

MF Doom

"Beef Rapp"

Visit "[Beef Rapp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Beef rap
Could lead to gettin teeth capped
Or even a
wreath for mom dukes on some grief crap
I suggest ya change
ya diet
It can lead ta high blood pressure if ya fry
it
Or even a stroke, heart attack, heart disease
It
ain't no startin back once arteries start ta
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'a
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 (food, we need food!)

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 fella 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 ta 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 (FOOD)

What
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
Chippendale's
They chippin nails, Doom... jippin

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 an 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 (we need food!)

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.