

Ford Robben

"Rhinestone Cowboy"

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Hold the cold one
Like he hold the old gun
Like he hold the microphone
And stole the show for fun
Or a foe for ransom
Flows is handsome
O's in tandem
Anthem, random, tantrum
Phantom of the Grand Old Opry ask the dumb hottie
Masked pump shottee
Somebody stop me
Hardly come sloppy on a retarded hard copy
After rockin' parties he departed in a jalopy

Watch the droptop pop
Known as the grimy limey slimy
Try me blimey
Simply smashing in a fashion that's timely
Mad Villain dashing in a beat rhyme crime spree
We rock the house like rock 'n roll
Got more soul
Than a sock with a hole
Set the stage with a goal
To have the game locked in a cage
Getting shocked with a pole
Overthrow like throwing rover a viscuit
A lot of bitches think he's overly chauvanistic
Let go his dick if that's the case
Rats, what a waste
More cats to chase
Dogs he got 'em like new powers
Woke up, wrote and spit the shit in a few hours
Sheesh! Been unleashed since the glee club
Had your fam saying please make me a dub
Well, since you ask kindly
Where he been behind the mask
Who can't find me?
You're blind in the wine zone
Leave ya mind blown when he shine with the 9
He's a rhinestone...cowboy

Goony goo goo loony koo-koo like Gary Gnu off New
Zoo Review
But who knew the mask had a loose screw?
Hell, could hardly tell
Had to tighten it up
Like the Drells and Archie Bell
It speaks well of the hyper bass
Wasn't even tweaked and it leaked into cyberspace
Couldn't wait for the snipes to place
At least a track list in bold print typeface
Stopped for a year
Come back with thumb tacks
Pop for the beer, we're hip hop sharecroppers
Used to wear flip flops, now rare gear coppers
He's in this for the quiche
You might as well not ask for no free shit, capiche?

Oh my aching hands
From raking in grands and breakin in mic stands
Villain-his smile stuns ya chick
While he puts himself in your shoes
Run ya kicks
You heard it on the radio-tape it
Play it in your stereo your crew'll go apeshit
Raw lyrics-he smells 'em like a hunch
The same intuition that tells who spiked the punch

Curses
He's truly the worstest
With enough rhymes to spread
Throughout the boundless universes
Let the beat blast
She told him wear the mask
He said you bet your sweet ass
Its made of fine chrome alloy
Find him on the grind
He's the rhinestone...cowboy

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