

# Madvillain, Rhinestone Cowboy

Hold the cold one  
Like he hold the old gun  
Like he hold the microphone  
And stole the show for fun  
Hold a foe for ransom  
Flows is handsome  
O's in tandem  
Anthem, random, tantrum  
Phantom of the Grand Old Opry  
Ask the dumb hottie  
Masked pump shottie  
Somebody stop me  
Hardly come sloppy on a retarded hard copy  
After rockin' parties he departed in a jalopy  
Watch the droptop pop  
Known as the grimy limey slimy  
Try me blimey  
Simply smashing in a fashion that's timely  
Madvillain dashing in a beat rhyme crime spree  
We rock the house like rock 'n roll  
Got more soul than a sock with a hole  
Set the stage with a goal  
To have the game locked in a cage  
Getting shocked with a pole  
Overthrow it like throwing rover a biscuit  
A lot of bitches think he's overly chauvanistic  
Let go his dick if that's the case  
Rats, what a waste  
More cats to chase  
Dogs he got 'em like new powers  
Woke up, wrote and spit the shit in a few hours  
Sheesh! Been unleashed since the glee club  
Had your fam saying please make me a dub  
Well, since you ask kindly  
Where he been behind the mask  
Who can't find me?  
You're blind in the wine zone  
Leave ya mind blown when he shine with the 9 he's a rhinestone...  
cowboy.

Goony goo goo loony koo-koo like Gary Gnu off New Zoo Review  
But who knew the mask had a loose screw?  
Hell, could hardly tell  
Had to [[Archie Bell & The Drells:Tighten Up[tighten it up]] like [[Archie Bell & The Drells]  
It speaks well of the hyper bass  
Wasn't even tweaked and it leaked into cyberspace  
Couldn't wait for the snipes to place  
At least a track list in bold print typeface  
Stopped for a year  
Come back with thumb tacks  
Pop for the beer  
We're hip hop sharecroppers  
Used to wear flip flops, now rare gear coppers  
He's in it for the quiche  
You might as well not ask for no free shit, capiche?  
Oh my aching hands  
From raking in grands and breakin in mic stands  
Villain - his smile stuns ya chick  
While he puts himself in your shoes  
Run ya kicks  
You heard it on the radio-tape it  
Play it in your stereo, your crew'll go apeshit  
Raw lyrics - he smells 'em like a hunch  
The same intuition that tells who spiked the punch

Curses  
He's truly the worst  
With enough rhymes to spread  
Throughout the boundless universes  
Let the beat blast  
She told him wear the mask  
He said you bet your sweet ass  
It's made of fine chrome alloy  
Find him on the grind  
He's the rhinestone cowboy