

## MF Doom

### "Red & Gold"

Visit "[Red & Gold](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I remember when, last past November when  
Clown kid got pounded in with the Timberland  
They left him trembling, he was not remembering:  
Never tuck your denim in just to floss an emblem  
Some would debate, "Wait, the fella ate gelatin  
Or even listening in to what his weathersmens was  
telling him"  
When I could feel it in my melanin, it's compelling  
Us to break them off, no reassembling  
No science-fiction to no theater near you, coming soon  
to  
Fuck with you frequently like how phases of the moon  
would do  
You could gather 'round like it was an eclipse  
Just don't look directly to the bitch, you may be blinded  
by the crips

Pass the L, the last to tussle in them shirttails  
All hail, King Geedorah, the third rail  
700 volts holds rap to a standstill  
Fool ignore the rule, fuck up and get his man killed  
Two bottles of Dom got his hands filled  
And so goes the days of our lives as the hourglass  
sand spill  
And built with Passion and a glass of the 'Ze  
[And the lights went down and hey!]

And I knew it was the last day ... Wig-Twisting Season  
When some could get their wigs twisted back within  
reason  
Mostly with these crimes of treason  
And you'll be lucky if there's no squeezing even this  
evening  
From how he's feeling, thrilling choice of flow is sick  
He's the villain with the million dollar voice-throat trick  
He's like a ventriloquist, with his fist in the speaker's  
back  
Couldn't think of no uniquer track, nope, sneak attack  
It don't really matter how big them is, so much as a  
nipple  
'Cause you could have a chick with D-Triple

'Cept the nipple little, just hot off the griddle  
Like how he do monkey rhymers, like Monkey-in-the-  
Middle by his damn self  
Ain't no average MC ahead of me  
Getting cheddar instead of the probably better  
pedigree  
With nicknames, sick games as Rick James  
Messy games, sci-fi such as Jesse James

Blast, I figure, ass-hawking ass titty licker  
Last one to walk up in, fast-talking city slicker  
Got bagged 'cause of the dirty chick with make-up  
Bail out quick for the 7:30 wake-up  
My only backup was an A-cup, as far as May  
To when the leaves turn red and gold to Nimrod's  
earthday  
All else? Worthless to say  
[And the lights went down and hey!]

That's when I knew it was the first day ... Wig-Twisting  
Season

When some could get their wigs twisted back within  
reasoning

Mostly with these crimes of treason men  
And y'all be lucky if there's no squeezing even this  
evening

..

It's like a mosquit-ah, the much sweeter resent the act  
I been bent back since my Physical went back

Since, Cultured more of my kin

And for them I keep an L rolled in this hellhole

Hold your head, use your head and hold, or be dead  
and cold

In the worstest way, soon as the leaves show red and  
gold

To 'round Nimrod's release day

And all else? Needless to say

Wait a motherfucking minute, true facts presented

The names was probably changed just to protect who  
ain't in it

The XP was three-quarters tinted, 4/5ths was converted

The way his shit was twisted? Ask him if it hurted

...

... Wig-Twisting Season

When some could get their wigs twisted back within  
reasoning

Mostly with these crimes of lying, and fronting, and  
cheating

All types of different styles of treason

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

---

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