

Danger Doom

"No Names"

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[Marco]

Well, Debbie thinks this is all about her biological clock
And I...

[Stormy]

She stopped screaming long enough to tell you that?

[Marco]

Huh? No no no no, no, the other Debbie
Debbie the teacher?

[Stormy]

Oh, you mean... {*whispering*} Black Debbie

[Sparks]

Whoa whoa whoa whoa, why is she "Black" Debbie?

[Stormy]

No, not in a BAAAD way
It's just to tell them apart because she's... black!

[MF Doom]

True, Doom rolled on through with a whole crew
That stole on you for holding old brew, who told you?
Even if it's crap, mind your own business
They raps ain't got no gift like a lonely Christmas
Real phony with beats that's hardly fresh
How they manage to deal is anybody's guess
Yours is as good as mine, she's sure fine
From the hood where you squeeze your nine off the
free cheese line
All you saw was a {*edit*} do a bee's line
to where she stood and sipped the Nehi Grape, the
sweet kind
Circle you, thicker by de-sign
Be-hind swingin like bring it back, come rewind
Uhh, excuse me boo
She stuck out her tongue, it was purple number two
FDA approved played it smoother than a doo rag
What a brother gotta do to get a taste a some of you?
Bagged, and he don't mean coach
Then she saw the mask, acted like she seen a roach

The mirror shine reflect colors like your CD's
Show love to others, we all brothers like the Bee Gees
All except the broads and you
Hold your applause, they break God's laws and who
pays?
The taxpayer that's who
Catch a rapper by his toe and smack off his tattoos
That's gonna leave a bruise
Leave 'em grievin blues like believin in evening news
They must be eatin glue
Heave it all back, and we even Steven Sue
Sprinkle lyrics like seasoning beef stew
and sneezin all in it after breathin in the flu
Get a clue, his reasoning is askew
As to all the feverin and heavin up goo
Either that or... dude
Leave your girl around this man whore and she's too
screwed
Just in case she's in a "what you wanna do" mood
Bring your plate to the Metal Face and get your food
chewed
... tastes like chicken
He wastes no time like the bassline kickin in
Or like a lace eye with you through thick and thin
Raw humor, face pie to a frickin chin
New York'n, a hell of a finer town
Choose your words wisely from the Boogie Down to
Chinatown
Or be found with a hole in your designer gown
In the role of public opinion it earned a minor frown
If you think you're slick, you might could wish, but uhh
As a few good men set sights to link with your chick
You have to find a new hen fight to drink your liq'
Ten years later, see how Enzyte'll shrink your... wallet
As you wallow in a sorrow pit
Cheers, is that your beer kid? Then swallow it
or get chased by the Sandman, on some Apollo {shit}
Flow so weird, his own peers couldn't follow it
On the phone, he sounded like a real paid {"whoa
whoa whoa"}
Then we met in person, he was three shades blacker
That's why he saved money over ball and chain dames
We all the same, no callin names

[Stormy]

I'm as smart as him!

[Quinn]

What? I got Ph.D's in four scientific disciplines

[Stormy]

Really?

[Quinn]

Why do you think they call me Dr. Quinn?

[Stormy]

Um, I just thought that was a nickname

You know, like Dr. Dre

East-siiiiiiiide!

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