

Force Lyrics by Agent Steel

"Rhymes Like Dimes"

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Yo, yo, yo, y'all can't stand right here
In his right hand was your man's worst nightmare
Loud enough to burst his right eardrum close-range
The game is not only dangerous, but it's most strange
I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the
broker times
Joker rhymes, like the "Is you just happy to see me?"
trick
Classical slap-stick rappers need Chapstick
A lot of 'em sound like they in a talent show
So I give 'em something to remember, like the Alamo
Tally-ho! A high Joker like Spades game
Came back from five year layin' and stayed the same
Sayin' - electromagnetic feeling blocks all logic, Spock
And G- shocks her biological clock
When I hit it, slit her to the shitter, thought I killed her
goose
Her Power-Use was pure Brita water, filtered juice
Keep a pen like a fiend keep a pipe wit' 'im
Gentleman who lent a pen to a friend who write wit' 'im
Never seen the shit again, but he's still my dunny
Only thing that come between us is krill and money
I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the
broker times
Better rhymes make for better songs, and that is not
If you got a lot of what it takes just to get along
Surrender now or suffer serious setbacks
Got get-back, connects wet-back, get stacks
Even if you gots to get jet-black, head to toe
To get the dough, battle for bottles of Mo' or 'dro
This rhyme flow take practice like Tae Bo
With Billy Blanks
"Oh, you're too kind!" "Really? Thanks."
To the gone and lost forever like "O My Darling
Clementine"
He hold his heart when he tellin' rhymes
When it's his time, I hope his soul go to Heaven
He's nasty like the old time Old Number Seven
You still taste it when you chase it with the Coca-Cola

Make you wish they coulda erased out the Motorola
I told her - no credit for it back
If you want what they got, then go get it, it's all gak
Only in America could you find a way to make a healthy
buck
And still keep your attitude on self-destruct
I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash, but tell about the broke
times
Joker rhymes, like the "Is you just happy to see me?"
trick
Classical slap-stick rappers need Chapstick
A lot of them sound like they in a talent show
So I give 'em something to remember like the Alamo
Tally-ho! High Joker like Spades game
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The one who mostly keep cash but tell about the broke
times

[Bobbito a/k/a Cucumber Slice]
Check it out, ch'all! Ya don't stop! Keep on, to the sure
shot!
Huh-ha!
Uh, uh, uh, uh, oh!
Yeah, you're listening to the buttery slickness
The Land-O-Lakes from my man MF Doom!
Ha ha ha ha! Yeah!
Rock-shockin' the house, with another nugget
Uh-uh-ah, eh, oh, ah, hoo-wee!
Yeah!
Regulation status, right here, Fondle 'Em Recordings
1999
Yeah!
Now what are you 'posed to say on the end of records?
I don't know! Yeah!
Whoo! Yeah!
Mashed potatoes
Applesauce
Buttery... biscuits
And I get lost
A yes, yes, yes y'all

You don't stop
Keep on... a' to the breakadawn
Say what?
Uh!
Yeah!
You thought it all was over!
You thought the song was over!
Ah! We tricked you, we tricked you
Ha ha ha ha... Whoo!
You're listening to
MF Doom, Cool Bob Love...

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