

Madvillain

"Rhinestone Cowboy"

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Hold the cold one like he old the cold gun
Like he hold the microphone and stole the show for fun
Hold my flow for ransom flows is handsome
Hoes is tandem, anthem, random, tantrum

Phantom of the grand ol' Opry ask your dumb hottie
Mask pump shotties somebody stop me
Hardly come sloppy on a retarded hard copy
After rocking parties leave the party in a jalopy

Watch the drop top poppy
Known as the grimy limey, slimy try me blimey
Certainly smashing in a fashion that's timely
Madvillain dash in a beat rhyme crime spree

Who rock the house like rock and roll
Got more soul than a sock with a hole
Set the stage with a goal
Or have the game locked in a cage getting shocked
with a pole

Overthrow it like throwing over a biscuit
A lot of bitches think he overly showmanistic
Let go his dick if that's the case
Rats want to waste, there's more cats to chase

Dogs, we got to light new powers
Woke up broke, spit shit, few hours
Sheesh, been unleashed since the Greek club
Have the fans saying please make me a dove

Well, since you asked kindly
Where you been behind the mask you can't find me
Ya, blind in the wine zone leave ya mind blown
When he shine with the nine, he's a Rhinestone Cowboy

Gooney, goo, goo, loony, coo, coo like new off
Who knew the mask out of new school
Hell could hardly tell, having to tighten it up
Like the drells of Artry Vells

Speaks well of the hyper base

Wasn't even tweaked and addicted to cyberspace
Couldn't wait for the snipes to place
At least the track listing old print type face

Stopped for a year, come back with thumbtacks
Popped full of beer with hip hop sharecroppers
Used to wear flip-flops, now rare gear coppers
He's in it for the quiche might as well not ask for free
shit capice

Oh, my aching hands from raking in grands
And breaking in mic stands villain
The styles stun your chicks
While he put himself in his shoes, run your kicks

You heard it on the radio tape it
Play in your stereo your crew will go ape shit
Raw lyrics, he smells it like a hunch
The same intuition that tells him spike the punch

Curses, he's truly the worstest with enough rhymes
That spread throughout the boundless universes
Let the beat blast, hold him with the mask
Said, "You bet your sweet ass"

Made of the fine chrome alloy
Find him on the grind he is the Rhinestone Cowboy

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