

## **MF Doom "Hoe Cakes"**

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Keep your hoes in check  
Super

I got this girl and she wants me to duke her  
I told her I'd come scoop her around eight, she said,  
"Super"  
That sounds great, shorty girl's a trooper  
No matter what I need her to do, she be like, ?Super?

Own his own throne, the boss like King Koopa  
On the microphone he flossed the ring, super  
Average emcees is like a TV blooper  
MF Doom, he?s like D.B. Cooper

Out with the moolah, I let her get a outfit  
Just to cool her off, she said, ?Niggaz ain't about shit?  
I wonder if she meant it, I doubt it  
The way it be in her mouth, she can't live without it

And can't live with this, handle your business  
Villain'll stay on a scandalous hoes shit list  
One pack of cookies please, Mr. Hooper  
It?s fun smackin? rookies, he is the super

Look like a black wookie when he let his beard grow  
Weirdo, brown, skinned and always kept his hair low  
Rumors has it, it?s a S-curl accident  
Doom was always known to keep the best girls? backs  
bent

Some say it?s the eyes, some say the accent  
A lotta guys wonder where they stacks went  
I call her thunder thighs with the fatty swolla  
Only mess with high rollers, do what daddy told her

No matter the city, she want me to do the thang, thang  
Work in the coochie, hooptie, chitty, chitty, bang, bang  
Same name on the titty as on the name ring  
Pretty like Baby D of 'All In The Same Gang'

Keep my eye on her, really don't trust her  
But I treat her like a daughter, taught her how to bust a

nut

And the heat to turn beef to horsemeat, chalupa  
Teach her how to hold it, of course he is the super

See most cats treat her like foofer  
Or beat her to a stupor, take it from the super  
You need to make her feel cuter  
And lay down the G like Luther, everything will be super

Do for her, keep her in a new fur  
So she look sweet when she go to meet the super  
Got the buddha, get the Grenadiers, twist it  
Put it in the air, come here, kiss it

Listen here, scooter, let her try to bag you  
When she's on the rag never let her fry the Ragu  
Which will have you under some type of spell, crying, ?  
Dag boo?  
Her name on your back in her tattoo

Whether a bourgie broad, nerd hoe, street chick  
Don't call her wifey if you met her at the freaknick  
You don't want her, don't waste her time, I'll dupe her  
And be a father to your child like the super

He keep his hoes in check  
Sends 'em out to get glows from off frozen necks  
Tell 'em take his clothes, leave him posin? nekkid for  
real  
Better yet, get 'em for the check off the record deal

Find out where he keep the tek and the blue steel  
Make sure for extra wreck, let 'em know how you feel  
And while he's runnin down to All-Star Weekend to ball  
I'm comin with the U-haul, super

Super, super

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