

# Madvillain, Accordion

Livin' off borrowed time, the clock tick faster  
That'd be the hour they knock the slick blaster  
Dick Dastardly and Muttley with sick laughter  
A gun fight and they come to cut the mixmaster  
I-C-E cold, nice to be old  
Y2G steed twice to threefold  
He sold scrolls, lo and behold  
Know who's the illest ever like the greatest story told  
Keep your glory, gold and glitter  
For have half of his niggaz'll take him out the picture  
The other half is rich and don't mean shit-ta  
Villain a mixture between both with a twist of liquor  
Chase it with more beer, taste it like truth or dare  
When he have the mic it's like the place get like: 'Ah yeah!'  
It's like they know what's 'bout to happen  
Just keep ya eye out, like 'aye, aye captain'  
Is he still a fly guy clappin' if nobody ain't hear it  
And can they testify from inner spirit  
In living, the true gods  
Givin' y'all nothing but the lick like two broads  
Got more lyrics than the church got 'Ooh Lords'  
And he hold the mic and your attention like two swords  
Or even one with two blades on it  
Hey you, don't touch the mic like it's AIDS on it  
It's like the end to the means  
Fucked type of message that sends to the fiends  
That's why he brings his own needles  
And get more cheese than Doritos, Cheetos or Fritos

Slip like Freudian  
Your first and last step to playin' yourself like accordion

When he at the mic you don't go next  
Leaving pussy cats like wild hoes need Kotex  
Exercise index won't need Bowflex  
And won't take the one with no skinny legs like Joe Tex