

## MF Doom

### "Meat Grinder"

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Tripping off the beat kinda, dripping off the meat  
grinder  
Heat niner, pimping, stripping, soft street minor  
China was a neat signer, trouble with the script digits  
Double dipbubble lips, sorrow less midget  
Borderline schizoid, sort of fine tits tho  
Pour the wine hold the grind, quarter to nine, lets go  
Ever since ten eleven, glad she met a brethren  
Then his last style seven alligator, seven at the gates  
of heaven  
Knocking, no answer, slow dancer, hopeless romancer,  
dopest flow stanzas  
Yes, no Villain, Metal Face the death stroke  
Guest shows, still incredible in escrow  
Just say hoe, I will taste the yayo, Wild West style fest,  
y'all best to  
lay low  
Hey bro, Day Glo, set the bet, pay dough  
Before the cheddar get away, you best to get Maaco  
The worst haters God on perpetrated are favors  
Demonstrated in the perforated Rod Lavers  
... In all quad flavors, large savers  
Still back in the game like Jack Lalanne  
think you know the name, don't rack your brain  
on a fast track to half insane  
Either in a slow beat or that of speed or wrath of Kane  
Laughter, pain  
Doom's songs lit, in the booth, with the best host  
Doing bong hits, on the roof, in the west coast  
He's at it again  
Mad at the pen  
Glad that we win a tad fat in a bad hat for men  
Grind the cinnamon, Manhattan warmongers  
You can find the Villain in satin congas  
The vans screeches  
The old man preaches  
About the gold sand beaches  
The cold hand reaches  
For the old tan ellese's  
... Jesus

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