Celph Titled, Real Villains

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

(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)