

## Doom "More Rhymin'"

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More rhymin', pure diamond, tore hymen, poor timing  
Raw lining, Paul Simon touring, I'm in  
Boring typing, snoring pipe when hyper than four hype  
men  
Excited writing, trifling times ten  
Long stay, songs play, gone haywire, wrong way  
On the interstate, integrate all day  
It's just a small phase, that's what them all say  
Then fall prey in a mini-mall hallway  
Meant to be sold, not told to friendly enemies  
Remember these intentionally, empathy please  
Silent moaning, violent prone atonement  
Miles a minute on a microphone, on rent, loan spent  
No debt, has bet, fast get, cast jet  
Master McSmash, Asterix stashed it last  
Not least, pasta pile to hot grease  
Geese shot, not easily spotted plot, cease snot release  
Hold your insulting tongue and mark his words well  
Or end up to the curb and shocked by third rail  
Get the message by bird mail or turds flail  
Villain man, best nerd male, you heard well  
An absurd tale of books, nooks and crannies  
Before she look me, how this fancy? Hooks and them  
granny panties  
when in Rome go back home  
And get real dome from a well-known crack gnome  
He talk to himself when he need someone to hate on  
The black-McCain campaign, negative debate-a-thon  
Gone wrong on the song, who's zooming who?  
Knew it was you Doom all along  
Ever he first started the art, it's been worth it  
Soon to charter a stint on part of the Chitlin' Circuit  
Word kid, get your ticket from the telepath  
"Wicked, wicked, wicked" on electroencephalograph  
Villain, nice to meet you  
{\*snore\*} You born like this?

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