

## **MF Doom "Beef Rap"**

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Beef rap could lead to gettin? teeth capped  
Or even a wreath for mom dukes on some grief crap  
I suggest you change your diet  
It can lead to high blood pressure if you fry it

Or even a stroke, heart attack, heart disease  
It ain't no startin? back once arteries start to squeeze  
Take the easy way out, phony, until then they know  
They wouldn't be talkin? that bologna in the bullpen

So disgustin, pardon self as I discuss this  
They talk a wealth of shit and they ain't never seen the  
justice  
Bust this like a cold milk from out the toilet  
Two batteries some Brillo and some foil, he'll boil it

He be better off on PC glued  
And it's a feud so don't be in no TV mood  
Every week it's mystery meat, seaweed stewed

He wears a mask just to cover the raw flesh  
A rather ugly brother with flows that's gorgeous  
Drop dead joints hit the whips like bird shit  
They need it like a hole in they head or a third tit

Her bra smell, his card say, aw, hell  
Barred from all bars and kicked out the Carvel  
Keep a cooker where the jar fell  
And keep a cheap hooker that's off the hook like Ma  
Bell

Top bleeding, maybe fellow took the loaded rod gears  
Stop feeding babies colored, sugar coated lard  
squares  
The odd pairs swears and God fears  
Even when it's rotten, we've gotten through the hard  
years

I wrote this note around New Year's  
Off a couple a shots and a few beers, but who cares  
Enough about me, it's about the beats  
Not about the streets and who food he about to eat

A rhymin? cannibal who's dressed to kill, it's cynical  
Whether is it animal, vegetable or mineral  
It's a miracle how he get so lyrical  
And proceed to move the crowd like a old negro  
spiritual

For a mil' do a commercial for Mello Yello  
Tell 'em devil's hell, no, sell y'all own Jello  
We hollow krills, she swallow pills  
He follow flea collar, three dollar bills

And squeal for halal veal, in y'all appeal  
Dig the real, it's how the big ballers deal  
Twirl a L after every meal

Word up to all rappers, shut up with ya shuttin? up  
And keep your shirt on, at least a button up  
Yuck, is they rhymers or strippin? males?  
Outta work jerks since they shut down Chippendales

They chippin? nails, doom, chippin? scales  
Let alone the pre-orders that's counted off shippin?  
sales  
This one goes out to all my peoples skippin? bail  
Dippin? jail, whippin? tail and sippin? ale

Light the doobie ?til it glow like a ruby  
After which they couldn't find the villain like Scooby  
He's in the lab on some old Buddha Monk shit  
Overproof drunk shit and who'da thunk it

Punk, try and ask why ours be better  
It could be the iron mask or the Cosby sweater  
Yes, you, who's screwed by the dude on the CD nude

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