Viktor Vaughn, A Dead Mouse

Υn

I'm only rhyming where the drums is at

Y'all niggas think y'all slick wit that bullshit bump that

Y'all pay V for flowing to the beat

Not for what he know that got hoe's hoeing in the streets

That's for him to know

And for they to never find out

About the kidnap, blind fold, and the blind mouse

The coroner report say he simply signed out oh

And I know

Y'all wanna see a wino bring the wine out

Cat wit a dead mouse is how he catch the phrase and pause plays wit it

Kill it

And eat off it for days kid it

Who ever ain't get it ain't supposed to

For standing still close to

Bandits will ghost you

No shoot Sherlock

I don't know how they do on your block

Out here we rock on to the sure shot

Shit still ain't stop keep it on till your peeps is gone

We be on the creep no matter what you keep it on

CD whop

Peep

Catch the beat to ridiculously

People think he study levitations true mystery

How to power an envious scallon till he got him for his sweet 16

He said Ed be wilding

Rumor has it things got violent

He clobbered him and broke the fuck out

But he ain't try to rob him

I told her don't tell your man that's the trouble with these chicks

Next experiment

Twelve strands from double helix

Nο

I haven't seen Kess Felix

Oh yeah

You stay away from her with those lyrics

Please

Aint nobody fucking after her

I'm out of here as soon as I fix the flux capacitor

NON and speak to V in a proper manner

before he stabs ya and put out all type of proper gander

Stop the slander

Chop the hand of a thief

And cut the mouth off of who ever comes out they teeth

V sell time to an inmate

And then tell him a rhyme for the hell of it to demonstrate

They know who's the renown beat critic

Do a street lyric like that's a neat trick

Off on a tangent

He ain't got a cent

Supposed to go to management and spent it getting bent

Sparky

I had enough of your malarkey

For one don't mark me and who you calling darky

Agitate in the dark