

## MF Doom

### "Blunt Drunk"

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\* bonus disc given away with "MM.. Food?" pre-orders at various websites

[MF Doom]

Smack it up, flip it, pulled out, 'bout to fail  
Sunday in the A-T-L and I'm all outta ale  
Like a bat out of hell, tripped on a cat tail  
Mutt drinkin out a pail, who let the rat out the cell?  
Got all the ingredients and recipe, might as well  
Since last week the bootlegger been in jail  
If all else fail, inhale the ale  
Makin sure they can't see your sale via snail mail  
Mind like a sewer, servin rhyme on a skewer  
Doom'll step to a fine dime like he knew her  
My black sister, she said "Step back" before he kissed  
her  
She did the dipper and the smack just missed her  
There go a list of politics like Henry Kissinger  
99% of rap is just a friendly issue to  
I'm like these dudes must have some screws loose to  
hate y'all  
Or a couple of ounces short of deuce-deuce or 8 Ball  
Y'all know it's time for the end, when the day come  
Buy an album, get rudely insulted over fake drums  
Same CD's you get for free, you break 'em  
Wa-alaikum, make 'em eat they food like steak'um  
Why she wanna ask me if I could pass the paparika?  
One hand on the mic, the other on the beaker  
Every week or so peaked out the lab though, eureka  
A technique to keep somethin uniquer in your speaker  
For yo' information, I didn't do the beat y'all  
It ain't my fault, if she didn't move her feet at all  
Skeeter, got Peter to pay Paul  
So you can drink it on Mary so she can play ball  
... So let her have my scrilla  
And cut it out with all that funny hand jive will ya?  
All this trouble for a tall glass of Olde E  
Drink it all fast, make you haul ass slowly  
And rhymin to remember what you told me  
Holey moley, did you get a load of her roley poley?  
Yo G, remind me to remember what you told me

Whoever don't feel him build walls like a goalie  
One for the money, two for the better green  
Three for methanine-dioxymethamphetamine  
Told the knock kneed ghetto queen get the head fiend  
Tell him it's for Medallin and use oxycocetaline  
Who needs airplay, it's all just hearsay  
Leave a wig like it was havin a bad hair day  
Miracle glide master, asked him what's his secret  
He said Shasta, and turned to formaldehyde faster  
When I'm home with my lady, I try to duke her daily  
One night she tried to flail me with her ukelele  
Pack your heat, the Villain on the cover of Black Beat  
With a bunch of crackers and some snack meat  
... You better have my scrilla  
Cut it out with all that funny hand jive will ya?  
All this trouble for a tall glass of Olde E  
Drink it all fast, make you haul ass slowly  
Remind me to remember what you told me  
Holey moley, did you get a load of her roley poley?  
Yo G, remind me to remember what you told me  
And if you don't feel him build walls like a goalie

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