

Demigodz f/ Louis Logic, Majik Most

"Class Clown"

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[Verse One] [Celph Titled] Celph Titled the Crocodile Hunter I keep it gator The monster in your closet that you've always been afraid of The type to come through and not say "Peace" when I leave Choke your crew out in army jackets and leave 'em fatigued And we scoop hood rats with mouse traps Give you the gas face and douse that You survivin'? I doubt that Robbin' your grandma for her mortgage loan I'm tryin' to figure out how to strangle you with a cordless phone My force is known to leave cops in plain clothes Layin' stiff on the floor with red stains on their clothes And if the Feds catch me I'ma go wild Tote a rocket launcher to the court room and blow trial My style's Bumpy, attitude stay grumpy And I don't fuck around dunny I got so much ice up in my crib, and nowhere to rest my head The only time I tuck my jewels is when I put 'em to bed Put your tracks against mine That's a disturbing gamble I'll piss on your beat machine and give you a urine sample And while you writin' rhymes tryin' to come up with shit I'll come up on your bitch and leave my cum up on her upper lip [Chorus] [Louis Logic] In the school of hard knocks we're at the top of our classes Shit, the bullies even kiss our asses Whether or not our report card passes Class clowns say we're the real smart asses We run shit And punch kids in their punk tummies Front dummy but you're on the run from me Majik's got detention, Lou's got suspension And Celph got expelled for snatchin' niggas lunch money [Verse Two] [Majik Most] Majik Most motherfuckers, yeah back in effect Fuckin' your head up like a John Larroquette hairnet Bullet's whistlin' Rippin' through your neck and your chest Fuck Kevlar Rock a Mexican festival vest You need a testicle check You're a man with breasts Bustin' out your dress, I'll make your bird chest fly west Never the less, your style's fake So bust it I'll pistol whip you With a Civil War Musket Sayin' that's your girl but she shows me love Said Titanic was a movie about my penis in a bathtub I hate fake thugs, always fuckin' up the clubs I'll beat you with a coffee cup, now you've been mugged You need to be unplugged and whipped with a cord Ripped and in torn

I'm always flippin' this song Russian fur coats, I'm a
star with this I'll brush you off like a conceited
paleontologist Get your head chopped off and burnt to
a crisp Till it's a leather tote bag and you'll be
saaaaadddd I'm bad news like I'm a paperboy with an
Uzi With a cancerous tumor oozing (Oooooohhhh) You're
cruisin' for a brusin' when you're drivin' to my show
With a pink convertible Pinto, lettin' your hair blow
Catch me down in Mexico, sexin' your hoe I'll stab you
with a sword from the Antique Road Show [Chorus]
[Louis Logic] In the school of hard knocks we're at the
top of our classes Shit, the bullies even kiss our asses
Whether or not our report card passes Class clowns say
we're the real smart asses We run shit And punch kids
in their punk tummies Front dummy but you're on the
run from me Majik's got detention, Lou's got
suspension And Celph got expelled for snatchin'
niggas lunch money [Verse Three] [Louis Logic] Yo, I'll
come to your apartment with a gun under a parka Full
of blank side Use the other day to pull a bank heist And
say, "Hi" By wavin' the barrel Right in your face And
make you shit inside your Old Navy apparel I never
claimed to be the friendliest kid But I'll teach you what
an enemy is And beat you with the shit end of the stick
My own people's will tell you that I can be a dick And
they know first hand I've treated some of them to a fist
When motherfuckers famished I grab the oven hand
mitt And stuff his damn lips with a lovely knuckle
sandwich I'll leave your muzzle bandaged like a dog
with a lampshade The double standard is some gauze
and some band aids So all that braggin' when you
catch a case, forget it ace You stupid motherfucker,
you're not tougher for gettin' AIDS Get it straight Your
D-Day been diggin' for years We got wax too, but ours
isn't from ears motherfucker

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