

## **MF Doom "Doomsday"**

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Mic check

Come through, dig the sound

Crowd around

I used to cop a lot but never copped no drop

Hold micas like pony tails, tight, in

([Unverified])

Stop and stick around, come through and dig the sound

Of the fly brown six-o sicko psycho who throws his dick around

Bound to go three-plat, came to destroy rap

It's a intricate plot of a B-boy strap

([Unverified])

Cats get kidnapped

Then release a statement to the press

Let the rest know who did that

Metal Face terrorists claim responsibility

Broken household name usually said in hostility

Um, what MF, you silly?

I'd like to take mens to the end for two milli'

"Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo" That's a audio daily double

Rappers need to fall off just to save me the trouble, yo

Watch your own back, came in and go out alone

Black stay in the zone, turn H2O to Cognac on

Doomsday

Ever since the womb ã€ˆÃ€ˆtil I'm back where my brother went

That's what my tomb will say

Right above my government, Doom will lay

Either unmarked or engraved, hey, who's to say?

I wrote this one in B.C. D.C. O-section

If you don't believe me, go get bagged and check then

Cell number 17, up under the top bunk

I say this not to be mean, wish bad luck or pop junk

Pop the trunk on See-Cipher-Punk, leave him left scraped

God forbid, if there ain't no escape, blame MF tape

Definition "Super-villain" a killer who love children

One who is well-skilled in destruction, as well as  
building  
While Sidney Sheldon teaches the trife to be trifler

I'm trading science fiction with my man the live lifer  
A pied piper holler a rhyme, a dollar and a dime  
Do his thing, ring around the white collar crime  
Get out my face, askin' 'bout my case, need  
toothpaste  
Fresher mint, monkey-style nigga get  
([Unverified])  
And dope fiends still in they teens, shook niggas turn  
witness  
Real mens mind their own business

That's the difference between sissy-pissy rappers  
That's double-dutch  
How come I hold the microphone double-clutch  
C.O.'s make rounds, never have 'em found  
On shakedown, lock-down, wet dreams of Fox' Brown  
on Doomsday  
Ever since the womb 'til I'm back where my  
brother went  
That's what my tomb will say  
Right above my government, Doom will lay

Either unmarked or engraved, hey, who's to say?  
Doomsday  
Every since the womb 'til I'm back to the  
essence  
Read it off the tomb  
Either engraved or unmarked grave, who's to say?  
Pass the mic like, "Pass the peas like they used to say"  
Some M-er F-ers don't like how Sally walk  
I'll tell y'all fools it's hella cool how ladies from Cali talk

Never let her interfere with the Yeti ghetto slang  
Nicknames, metal fang  
([Unverified], off nipple and tip of nipples)  
Known amongst hoes for the bang-bang  
Known amongst foes for flow with no talking  
orangutans  
Only gin and Tang, guzzled out a rusty tin can  
Me and this mic is like yin and yang

Clang, crime don't pay, listen, youth  
It's like me holding up the line at the kissing booth  
I took her back to the truck, she was uncouth  
Spittin' all out the sunroof, through her missing tooth  
But then she has a sexy voice, sound like Jazzy Joyce

So I turned it up faster than a speeding knife  
Strong enough to please a wife  
Able to drop today's math in the 48 keys of life  
Cut the crap far as rap  
Touch the mic, get the same thing a Arab will do to you  
for stealing  
What the devil? He's on another level  
It's a word, no, a name, MF, the super-villain

Doomsday  
Dig the sound  
Crowd around

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