

## MF Doom

### "Who You Think I Am?"

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[Megalon]

Who you think I am, but who you want me to be?

[King Ceasar]

...When I rock, jock niggaz in shellshock  
Don't watch the birdie watch the clock go tick tock  
I rip shop, I make ya girls bottom lip drop  
Yo word to the truckers at the pit stop I'm hip hop  
I hold heat, never forget what niggaz told me they  
showed me  
Other emcees trying to fold me they owe me  
Yo plus them niggaz mad slow gee  
I got my "Get U Now" so I'm comin with my homie  
Here's the plan: stick 'em up, I enter, through the  
window  
Stoop down so we can't see our crescendo  
Pass the indo, yo we used to be our friend though  
Yeah but thats the reason I dont really like to lend  
dough

[Rodan]

From the corners cylindrical triangle hats  
As dutch lyrics precise life wring dem from science  
Leave you entangled for months  
Tryin to figure who done it, you fronted  
Got cha shit stunted, didn't have to be that way  
Some saw the light comin in, they shunned it  
For the wickedness to those whose despise life and  
worship death  
The established matched at eye for eye, tooth for  
tooth, breath to breath  
These are the last days of the countdown, shit is just  
that drastic  
Write journals, like they use the prophets, study math  
like a Aztec

[Megalon]

Loved not for who you think I am, but who you want me  
to be  
A true thuggin emcee, true thugs, with no strings  
attached

I wanna give you my slugs and don't wanna take em  
Box sprays, but with my box cutter in my boxes  
Shots sprayed, who on cops high says we ?rosses?  
Rock away boulevard, got love and ?knoxus?  
Bout five cops today, my rock away  
Niggaz and rock rage, got paid  
A rock, you know why I rock, meet me at the ?lobses?  
I suggest I should dress proper  
Copped a buzz, I copped a dutch  
I got a lotta love, with no strings attached

[Kamackeris]

Rhymes, rhymes, rhymes, we got plenty  
Times, times, times, too many  
Sparked up and chat, you keep countin  
I do my thing, jealous niggaz keep doubtin  
Rock 'n' roll, lock 'n' load  
Emcees out for pots of gold, we stop 'em cold  
In they tracks an take all they ?jipsuses?  
All they dats, all they bullshit mixes  
Give 'em a credit, not debt it  
We just flipped the calistetic  
Toss the andy pettite, you said it  
We grandslam in the never boss stand  
Any pussy emcee's we abandon

[MF Doom]

Flew in from Monster Island just to rag shit wit jet lag  
With brothers specializin ways how us not to get  
bagged  
Egads! I bring confusion like roll call  
To emcees so-called, hoes be like "yup I told y'all"  
So socialize my bio so I dip dip dive  
Memorize like I-omega zip drive  
Go to the bar to drink to get soberer  
King Ghidra eat the head of a king cobra like king koba

[Kong]

Kong get a cut like Kobe, now hold heat  
So sweet, roll deep but no beef  
Those that doze deep, close sheets  
Po chose to speak with, reach over to reload the piece  
Slip from freak to deak, keep concrete  
Parallel to body til the next male  
Shotties and hotty, still waitin to exhale  
Smell the blood bath a slugs caught  
Slugs passed and bloodsport  
Bugged laugh, a bugged thought  
Caught some eyes make the case last stack a locker  
Bocker, drink a vodka, hit note, like Sinatra at a opera  
Drop a flocker, Orville Redenbocher

Get you, got you, shot the two L's without the proper  
For the ?abus? knocker  
Hit the liquor, quicker than a quicker picker upper  
Girl and stick er, I leave more nuts than a snicker  
Kick er to the curb, punk a bitch, stomp a chick  
For now call me Kong, Monster Isle, Monster Click  
(Bow!)

[Megalon]

Loved not for who you think I am, but who you want me  
to be  
True thuggin emcee, true thugs, with no strings  
attached  
I wanna give you my slugs, and don't wanna take 'em  
back

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