Kool Keith]

I got a brand new Ford, bright orange-yellow pickup truck

Cruising around like I'm Johnny Espisito

Pumping my funk tape with Stretch and B Bobbito

Looking around for that kid who robbed Joey, oh he

Catch another rapper rhyme slowly

In the back of your head feel the calico M-O

You know the X, hey hey, he's out the hospital

He played a trumpet in class, plus he had a fiddle

He had a house uptown on Green Apple Road

A human body buried monkey plus a little toad

Scared federal bereau, fuck investigation

No phones, no beeps, fuck communication

I like ice cream kids, I like Carvelle

I read comics and books, yeah Marvel

You want to step MC's, I'm in the basement

Hold up mirrors to hell, where your face went?

I walk quiet at night, through the projects

Maybe one night look through your peephole,  
peekaboo!

I got a gift for you, to fuck Santa Claus

Open your door, face the Cenobites light

I want the matrix of mad, I'm like Hellraiser

(Who could I be?)

Kick a dope verse and then we ghost [x4]

[Bobbito]

Bobbito and yes I got the props

Now will you crab-ass niggas just hop off my cock

My style's En Vouge, you're never gonna get it

Phonetic, kenetic, energetic flows your ears in a  
tournaquet

Wrapped tightly, my raps just might be

Unsightly, or slightly greusome

Some groups are done, some groups run

Many groups come, when Bob beats are spun  
Stun by the stun gun, you're chewing my dick gum  
I stick it in your nose so kids can ridicule like Catholic  
school  
Second grade, Mrs. Flaherty had a tragedy  
She saw me bust a nut it was flattery  
Now I recharge my battery  
Flattery gets me where I'm going, lets me know I'm  
flowing  
Sets me when I'm boning  
Shit, people asks me who writes for me  
I write my own shit from finish to start  
Diminish the heart, I eat a kinish and then I fart  
A traskit, a triscit, a golden-eared biscuit  
Kool Keith asked me to rhyme and so I kicked it  
Nervous, served this, never even heard this  
Leave a hearse wordless, because I just served this  
Stretch Armstrong, my man, my mellow  
My Godfather Don, get on the mic and say hello

[Godfather Don]

It's kind of pertinent that the venom I send 'em  
Will give 'em an enema, then I'm a prove my shit is  
funkier than  
Yours, when wars bend laws to make niggas figure  
I can't rap, I play it undercover and plant that  
One word you heard no other say  
And the nut I lay to impregnate wombs to tombs  
Of larvae, insects to dissect from the ribcage  
To the solar, remember the scene of my brain make  
You shake and so when I hold a microphone steady  
\*sniff sniff\* Give me five if you're ready  
To go on the collision course and send it  
When I mental with light jeans don't read names  
I'm illiterate, consider it ripped, stripped, flipped,  
kicked  
Then shredded, so say "cheese" when you pictured  
yourself imbedded  
Headed to the fate of niggas spraying rhymes  
Like mace, terrible, I'm esoterical when I'm tearing  
through  
Varying the methods and shit, I never do  
I left it to Kool Keith, Bobbito, full of libido  
For the girls who need-o eight inches of tounge to eat-  
o, hey  
Kind of neato, so check it out  
Peace, hollito

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