

## **Doom**

# **"Ballskin"**

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The flow is towin' precision as a Afro trim  
All big letters but it isn't no acronym  
Smack the thin grin off the chin for crack smokin'  
DDT the first bar, leave the track back broken

Chrome grown men doing business with Anglo-Saxon  
'em  
Lacking swing but that banjo's so relaxing as the wax  
spin  
Hacking axes in the wind, pretend it's just a pen  
See if you can pencil 'em in

Tense, met your men on a fenced in, sensed this is  
tense  
The wheels fall off then it's the end  
Don't get keelhailed in villain always been  
Feel real genuine ballskin

Not to call the whole crowd out  
There's just a few chumps  
And you know who you are like a shout out  
Place them in your loud mouth and taste them like a  
pastry

Waste of space, face hastily, bow out gracefully  
Disappear, reappear and disappear again  
Villain knot his hair he's no Afro-American  
If that's the case he be a bald headed African

Takin' all the credit and jettied astro-travellin'  
Turn a man into a mannequin for Affleckin'  
And bein' tough actin', tin actin', bluff jacking  
He wears a mask so when you dodge his face  
Each and every race could absorb the bass

In a place to be, don't believe the hyperbole  
It's like a murder spree get sniped verbally  
And beat in the head with lead pipe languages  
For street cred leave 'em for dead and angro-snitch

The slanks suggest it was the guy in the glasses  
Who came to help the people with they minds in they

asses

And sent trippin' get a grip like Spalding

These walls is thin feel genuine ballskin

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