

MF Doom

"Dead Bent"

Visit "[Dead Bent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Artist: MF Doom
Album: Operation: Doomsday!
Title: Dead Bent

Ooh, you're like the sun
Chasing all of the pain away
When you come around, you bring brighter days
She told me, you're the perfect one
Me and you forever will be
He told her, I will rock this microphone ... always!

I hold the mic, like niggaz hold their girls tight
But I ain't after her, probably your Acura pearl white
The hooker? Nah, as many times as I done hit it?
To be specific more times than dimes in a briz-nick
When you broke North, I crashed the barbecue like
Riddick
At the Garden, true, that's the god in me, pardon you
Jeepers! I was torn back, the hoe gained access to my
beeper
Call back my secretary gatekeeper
Like I ain't peep her, I said, "Darling you was stupid
though
You know the Super Villain ... hoe!"

I had this style ever since I was a child
I got this other style I ain't flip in a while, it goes:
Pure scientific intelligence, with one point of relevance
MC's whose styles need Vellamints
And once the smoke clears, tell 'em it's
The Super motherfucking Villain, nigga came through
raw like the elements
On 99 plus one of them
And with a flow to pull a fraud nigga file from out in
front of him

When we with y'all, we had tons of fun
Me and my duns and them
Actual true and living sons of them
Dead planets and God-U's
Throwing divine rules to come through, we will over

charge you's
Fool, and won't feel remorse for shit
Except for one time, once I had took my fronts out and
lost them shits
Scientific gone bezerk like Red Alert
I really wanted to pick up was [?] for cheddar dirt
The funniest experiments is where I went
Obviously dead bent, and spent every red cent
To rule you, and still drop more jewels than schools do
Or even TV news that's designed to fool you (who?)
Yeah you, who hear the most grimy suggestions
From brothers with fly names and I.D. questions
That's a Secret like Victoria teddy sets that's edible
Them's not ready yet for the incredible
Team of MC's who broke off fakes
Who thought they were slaughta proof

Stomping through like North Face waterproof
Tat-tat, at the end of that
After hit the bar where baby girl bartender at
I told her more wine, mingling with no single mentions
of
Stay tuned for more spine tingling adventures of ...

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