

MF Doom

"More Rhymin'"

Visit "[More Rhymin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[MF Doom] More rhymin', pure diamond, tore hymen,
poor timing Raw lining, Paul Simon touring, I'm in
Boring typing, snoring pipe when hyper than four hype
men Excited writing, trifling times ten Long stay, songs
play, gone haywire, wrong way on the interstate,
integrate all day It's just a small phase, that's what
them all say Then fall prey in a mini-mall hallway Meant
to be sold, not told to friendly enemies Remember
these intentionally, empathy please Silent moaning,
violent prone atonement Miles a minute on a
microphone, on rent, loan spent No debt, has bet, fast
get, cast jet Master McSmash, Asterix stashed it last
Not least, pasta pile to hot grease Geese shot, not
easily spotted plot, cease snot release Hold your
insulting tongue and mark his words well or end up to
the curb and shocked by third rail Get the message by
bird mail or turds flail Villain man, best nerd male, you
heard well an absurd tale of books, nooks and crannies
Before she look me, how this fancy? Hooks and them
granny panties Or plan B, when in Rome go back home
and get real dome from a well-known crack gnome He
talk to himself when he need someone to hate on The
black-McCain campaign, negative debate-a-thon Gone
wrong on the song, who's zooming who? Knew it was
you Doom all along Ever he first started the art, it's
been worth it Soon to charter a stint on part of the
Chitlin' Circuit Word kid, get your ticket from the
telepath "Wicked, wicked, wicked" on
electroencephalograph [Outro] Villain, nice to meet you
{*snore*} You born like this?

Visit [MF Doom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.