

Mythril Nazgul, Paperboy Smooth Delivery Oc Re

(Robo Dude)

paperboy. You best get your ass up out his way
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(Verse 1)

(Straight from the seven seas!)
It's called me!
I aim to kill like Kid Cherokee
New kid on the block with the brand new sound
Pump through ya veins, kid, straight to the ground
Throwin A Creed shit round after round
It's a Rap battle, match you pound for pound
My throats been slit, I've turned legit
call up yo' bosses and tell em you quit
Icicle bomb on yo' cellphone, Shit!
I like to roll to the sound of the pit
I tend to put butta on my grits
I'm roasin hot dogs on aerial spits
Settin blockades for venereal tits
Provide cyanide in my glove compartment.
Throw it like K.I.T.T., Thunderous wit
Cumbbersome rhymes grow like weeds on my lip

(Robo Dude)

(Verse 2)

I might see you in the corner
I might see you in the back
I might see you in the parkin lot
you'd neva see me back, I'm like a
Rap ghoul, scaring beats with bass runs
And face fools with the rhyme meat like A1
Steak outs to catch me, never prevent me
From making a scene winning spot on the TV
Here's a freebie, Collectable CD
Drool on your face, doggy Kibbles on your chinny chin chin
I'm in it to win, well I'm not but sometimes I like to
Think I am
Letting synths flow like they programmed
Lettin words glow like they nuclear brand

(Verse 3)

You was on the track, but I heard you wasn't comin back
Were'd you go, man, you was sposed to bring it back
Set it up like it was limitless attack
Now all your shit stole, gone gold like crack
Leave it to the little ones to sock it to the antelopes
And banner notes like piano notes detailing all ya anecdotes
Ha, you runnin like a cantaloupe, eloping with yo bitch
like I was packin a torpedo boat

(Robo Dude)

(Verse 4)

I make a move to the left, a move to the right
I'll be movin all night cause I work like Enzyte
That's right I'm all up in yo game
You must be ashamed, cus I stole your name
Can't play the game, can't tame the mane

Can't make it rain (shit, I can't complain)
Serving you in vicious, five course dishes
Polish up yo' mug until I get three wishes
Adjustin' yo teeth, Aligning yo' feet
Bicycle scars, then I rinse and repeat
Bruisin daily, Like Matt Malley
Powerglove smack, you extinct like Pale

That's what you get, mother fucka.