

MF Doom "Kon Karne"

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Darker than the east river, larger than the Empire State
Where the beats to guard the barbed wire gate
Is on the job, not my fate, tired of the wait
To the villain bring deliverance from the Dire Straits

Fire at a higher rate, why'd they make the liars
Fliers scatter, buy a plate, isolate the wires
Try the straight pliers if not the vise grips
A real price saver way to acquire nice whips

What a steal for real on wheels of steel
Stunner a funner summer number one meal deal,
bummer
A bizarre phenomenon is your armor on
Take your cash coma or break your fast, Ramadan

Trans action drama, aw, come on, Barney
Clack, clack, pardon me wack rap, Kon Karne
He came to feed the childrens like Sally Strothers
After that he's going back to Cali where's the love is

Wilder than the Nile, old power like the Great Pyramid
of Giza
And stay leanin? like the tower of Pisa
Give him something he can feel that's off the squeezeza
Raw with the pen and on the mic off the hezza

Get shot off that wide eye talk
If he had a pot he'd still piss on the sidewalk
Can't take the street out the street person
Looking for the perfect beat could worsen into heat
bursting

They couldn't spot him on the spot date
Got the only tape that comes with a free hot plate
Whoever do get to see me sing
With the 3-D ring, sittin? stationary like B.B. King

Can see how it really sting, it ain't no front row
Standing room only at the motocross stunt show
The ruckus ain't up to snuffilufigus
Me and Sub is like the brown Smothers Brothers

My love is faster than the seven seas, bigger than
mount Kilimanjaro
If they don't know fill them in tomorrow on the horror
show
I'm into no return Bob's record
Swear to God before he gets a job he robs Hackard

Blessed with a hot flow, tested and got doe
Invested and stressed the best to finesse a opto
As I reminisce never forgot when I was very broke
Shot the Henny straight, couldn't afford to cop the
cherry coke

Or should I say broke with wealth
To know enough to give them just rope to yoke they
self
Playin' me before I take the ring and pawn it
The long arm of the law couldn't even put they fingers
on it

Dog on it, do the statistics
How he bust lyrics was too futuristic for ballistics
And far too eccentric for forensics
I dedicate this mix to Subroc, the Hip Hop Hendrix

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