

Wyclef Jean F/ Claudette Ortiz

"Dr. Hell No Vs. The Praying Mantus"

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[Vast Aire]

What the deal Nasa? Touching yourself

Uh, 1-2, what

Def Jukies, stabbing bitches in the nookie like, what

Don't make me bite ya face (come on)

'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste

It's more of a psychological thing

My heart pace'll never change

But your cabbage'll get rearranged

Don't make me bite ya face (your face)

'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste (the taste)

It's more of a psychological thing

My heart pace'll never change

But your cabbage'll get rearranged

And I don't even pack no gat

I'd rather run up on you and your crew with a Great
Adventure bat

(oh my God)

And when the deed's done it goes up the sleeve

And when the one time comes I'll be in the breeze

You may be different, but you a poetic front

The difference between us is that we say what we want
(suckers)

Especially after we light the blunt

Some of us like to pull cards, I pull stunts

I broke up with my ex on some bachelor shit (why?)

Now I'm killin two birds with the same dick

And isn't it ironic? Don't ya think?

The same cat that left the mic smokin, left the man of
steel's

back broken

Chillin with Lois Lane, and she's open

Cause I could suck a cookie out a pussy when it's
soaking

[EI-P]

Chick bit my head off, but the ass was magic

Should've seen the tattoo on her back of a praying

mantis
Clutched my chest like Fred Sanford
And splashed her crack on some man shit
Now baby girl's amped, trying to walk on both hands
backwards
Moaning fantastic damage with her grill sunk in the
mattress
(that's my language)
Rode at insane angles, all tangled up and damaged
Star spangled mangler fuckbot add a money shot
Hit her in the shitter i'm in it with, K-Y liquid and
Double kitchen gloves, love's lovin it
Comfortable naked and takes it like a patriot
I'm wearin a dookie rope and some oven mitts!
Suck clits like Vast Aire Vs. mother reminder
And that's my b-boy alpha numeric vagina diner
amalgam
Chick screamed so loud I could hear it on my last
album!
(on info kill)
And smell her in the shower
While we fucked to Chill Rob G's version of 'I've got the
Power'
It's getting kinda hectic
The house pets seem alert and confused,
And the neighbors leaving messages
Get on your stomach and I'll plug you in all your
entrances
And one exit
Whispering quotes from The Tempest
Dr. Hell No, (oh yes I did)
With a surgical scrub on a baby arm inserted from fist
to elbow
I drank her bath water in a shot glass
Then ran my tongue up the crack of her ass
Til our future children hatched
The mushrooms had me seeing some sort of deep
organic math
On some primal altered state sex, I felt connected to
the past
Collapse, nasty, wet, wept into her neck
Suckling on her swollen nipples
Then I drifted into R.E.M.
Where I dreamt of little bouncing cherubs
With clit rings and sexy woodnips
And crotchless liederhosen begging to get bent

[Vast Aire]

Don't make me bite ya face
'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste
It's more of a psychological thing

My heart pace'll never change
But your cabbage'll get rearranged

Don't make me bite ya face (your face)
'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste (the taste)
It's more of a psychological thing
My heart pace'll never change (suckerrrrrrs)
But your cabbage'll get rearranged

I usually, bust raps for fun
And if six was nine, I'd probably bust a machine gun
(he's got a gun!)
Niggas hate me
Cause I scribbled the Cold Vein, ice grilled Medusa and
I'm stone free
Well actually I was purple hazed, chew on the lasers
Froze in a Hendrix maze
Look at these sloppy cats
With they copied raps
Our shit is too hard to study
Ox is brilliant, our ying is colorful, but our yang is
muddy
And if you ever thought you had one up on me, that
had to be a projection
from R2D2
Cause I am not see through
I'm more like, you cross the line and I'll see you
In intensive...
You think I care if your titties are sensitive?
Niggas beware!

Don't make me bite ya face (face)
'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste (the taste)
It's more of a psychological thing
My heart pace'll never change
But your cabbage'll get rearranged

Rearranged, ranged, ranged ranged
Rearranged, ranged ranged ranged
Motherfuckers look strange
Yeah.. Cannibal O, will, handle you slow
What, Def Jux

[EI-P]
Once again
File that in your "This must be underground!" Category
Hey, why don't you write a review, of my ass?

