

Celph Titled, Real Villains

Celph Titled - Real Villains (Ft. Guttamouf, Lord Digga, & Majik Most)

(Verse 1: Celph Titled)

I got you asking, who the fuck would want beef with this strong fleet?
Hungry to palm heat 'cause this year we gon' eat
And ain't no motherfucker stopping the kingdom
Shut the church down, every bell broke 'cause we ring them
Singing hymns in hell at the top of my lungs
Fuck a rock band, I can play the drums with my guns
Ain't it a bitch when the streets is the wildest sport
Sell crack and come up short on child support
Take heed, lay low and strap on a vest
Run a credit check, I can kill a rapper for less
And you saw my rap quote that The Source wrote
I'm so ill with a hoarse throat, spitting shit in morse code
Your label got dough? You can get this all from me
Fill up the limo with cash, I'm talking long money
After I spit the mic gets replaced
They don't know whether to call it a soundbooth or a fireplace
And I'm a funny fuck that will put twenty slugs
Up inside your honey love so she can get a tummy tuck
Celph Titled, the villain of rap
We use a 12-gauge, they can't trace a shotgun blast

(Chorus: Celph Titled)

Niggas is illing, we the real villains
What more can you say with shots spilling
That's what you get, got it good
And I hope you understood

(Verse 2: Guttamouf)

Yo, what the fuck? You thought I wasn't raw?
When Gutta talk, vibration crack the asphalt
Pull out the gat, watch the crowd disperse
The worst, I'm planting C4 on your hearse
Commit suicide and kill you again in Hades
Make a pact with Satan, come back and kill all your babies
You really wanna fuck with that?
Put this chainsaw on you, finish splitting that asscrack (nigga)
I think you better leave it alone
You better listen to Jaheim in case you don't make it home (motherfucker)
I hope you made love to your wife
I get shit on my dick, then blood on my knife
Escape conviction, fuck going to prison!
Break into your house and fill your wife's mouth with jizm
I had an unholy baptism
Now I need a young and an old priest to perform the exorcism
I feed off these negative things
I take fake thugs emcees and make them niggas sing (bitch)
So I'll be Nas and you be Hova
I hope you got yourself a gun before you try to take over

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Lord Digga)

This ain't my universe, see I ain't from here
I'm just making it straight for all my apes who's come here
We're the most feared, a sample that can't get cleared
Stay dropping science, yours is weird
She's a vessel like Blackbeard, I'm taking your ship
I'm the coast guard, I spotted you from the coast guard
The ghetto Picard, not playing with a full deck of cards
If your style don't work you're scarred
Prohibit you dicks from acting hard

Never place bets on the odds, bust nuts and wads
The intrepid, niggas can't dodge
The lyrical pig I spit large
I'm like a Blood and a Crip, impossible to fuck with
Stick you for your budget
The nights with your mom and shit they loved it
They told me my bone was thuggish
If you ain't God bitch you rubbish
I hit the broke with heat stashed and luggage
Your bullshit lyrics, I ain't trying to love it
You on some fake thug shit, y'all ain't rugged
I'm killing your style, no remains recovered

(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Majik Most)

Yo, you wanna get large
Get charred with your face scarred
Looking like a cartoon cannon discharge
You'll be bon voyage, better pray to your gods
When I drive over your body in the popemobile
Majik makes you wanna tote that steel
You're so fucking scared, I'm like what's the deal?
I shoot your head off, like saloons in the west
Bitch, I'm the captain, harpooning your chest
You fishing for beef? Get your tackle box
Sell more records in Europe than David Hasselhoff
Roasting your Britney Spears tassels off
I knock a Jewish man's noggin off and yell Mazeltov!
Your skin'll peel off, while I'm eating rice pilaf
Pissing me off, oh my god you're soft!
And I'm flipping more than Tipper Gore when I'm getting raw
Rip my shirt off Skeletor, swelling your whore

(Chorus)