

MF Doom

"Microwave Mayo"

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[MF Doom] Chain-smoking beanies 'til his brain's
broken completely Get back on his feet, work out, I
need some Wheaties Greedy for the cheese, please,
most couldn't fathom Had him in the cobra clutch when
he spat the mad hymn Gems, collection of brats, Timbs
and hats Had no time for the pitty-pat, I'll give him that
The rhythm hit him back with a right hook Shook it off,
caught a shine and thought it was aight, look The pen's
on the shades, the end of days fades Pretenders lay in
dazes on stages, Du-mi-le's Eat it up, microphone,
microwave mayonnaise His own way was strange but it
matters not Tuned into a frequency tone that shattered
rock Hold it down like Shatner do Spock Rapper jocks
need to put a sock their chatterbox The block got
lighter via stock Folks gather round, it's no joke like
"Knock, knock" It's them, they came home to roost y'all
and watch 'em transform the game to the rules of
foosball She's too small, any questions? Him could
squeeze blood from a penny in the recession Keep
guessing, it gets deeper than depressing The power of
suggestion, wake or sleep or peep the lesson Dig that
beat, ripped through him with metal fingers and
stomped him with big fat feet And you know what they
say, cut the hay Resistance is futile, you will be
assimilated But today it's all grey, metallic with a ruby
stone Rude like the type of dude you can write a movie
on Hardcore porn, did his own stunts Writ his own
rhymes and split his blunts Once in a while, every other
minute eyes pop out, Popeye, heavy on the spinach
Steady on his business and ready with an ill pitch
Keeps some bad bills-nitch like Jenny {?} No hitch, just
a shit-load of spit and sneeze Strictly G stacking up,
author, actor, hidden fees Rap is like the gay club strip
tease with hippies on the yip saying "Hey bub, grip
these" They screaming for attention Beaming at the
mention of a scary demon convention You could cut the
tension with a switchblade and serve it on the same
plate as orders of witch-made Flayed, persuaded the
chambermaid to bet her cheque on a get naked game
of spades Straight up, no chaser, no layaways Caution,
faint taste of microwave mayonnaise "Doom has taken

over every continent"

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