

## Fort Minor "S.C.O.M."

Visit "[S.C.O.M.](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ugh, Shinoda, that's right, Ryu  
Celph Titled, yeah, Demigodz  
Dipset, Juelz Santana  
And of course, Fort Minor  
Let's go

It's like oh, ohhh, ohhhh  
F.M. D.E.M.I.G.O.D.Z.  
It's like oh, ohhh, ohhhh  
D.I.P.S.E.T. S.O.B. G's

I came from pumping 60K out the trunk switchblades  
Ziggy stuff nicknames, itchy braids, bitchmade  
Faggots, my shit's changed, my cabbage is picked  
man  
Rollin' twenties up like Snoop Doggy dog's crip game  
But I'm out for the crown, housin, I'm buckin' 'em down  
Dousin' and dunkin' these fuckin punks in a bucket and  
bounce  
When I get up in the game beware  
Put a pimp on a hope and then say your prayers  
Got this ocean so damn potent player  
Put you on a throne like a broken chair  
You know its a move no crack for the gods and goons  
We back you talk about gats but dont actually use 'em  
But I'm happy to do it because this is demigodz  
Celph Titled, Ryu with Tak, Apathy stupid

From bottom to top (i rose)  
choppin them rocks (?)  
Cockin the glock, no more of that  
Now I just hop in the drop and go  
To the most popular spots  
With ho's and they know, they go  
I went from pumpin' that white stuff  
To bein up in them white clubs  
Like hey, I got dubs still pumpin that white stuff  
Plus I fuck with the white boys, skaters and bike boys  
We may act different but the struggles alike, boy  
Shinoda know if there's a problem I'm coming over, yo  
Quick fast in a hurry, knock it into overdose  
And I mean that, just call if you need that

The best of both different worlds, not often they see  
that

Like oh, ohhh, ohhhh  
F.M. D.E.M.I.G.O.D.Z.  
Like oh, ohhh, ohhhh  
D.I.P.S.E.T. S.O.B. G's

We like these rappers here that you have to fear  
We smacking queers murder extortion  
Hustlin', nothin' stopin' this movement  
I swear we gettin' to the top this year  
Got your ears, all eyes on me, old school 80's guy,  
that's me  
Hip hop head female rappers give me dome  
That's just that hip hop head, flip off the feds, it's been  
said  
I'm out my mind to the fullest, alone in the crib buggin  
Fuckin with Russian roulette with six bullets  
Won't never free my guns but fo sho we lettin them  
triggers go  
Sparkin that weapon, yous a thousand miles from me  
You far from perfection and that's just room for  
thought  
I'm movin the bar, rap entrepreneur, rap lord  
Cme to the hood, I'll bring you in through that trap door  
It's Demigodz and it's Dipset, it's Doe Rakers and it's  
Byrd Gang  
That's Ryu, Celph and Santana, the best rap singers  
you ever done heard

Like oh, ohhh, ohhhh  
F.M. D.E.M.I.G.O.D.Z.  
Like oh, ohhh, ohhhh  
D.I.P.S.E.T. S.O.B. G's

[In the background]  
(When my situation ain't IMPROVIN  
I'm trying to murder everything movin')

Demigodz, Celph Titled the Rubik's Cuban  
Ryu the Beast, Shinoda the Cobra Holder  
You a fool for this beat, Santana the Great  
This has been a Demigodz Dipset Feature Presentation

We'll slap the beeswax right out your grill

Visit [Fort Minor](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

