

# Dope D.O.D., Rocket

[Verse 1: Skits Vicious]

If they thought rap was dead tell the heads shit is resurrected  
Battle royale, you won't last a second  
The rhyme gets injected like smack in your bloodstream  
Dope D.O.D. is the code for the drugfiends  
Grab the frontseat and witness the crispness  
Six inch syringes turn innards to liquids  
I'm like Keith Flint mixed with Sticky Fingers,  
Or a cross between Jason, the Fly and the Riddler  
This ain't horrorcore, it's a Stephen King thriller  
I curse yo' ass worse than that fat dude in thinner  
I'm tippin a stripper thots grippin my zipper  
She whispers she never had sex with a killer  
Life on the streets from the pimps to the drifters  
Seven sin sickness, I spit David Finchers.  
Get my hands dirty and chop of your fingers  
For stickin ya nose in my business. S.V

[Hook]

Countdown, step into the cockpit. Take flight !  
Duckdown, when you in the moshpit. Fist fight!  
Sex, drugs, yeah we gonna rock it. Get hyped!  
Blast off! Yeah we like a rocket

[Verse 2: Jay Reaper]

Yes, you best believe your shit ain't affecting me  
Infectious I confess like STD, test me please if you wanna rest in peace  
I'm semtex put your chest where your legs should be  
Explosive, my skin is corrosive, the state of psychosis  
With coke that I sniff I'm in the state of being hopeless  
Hiphop hypnosis, my flow is so soapless  
And so I'm the ghost of the north coast ocean  
Harpoon topshotta stigmata on my body  
Hear the devil say: Hakuna Matata  
I'm a goon with a lot of pissed coons  
And we got a lot of shrooms in our system  
Yet I'm cool with my kala  
Going up and down like sisyphus  
Niggas here they must be kidding us  
Cause once I start to bust I'm Darth Sidious  
Hart serious, dark images the force of the darkside is limitless

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Dopey Rotten]

Ghosttown bombsquad we dropping it  
We the shit and you full of it  
I'm a old dog new tricks laughing at the punks in the bizz  
There's nothing left to do but reminisce  
Still candy flipping got the booze in the mix  
Britain's in my bloodline you out for six  
Took your spot easily ya didn't even notice  
Fuck all these politics this rapgame is bogus  
We're coming at you ferocious the coldest hell freezes over  
We got it all fixed figured out the system there's more then one glitch  
Reaper, Vicious, Rotten here to change the script  
Noisia's in the house making atoms split  
You can leave it up to us cause we master this  
Dope D.O.D. is here just to end your bliss  
There's a lot more victims on the waiting list

[Hook]