

Danger Doom "Sofa King"

Visit "[Sofa King](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Please, read from sheets
I am, I am
Sofa King
Sofa King

Scared of a bunch of water, then get out the rain
Order a rapper for lunch, and spit out the chain
Then, kick a lungee off the tip of his timbo
And trick a honey dip, into a game of strip limbo

Odd, he couldn't find no remorse
A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse
Of course, his technique was from a divine source
Never new the price of ice or what swine cost

One guy tried to bite the heat
That's when he discovered the other, other white meat
Oh, the one, they hate so well
He sure keeps it psycho, like the old Bates motel

They came to ask him for, at least, some new tracks
But only got confronted by the beast with two backs
Knock, Mouse is a made man
Villain, laid it down, like the best laid plan

Belle, the cat, who the hell is that, near the middle?
Got y'all but it's not all beer and Skittles
Prepare the vittles, got riddles and spittles
Crystal clear to the jock or the tittle

Sssst, it's hot, off the griddle
Came to take the cake, whether it's a lot or a little
Ka-boom, doom is nervous large
You could tell by his blooming room service charge

Dark and tall to boot
The only thing was wrong was, he was bald as a Klute
Used to rent a van from Peter Pan, the red and tan
And keep the human foot for his dead man's hand

This was when the mask was brand-spankin' new
Before it got rusted, from drinkin' all the brew

Stankin' too, pew
Kept all his earnings in the bank and his shoe

Spat what he knew, energy for true
To all fake rappers, twenty-three skidoo
Excuse you, any room in the class front?
For a blast of the blunt, shroomin' since last month

Doom a human in the mask, born to stunt
Danger zoomin' past, mad, fast on the hunt
Keep your streets, we got the city neatly conquered
Discretely, with the CD, 'til they be completely bunkered

The fans demanded it, handled it, swallow it
His own brand of shit, if only he could bottle it
Hmm, nah, she could get messy
The feds tried to torture him for the secret recipe

He said, "It's no use, I only know half
No speaka de English, I only do the math"
Bzzt, felt no pain
His brain was saturated with cocaine and Rogaine

He said, "Try scan, no thing, three-card dead
Fly man, go for bling, he got bled
I jam over sting, see spots red
I am Sofa King, we Todd, Ed"

We, Todd, Ed
Now repeat all, very fast, please
I am, Sofa King
Faster

I am Sofa King
No, no, not so fast, loses meaning
I am so fucking retarded
You say, funny thing

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