

Danger Doom

"Bada Bing"

Visit "[Bada Bing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[MF Doom]

Not a lot of bling

When he do the thing, bada boom, bada bing

From the womb to the tomb

Get that ricotta, bada bing, bada boom

Doom, your reputation precedes you

Wail 'til you crack and see what "weed" do, you dweeb
you

No pun intended, takes one to know one, will know - it's
unscented

Yo son, demented when them sent it from the other
time

Before everybody and they mother rhyme

What a crime - beats is the same way

Make 'em wanna hit the streets with the heat for a
lame's pay

Game day, flag on the play, improper helmet

Drag on the suede from the gem drop of well spit

He didn't listen, titty kissin the city glistened

Depending on what from what position you're sittin

In the pissy wind, is this thing whistlin?

Who let the spinnin whisperin djinn in?

The Villain again? Without a doubt

That's his name, don't play it out

Or spray it, when you say it out your mouth

Then gave him a cold shoulder for a hour

And told him take a gold shower, for fakin funk, soul
power

... stocky, short and cocky

Looked like Apollo Creed after he fought with Rocky

Rhymed in a broken english slang, not cockney

Thirteen, his first queen wore hot knock knees

Had to tell her pops, yo stop cockblockin B

Hold somethin for your daily yay habit

Then go, bada-bing-bing-bing like ricochet rabbit

How 'bout the sicko say stab it?

There's liquor in the cabinet and a slicker for the
crafted

And Heineken, I told him much obliged friend

What I gotta spend, if I only touch her thighs then?

... why his eyes widened

He didn't know your man had a nice surprise hidin

Took pride in ridin in a sly wiseguy grin
... real recognize real
On the microphone, the wheels are mechanized steel
Please, at least respect your ideals
How you got her walkin along the stroll in high heels?
He said her mamma was gettin old
God bless her poor soul, now no more drama is your
role
Straight to the head
He know a lot of haters can't wait 'til he dead
Lead to go, like a ho, to a strange whack housewife
Only thing he know will change his back do', how trife
Rules is rules, don't go there
Stay on sale like a old coat made of mohair
Keep a snotty chicken on E, the Lone Ranger
Why everybody always pickin on Danger?
... and Doom, maybe it's him
Called up my lady, told her baby it's slim
Make me up a margarita I need to take a swim
Tell them kids remember school - if they let 'em out,
cool
But get the hell from out the pool

(*BEEP!!*)

[Master Shake]

Hey {shithead}, it's me again!
And you know what? I just heard, IT'S ALL DONE NOW!
And somehow, I guess you must have lost my number
You know what?! YOU SUCK!
YOU SUCK! YOUR MUSIC SUCKS!
AND I HATE YOUR SUCKY STUPID METAL FACE!
I hope you BURN, you're going DOWN
This is the last big mistake, you'll ever make
YOU SUCK!!! I HATE YOUR GUTS!

...

But, if there is another project in the future please keep
me in mind
Thank you

{*phone hangs up*}

Visit [Danger Doom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.