

MF Doom

"Entrees: Kookies"

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One lonely evening alone home
End up with carpal tunnel syndrome
Here I am don't forget the heavy back aches
Grown and living off of little Debbie snack cakes
Supposed to be checking e-mails
All I got is messages from ass naked females

Kookies

I don't know no jenny she said its free and I wont owe
her a penny
And that's the last time I saw her
But thousands of more horror and on-line Gomorra
And Sodom
They got 'em with they curls out
And they got a better sales pitch then the girl scouts
I wonder what I owe her
For a whole box of caramel coconut samoa

Nite nite

Ok honey sweet dreams now it gets very serious like
peach creams
A metal hand filled squish it on the quilt
Misses wakes up and I'm killed over spilled milk
Locked in looking at your picture
Fully clothed winter and I right there wit cha
Thinking about the last time I split your wishbone
A man could only wish you could do the same till he get
home
Fat chance
At least he got snacks
Better have the due till a brother get back
Till then smack when I jack
I hope wanna hit peoples kookies with a fried pack
That's three different flavors
Chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry wafers
He acting all hard bout to get beat up
I'll show him what time it is once I get his feet up
As soon as he fell off his beat down all I hear is

Thirteenth cell put the sheet down
Damn C.O.
What the hell do she know
Besides the fact that she wants her back dug out on the
d-low
A workaholic with a fountain in the ink pen
House in the mountains and he stop drinking again
In the wee hours he's gotten farther
Maybe three showers getting hot and bothered
The wiz with her legs bent pregnant
God blessed the dick she wondered where her egg
went
He got to hell but it's hard to drink with out it
And could use some kookies but trying not to think
about it
Watch him bet on jazz from knowledge on file
Every other commercial college hoes gone wild
Soft batch he prefer the other bunch like they got for
lunch
Chocolate fudge butter crunch

Don't mess with the ritz bitz, wheat thins, saltine triskits
Motts so's and cheese its
Catch sugar fits every time he sees a nice pair of
Chips ahoy double chocolate chunk
Something with the bubble and the junk in the trunk
Even the oreo
No matter what the weather
Always kept dipped in milk and stuck together
In the game he's shameless even uses a code name
Famous Amos
Cheaper than a short stay at the day's inn and good
like 25 cent oatmeal raisin
Give it up to who invented the camera
Never mind the ginger bread men and the grandma's
Make sure she don't wake from her dream
Killer get caught with a hand full of cream filled

Kookies

It might seem ill

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