

MF Doom Feat. Mr. Fantastik "Rapp Snitch Knishes"

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Yo, yo, MF Doom, Mr. Fantastik
Mr. Fantastik, the villain
What up, nigga? Ain't nuttin, what's the word?
What's cracking, boy? Same ol' shit, kid

Man, rap snitches, man
Shit is bugged out, man, the fuck, man
You telling me, niggaz running their mouth
Telling anything, anything

Rap snitches, tellin' all their business
Sit in the court and be their own star witness
Do you see the perpetrator? Yeah, I'm right here
Fuck around, get the whole label set up for years, huh

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Type profile low, like they get paid in full
Attract heavy cash 'cuz the game's centrifugal
Mr. Fantastik, long though like elastic
Got my life between glocks, it's made out of plastic

Can't stand the brown nosin' nigga, fake ass
bastard
Admiring my style so I bust through Manhattan
Plottin', plan the quickest, my flow is the
sickest
My hoes be the thickest, my dro, the stickiest

Street nigga, stamped and bonafide
When beef jump niggaz come get me 'cuz they
know I ride
Two to the ski mask, New York's my origin
Play a fake gangsta like a old accordion

Accordin' to him when the deed's rushed in
Complication from the wild testimony was thin
Caused his man to go up north, the ball hit 'em again
Blame rap snitch nigga, even told on the Mexican

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True, there's rules to this shit, fools dare care
Everybody wanna rule the world with tears for fear
Yeah, yeah, tell 'em, tell it on the mountain hill
Runnin' up they mouth bill, everybody
doubtin' still

Informer, keep it up and get tested
Pop through the bubble vest or double breasted
He keep a lab down south in the little beast
So much heat you would've thought it was the
Middle East

A little grease always keeps the wheels a
spinnin'
Like sittin' on twenty threes to get the
squeelers grinnin'
Hittin' on many trees, feel real linen
Spittin' on enemies, get the steel for tin men

With no brains but gum flap
He said his gun clap then he fled after one slap
Pat, son, shut your trap, save it for the bitches
Mmm, delicious, rap snitch knishes

You know what I'm saying? It's a terrible crazy, man
Just analyzing this whole game, it's just bugged out,
man
Niggaz are snitching, telling on them own selves
It's a horror, man

Fuck around and get anybody bagged, man, trust us
Fuck around and get yo mama bagged, nigga
You know your grandmama used to be blegging
Fake hustling, nigga

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