

# Doomtree

## "Punch-Out"

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[Verse 1: Mike Mictlan]

Ring around the squared circle  
Side setter repertoire  
Blind sider gut splitter butt splatter weapon paw  
Second guesser predecessor hidden stressor  
Set it off  
Second in command commanding power with the  
reckoning force  
Double O ten  
Larger than Kelly Robinson  
You getting knocked out harder than Danny Donavon  
Doomtree Blowout winter for your wonderland  
Willing to only cut a man bullies will never understand  
Wooly mammoth Minnesnowta  
Murder Maker Mike Mictlan  
Hoodie, parka, Nordic, mitten, muzzle, skully, get it on  
Sims and Cecil, Mike and Stef (and Dessa and Paper),  
Lazerbeak the legend  
God  
Wings and Teeth teaming up, feeding on the lesser  
parts  
Uptown to Peavey Park  
West Bank to Powderhorn  
Doomtree  
Captains of the rapping Liberal North  
Sovereign township on some Watership Down shit  
The Bangarang Gang  
Style over everything!

[Verse 2: Sims]

I try to stay cool, let the assholes be assholes  
But they're pulling on my last hopes  
Yeah they're pulling on my last cord  
Anymore and I might dive them something to die for  
Call 911 last days in America, the primates won  
At the mouth frothing like troglodytes  
I'm on a zombie hunt, yeah it's on tonight  
Put out an APB, all these silverback gorillas on the trail  
chasing me  
Man, I should just move to the sticks  
And let these alpha males roll in their own shit  
But I ain't giving into you

I'm a citizen too, who's trying to save who?  
On a big white horse in a pale grey suit  
So I move with the moon  
I'm like ready, aim, shoot

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