

## MF Doom

### "Kookies"

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[MF Doom]

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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