

Celph Titled f/ Guttamouf, Lord Digga, Majik Most "Real Villains"

Visit "[Real Villains](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One] [Celph Titled] Yo, I got you askin' who the fuck would want beef with a strong fleet? Hungry to palm heat? Cause this year we gon' eat And ain't no motherfucker stoppin' the kingdom Shut the church down Every bell broke cause we ringed 'em Singin' hymns in hell, at the top of my lungs Fuck a Rock Band, I can play the drums with my guns Ain't it A bitch when the streets is the wildest sport Sell crack and come up short on child support Take heed, lay low and strap on a vest Run a credit check, I could kill a rapper for less And you saw my rap quote that the Source won't It's so ill that a whore's throat spittin' shit in Morse Code Your label got doe? You can get a song from me Fill up the limo with cash, I'm talkin' long money After I spit, the mic get's replaced They don't know whether to call it a sound booth or a fire place And I'm a funny fuck that'll put twenty slugs Up inside your honey love so she can get her tummy tucked Celph Titled The villain of rap We use a twelve gauge they can't trace a shotgun blast [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Niggas is illin' We the real villains What more can you say, we're shots peelin' That's what you get (BOOM) You got it? Good And I hope you understood [Verse Two] [Guttamouf] What the fuck? You thought I wasn't raw? When Gutta talk, vibrations crack the asphalt Pull out the gat and watch the crowd disperse The worst I'm plantin' C-4 on your hearse Comin' suicide and kill you again in Hades Make a backwards save, come back and kill ALL your babies You really wanna fuck with that? Put this chainsaw on you Finish splittin' that ass crack Nigga I think you better leave it alone You better listen to Jahiem in case you don't make it home (Motherfucker) I hope you made love to your wife I'll get shit on my dick, then blood on my knife Escape conviction, fuck goin' to prison Break in your house and fill your wife's mouth with jizzm I had an unholy baptism Now I need a young and an old priest to perform the Exorcism I feed off these negative things I take fake thug MCs and make them niggas sing So I'll play Nas and you play Hova I hope you +Got Yourself A Gun+ before you try to +Takeover+ [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Niggas is illin' We

the real villains What more can you say, we're shots
peelin' That's what you get (BOOM) You got it? Good
And I hope you understood [Verse Three] [Lord Digga]
This ain't my universe, see I ain't from here I'm just
makin' a space for all my apes to come here We're the
most feared, that sample that can't get cleared Stay
droppin' science, yours is weird Seize your vessel like
Blackbird I'm takin' your ship I'm the coast God I
spotted you from the coast guard The ghetto Picard
Not playin' with a full deck of cards Your freestyle don't
work, you're scared We inhibit you dicks, from actin'
hard Never flame bets on the odds Butternuts and
wads The Intrepid, niggas can't Dodge The lyrical pig, I
spit lard I'm like a Blood and a Crip Impossible to fuck
with Stick you for your budget Men-aged with your
mom and chick, they loved it They told me my Bone
was Thuggish If you ain't garbage you rubbish I hit the
road with heat, stash the luggage Your bullshit lyrics, I
ain't tryin' to love it You're on some fake thug shit, y'all
ain't rugged I'm Killin' your style, no remains recovered
[Chorus] [Celph Titled] Niggas is illin' We the real
villains What more can you say, we're shots peelin'
That's what you get (BOOM) You got it? Good And I
hope you understood [Verse Four] [Majik Most] You
wanna Get Large? Get charred with your face scared
Lookin' like a cartoon can of discharge You'll be bon
voyage, better pray to your god When I travel over your
body in a Pope Mobile Majik makes you wanna tote that
steel You're so fuckin' scared I'm like, "What's the
deal?!" I'll shoot your hat off, like saloons in the west
Bitch, I'm the captain, harpoon in your chest You fishin'
for beef? Get your tackle box Sell more records in
Europe, than David Hasselhoff Roastin' your Britney
Spears tassels off I'll knock a Jewish man's noggin' off
and yell "Mazel Tov!" Your skin will peel off while I'm
eatin' rice pilaf Pissin' me off? Oh my God you're soft!
And I'm flippin' more than Tipper Gore when I'm gettin'
raw Rip my shirt off, Skeleton swellin' your whore
[Chorus] [Celph Titled] Niggas is illin' We the real
villains What more can you say, we're shots peelin'
That's what you get (BOOM) You got it? Good And I
hope you understood

Visit [Celph Titled f/ Guttamouf, Lord Digga, Majik Most](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.