

Viktor Vaughn, Change The Beat

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
Alotta 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 sanscript
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 *swoosh* 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-thru
Run 'em, son 'em like Mr. Rourke do Tattoo
The way alotta 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-OK not OK 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