

Mc Lars "Rapbeth (Foul Is Fair)"

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Sometimes Shakespeare's over done.
His constant sadness is no fun.
The comic relief's the best part
Fans just can't wait for it to start.
The pain inside Macbeth is clear-
It seems to bring a heavy tear.
The story's tragic, most the time...
Who needs free verse when you've got rhymes?
What's hip from Macbeth, you say?
Comic relief, on any day!
And so we'll take the funny parts
And understand just where they start.
We'll take the rhymes that stick out most.
And loop them twice (so not to boast).
We've got this sound for MTV,
We introduce the Witches Three.
Thrice the A-flat chord has rung.
Thrice, and once the symbol chimed.
Producer cries, "Tis time, 'tis time."
Producer cries, "Tis time, 'tis time."
Round about the record goes;
Into which our lyrics go.
Bass line which did like (we not)
Did not go into our pot.
CHORUS
Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
We must warn you, Macbeth, beware.
I never wanted to be a witch,
Casting spells gives me an itch.
I'm allergic to my cat
And this black robe makes me look fat.
Bringing apparitions is
Not really the type of bis.
I want to be in for good.
I would quit, if I could.
But saying that "I'm out of here,"
Is not something that people hear.
So we're stuck here for a few more years.
Never mind Hectate's jeers.
REPEAT CHORUS

Don't tell me what you want
(Want you really really want),
Macbeth, if you want to get ahead.
Try to stay away form murder
And be happy with your power
If you want to get to act six keeping your head.
We know that power is bad
When it makes all of your
Loved ones sad (so sad)
We guess Malcolm won't be too glad
When he sees what you did to his dad.

REPEAT CHORUS

Macbeth:

If it were done when 'tis done,
Then 'twere well
If were done quickly.
And so now I ponder about killing
This guy and inheriting even more power.
And so, if I do do these evil deeds,
I will probably suffer
Horribly, as we all know the
Importance of karma.
And power corrupts, obviously,
So I am determined, I guess
To stay away from slaying Duncan,
And stick to living a peaceful life.
But wait...
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee,
And in doing so, I will kill Duncan.
My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
We are yet but young in deed,
We are yet but young in deed.

REPEAT CHORUS

The moral of this story is-
Lighten up and try to give
A new perspective to your life,
It's not all darkness pain and strife
Don't caught up in superstition
Or swallowed by old tradition,
Thesbians would be completer
Shouting "Macbeth" in the theatre.

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