

MF Doom "Potholderz"

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I strive to be humble lest I stumble
Never sold a jumbo or
copped chicken with it's mumbo sauce
Tyson is a Fowl
holocaust
Fill and gas your whole head up with poetry
I'm fed up
Ignore cordon blu
Stand up get
up
Lunge for your knife
Don't forget your
potholders

[MF DOOM]

What
These old
things
About to throw them away
With the gold rings that
make 'em don't fit like O.J
Usually I take them
off with oil of ole
MC's is crabs in a barrel past the
old bay
Hot as hell and it's a cold day in
it
Working on a way that we can roll away tinted
Some say
the price of holding heat is often too high
You either be in
a coffin or you be the new guy
The one that's too fly
to eat shoe pie
[never too busy]
Never too busy when it
comes down to you and I
[Swear to god]
A lot of niggaz
wish to die
Need to hold they horses

There's bigger
fish to fry
Your on the list
If not hit the number
spot
Ten and a half Timbs is made to kick your
bumbaclot
Could have had a V-8
F-150 quad cab but
I'll be straight
Money comes and goes like that two bit
hussy that night that tried to rush me
Dwight pass the
dutchie
So I can calm down so they don't get it
twisted
Take it from the fire side it wont get
blistered
Got it
What happened? oh it's not
lit
These metal fingers be holding hot shit

[DWIGHT
SPITS]

When I was four I pen god was born in new
york
Back in seventy seven still got nan in the
crescent
The effervescent of gods presence is
thick
Unlike vapor
Escarole
extra roll
Word to
the baker
Peace to the hard working ginger bread
bakers
Looked her up and down said hmmm too much make
up
Poor music taste
Ten years from being grown
up
Rappers don't blow up heads do
[awwwww
shit]
My name is Dwight Spits
I'm a sonic
addict
I use to think it was merely a dying
habit

Born under a bad sign
I'm serious about this
curse of mine
I strive to flip it in the fine
wine
Barely born a virgin is what the stars said
Black
not white red all over though like elmo
Twenty eight years have
passed I feel I'm peaking
I make music every
weekend
It's a chore
A fact of life
A labor of
love
I get mad love but I can test the labor
And
it's wages
You know death
I serving life from this
gift of god
Don't forget your potholders my niggaz...

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