

## Viktor Vaughn "Change The Beat"

Visit "[Change The Beat](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

A modern day marvel but terrible, better horrible  
When he grab the mic, son, he crushed up all his  
metacarpals  
He said he ain't mean it, totally by accident  
After the show, he didn't follow where y'all taxi went

Will this be available on wax? Ask Max Mill  
They on the opposition to his ass wack tax bill  
But will it pass the senate? Slum lord tenant  
And super like 1-A, have a fun stay

One day, he plan to put in a runway  
With enough land for his own projects and gun play  
Section 8 penthouse, maid look like Faye Dunaway  
A lotta y'all assed out like gay runaways

It's how they say, "Semi-risque"  
All day everyday, give out Emmy's the quick way  
Have the average MC say, "Gimme a sick day"  
They really ain't got shit to say like Timmy McVeigh

Get a hunch, a real rag tag bunch  
In school, he kept a doo rag in his bag lunch  
Just to eat heads on some breakdance shit and spit

He ripped this skit in Sanscrit  
If the pants fit, sport 'em but rock 'em low  
Your man like Rollo on the slow, can't knock it though  
It's like the same hustle bro, two knuckles glow  
Tucked in Le Tigre, just let the name buckle show

Good googly moogly, see that loogie?  
Yeah, but keep it on the D.L. Hughley  
You don't watch her, he might Houser like Doogie  
Just to cut her loosie like Mitsurugi  
Gooley gum drops, who he got his style from?

His pops, you gotta give  
The bum some props  
Ask ya sister, her beat box is more thicker  
Doom, that nigga detox with malt liquor

Villain for hire, admire the sound  
Make sure the price is right  
Before he come on down  
Rappers be on some, "You, you, you"

Forgot who they talking too, too much pork stew  
They need to not come out with nothing new  
Blew the whole shit up on some, "What this button do?"  
Doom cheat the game like walk-through

Run 'em, son 'em like Mr. Rourke do Tattoo  
The way a lotta clowns get down is unnatural  
This flow flip like oranges, apples  
Rhymes like limes to a Lemonade Snapple  
Leave her at the chapel, don't eat Scrapple

First thing they notice when they come to is they bling  
is gone  
Then they start remembering the Klingon with the rings  
on  
In came the Villain with their own gear like, "Hi, there"  
Y'all play the rear, this whole year my year

Metal face beard like Brillo pad  
Y'all know his steelo so don't feel so bad  
Seed call him, "Ol' dad", the one the ol' hoe had  
Knew he was a winner since a swimmer in the gonads

Okay pal, pay him like Paypal  
So we could be A-okay not okay Corral  
I think today I'll make the ladies say, "Ow"  
And maybe fuck around take a bow, now

Who made his first mill and still carry razor blades  
Used to be straight A's and still made the grade  
Retarded ass, how he get cash so fast  
Year after last, left back in the retarded class

Shoulda went to Boces  
Watch him all closely, who he think he supposed to be  
Villain who always win, at least he stay consistent  
Find out where that bitch went, get a room pitch a tent

Yo yo, Max, yo change the beat yo  
You got another one, nah yo

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