

MF Doom

"Ballskin"

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[Doom] HMMMM The flow was to' in precision as an afro trim All big letters but isn't no acronym Smack the thin grin off a tin for crack smokin DDT the first bar, leave this track back broken Chrome grown man doin business with anglo-sax'n'them Lackin swing but that banjo's so relaxin As the wax spin, hackin axes in the wind Pretend it's just a pen; see if you can pencil 'em in Tense, mention men of honor fenced in Census is tens, the wheels fall off then it's the end Don't get keelhauled in Villain always been, feel real genuine ballskin Not to call the whole crowd out It's just a few chumps, and you know who you are like a shoutout Place 'em in your loud mouth and taste 'em like a pastry Waste of space face hastily bow out gracefully Disappear, reappear and disappear again Villain knot his hair, he's no afro-american If that's the case he be a bald-headed African Takin all the credit and jetted, astro travellin Turn a man into a mannequin for AFLAC'n And bein tough actin Tinactin bluff jackin He wears a mask so any dog's his face Each and every race, could absord the bass in the place to be, don't believe the hyperbole It's like a murder spree, get sniped verbally Or beat in the head with lead pipe languages For street cred leave him for dead in anguishments The slang suggest it was a guy in the glasses Who came to help the people with they minds and they asses You set trip and get a grip like Spalding These walls is thin, feel genuine ballskin {*echoes*}

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