

## MF GRIMM

### "Take Em to War"

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[MF Doom]

Ayo, Doom the super motherfucking villain  
Chilling with my man the Grimm Reaper  
Letting niggas know, all is fair in motherfucking war  
Once more, all is fair in World War III  
So Grimm Reaper, set it

[MF Grimm, Verse 1]

You want to stare at me, you want to glare at me  
But I handle all beef, like American meat  
I react, sneak attack, the gat Grimm packs  
I click six, the nigs' necks catch wreck, and blow their  
wigs back  
Mentally sick, battle rap is a jail pick  
Blood on my knife, or either shit on my dick yea  
Battle me and you're all dead, I'm taking niggas out  
with dreads  
Blow outs and also bald heads, tracks  
Straight from the underground dacks  
Rappers step up or only end up in the stacks  
Nine years it took, nine years of hitting books  
Now I'm king of the crooks, making money like I'm  
Garth Brooks  
Will I die? Who's to say?  
My brain is the maze of death, so choose your way  
Get burnt like a candle, very hard to handle  
Do miracles in Nikes like Jesus did in sandals  
It's a fantasy to beat me in fact  
Mr. Warkentatoo would even have to turn their fucking  
backs  
The Grimm Reaper's stats are known to lock up with the  
best  
And after I test the best, I guess I'll lock up with the  
fucking rest  
A girl battle I do the same  
Tie the bitch up, and beat her ass like I'm fucking Rick  
James  
In the minds of the insane, I'm in the hall of fame  
Music equal murder, It's the same thing

[Chorus]

Cause shit ain't never gonna change  
Fuck it, time to load the clips and we take em to war  
Niggas wanna flip  
Then we take em to war  
Break a nigga proper  
Then we break em some more  
Cause shit ain't never gonna change  
Fuck it, time to load the clips and we take em to war  
Niggas wanna flip  
Then we take em to war  
Break a nigga proper  
Then we break em some more

[Verse 2]

Bitch when it's time for me to go, no  
As far as I'm concerned, I died a long time ago  
Enter the mind of The Reaper if you dare  
Man, woman, child, but bring a lot of clothes because  
you got to stay a while  
Rappers come in loads, but left dead in piles  
And floored like tiles, I beat down clowns  
I wipe off smiles, killed a man for every inch that you  
can count in a mile  
The master of disaster, killer of styles  
I come from the streets, I represent the streets  
I can never rape a woman, but I'll rape a fucking beat  
If Donald Goines wrote my life my name would be  
Kenyatta  
I don't chose to kill a brother, but to stay alive right now  
I gotta  
It can never be harmony because of jealousy  
Niggas want a piece of me, but my gun disagrees  
Rappers all you know is talk  
But when you come from the streets, shit all you know  
is war  
And that's all I know, so, that's all you feel at my  
motherfucking show  
Punk ass motherfuckers, know why?

[Chorus]

Die motherfuckers  
The Grimm Reapers in the motherfucking house  
The Grimm Reapers in the motherfucking house  
For the undertakers in this motherfucker

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