

## MF Doom

### "Rapp Snitch Knishes"

Visit "[Rapp Snitch Knishes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mr. Fantastik: Talking]  
Yo..

[MF Doom:  
Talking]  
Yo

[Mr. Fantastik: Talking]  
MF  
Doom

[MF Doom: Talking]  
Mr. Fantastik

[Mr.  
Fantastik: Talking]  
Mr. Fantastik

[MF Doom:  
Talking]  
The villain

[Mr. Fantastik:  
Talking]  
What up, nigga?

[MF Doom:  
Talking]  
Ain't nuttin, what's the  
word?

[Mr. Fantastik: Talking]  
What's  
cracking, boy?

[MF Doom: Talking]  
Same ol'  
shit, kid

[Mr. Fantastik: Talking]  
Man..rap

snitches man..shit is bugged out, man, the fuck man

[MF  
Doom: Talking]  
You telling me

[Mr. Fantastik:  
Talking]  
Niggaz running their mouth, telling anything,  
anything!

[Chorus x2: Mr. Fantastik]  
Rap snitches,  
tellin all their business  
Sit in the court and be they own  
star witness  
Do you see the perpetrator, yeah I'm right  
here  
Fuck around and get the whole label sent up for years  
(Huh)

[Mr. Fantastik]  
Type profile low, like ay get  
paid in full  
Attract heavy cash cuz the game's  
centrifical  
Mister Fantastik long though like  
elastic  
Got my life between glocks, it's made out of  
plastic  
Can't stand the brown nosin nigga fake ass  
bastard  
Admiring my style so I bust through  
Manhattan  
Since plottin, plan the quickest, my flow is the  
sickest  
My hoes be the thickest, my dro.. the  
stickiest  
Street nigga, stamped and bonafide  
When beef  
jump niggaz come get me cuz they know I ride  
Two to the ski  
mask, New York's my origin  
Play a fake gangsta like a  
old accordian  
Accordin ta him, when the deed's rushed  
in  
Complication from the wild testimony was thin  
Caused  
his man ta go up north, the ball hit 'em again  
Blame

rap snitch nigga, even told on the mexican  
[Chorus x2: Mr.  
Fantastik] [The second time the chorus is repeated, it  
doesn't end with "Huh"]  
Rap snitches, tellin all their  
business  
Sit in the court and be they own star  
witness  
Do you see the perpetrator, yeah i'm right  
here  
Fuck around get the whole label sent up for years  
(Huh)

[MF Doom]  
True, there's rules to this  
shit, fools dare care  
Everybody wanna rule the world with  
tears for fear  
Yeah yeah tell 'em tell it on the  
mountain hill  
Runnin up they mouth bill, everybody doubtin  
still  
Informer, keep it up and get tested  
Pop through  
the bubble vest or double breasted  
He keep a lab down south  
in the little beast  
So much heat you woulda thought it was  
the middle east  
A little grease always keeps the wheels a  
spinnin  
Like sittin on twenty threes to get the squeelers  
grinnin  
Hittin on many trees, feel real linen  
Spittin on  
enemies, get the steel for tin men  
Where no brains but gum  
flap  
He said his gun clap, then he fled after one  
slap  
(Pat!) son shut your trap, save it for the  
bitches  
MMM...delicious, rap snitch knishes

[Mr.  
Fantastik: Talking]  
You know what I'm saying? It's  
a terrible-crazy, man  
Just analyzing this all game,  
it's bugged out  
Niggaz snitching..telling on them

allselves

[MF Doom: Talking]

It's a horror,  
man..

[Mr. Fantastik: Talking]

Fuck around..and get  
anybody bagged, man..

Fuck around and get yo mama bagged,  
nigga..

You know your grandmama begging..fake hustling  
nigga

[Laughter]

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.