

## Goombay Dance Band

### "Doo Wop Freestyle"

Visit "[Doo Wop Freestyle](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse One]

I got the, double-barreled microphone in my grips  
And let alone chips, fallin down steps and breakin hips  
We on some MC shit, we battle to the death  
Ask KRS, how many suckers he dissed just to get  
respect  
That's what it's all about, fuck the money  
We snatchin thousand dollar chains offa throats, still  
dressin bummy  
Whether you're intellectual or a fuckin dummy  
We comin through, ain't nuttin sweet and ain't nuttin  
funny  
My mindframe's like jumpin backwards out of planes  
Fuck the fame, I'd rather keep a level head within this  
deadly game  
Twistin the bliss on hot Non Phixion cataclysm  
Shattered your vision like a gat blastin at your children

[Verse Two]

I had evil thoughts from ancient pain  
They stabbed me, put a chip in my brain, and told me  
to pray  
So I don't think the same  
My body sings of extensions alien  
The mic's my only weapon  
Walkin the streets with sick Israelians  
Abundant, a one-time Democratic consultant  
Public housin gone and obvious strains of Satan's  
comin  
Camou' and leaves, don't breathe, one in my head  
I took a look around and smelled the defecation in red  
Harry gorilla Hebrew DeLouise stee', runnin in fatso  
Bloody vasco', hard to earn like Donnie Brasco  
You brothers heard me, walkin on eggs like Bruno Kirby  
Shittin on Feds, fine germ me on how they livin with  
scurvy  
None of you rappers worthy, buried in crooks, I bury  
books  
Apocalyptic Doo Wop when Non Phixion hit you with  
jooks

[Verse Three]

Doo Wop, tape master, massive attack  
Counteract, set the door, be free to strike the playback  
Non Phixion, five times mad, planet Uranus  
Nameless MC can suck a dick to make him famous  
Truth lies within the eyes of one spirited thought  
Reach seven speeches of the thesis done by Melachi  
York  
Our crucial day and time, beware the thin ice and short  
lines  
Plus the trendy who be usin revolution in they rhymes  
Phony bastards! Make me fuckin SICK with all that shit!  
If you really for the cause, then meditate through  
conflict  
And if you not, then you not, FUCK YOU, but keep it true  
And if you are, then you'd help to free Mumia Abu!

Visit [Goombay Dance Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.