

Suzy Quatro

"Doomsday"

Visit "[Doomsday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mic check...

Come through, dig the sound!

Crowd around!

I used to cop a lot

But never copped no drop

Hold mics like pony tails, tight, in [????]

Stop and stick around

Come through and dig the sound

Of the fly brown six-o sicko psycho who throws his dick
around

Bound to go three-plat

Came to destroy rap

It's a intricate plot of a b-boy strap

[? Vemstack?] cats get kidnapped

Then release a statement to the press - let the rest
know who did that

Metal Face terrorists claim responsibility

Broken household name usually said in hostility

Um... what... MF, you silly

I'd like to take "Mens to the End" for two milli'

"Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo!" That's a audio daily double

Rappers need to fall off just to save me the trouble, yo

Watch your own back

Came in and go out alone, black

Stay in the zone - turn H2O to Cognac

On Doomsday!

Ever since the womb 'til I'm back where my brother
went

That's what my tomb will say

Right above my government, Doom will lay

Either unmarked or engraved, hey, who's to say?

I wrote this one in B.C. D.C. O-section

If you don't believe me, go get bagged and check then

Cell number 17, up under the top bunk

I say this not to be mean, wish bad luck or pop junk

Pop the trunk on See-Cipher-Punk, leave him left
scraped

God forbid, if there ain't no escape, blame MF tape

Definition "super-villain": a killer who love children

One who is well-skilled in destruction, as well as

building

While Sidney Sheldon teaches the trife to be trifer
I'm trading science fiction with my man the live lifer
A pied piper holler a rhyme, a dollar and a dime
Do his thing, ring around the white collar crime
Get out my face, askin' 'bout my case, need toothpaste
Fresher mint, monkey-style nigga get [?dentadent?]
And dope fiends still in they teens, shook niggas turn
witness

Real mens mind their own business
That's the difference between sissy-pissy rappers
that's double-dutch
How come I hold the microphone double-clutch
C.O.'s make rounds, never have 'ox found
On shakedown, lock-down, wet dreams of Fox' Brown
On Doomsday!

Ever since the womb 'til I'm back where my brother
went

That's what my tomb will say
Right above my government, Doom will lay
Either unmarked or engraved, hey, who's to say?
Doomsday

Every since the womb 'til I'm back to the essence
Read it off the tomb
Either engraved or unmarked grave, who's to say?
Pass the mic like "Pass the peas like they used to say"
Some M-er F-ers don't like how Sally walk
I'll tell y'all fools it's hella cool how ladies from Cali talk
Never let her interfere with the Yeti ghetto slang
Nicknames [? off nipple and tip of nipples?].metal fang
Known amongst hoes for the bang-bang
Known amongst foes for flow with no talking
orangutangs

Only gin and Tang
Guzzled out a rusty tin can
Me and this mic is like yin and yang
Clang! Crime don't pay, listen, youth
It's like me holding up the line at the kissing booth
I took her back to the truck, she was uncouth
Spittin' all out the sunroof, through her missing tooth
But then she has a sexy voice, sound like Jazzy Joyce
So I turned it up faster than a speeding knife
Strong enough to please a wife
Able to drop today's math in the 48 keys of life
Cut the crap far as rap
Touch the mic, get the same thing a Arab will do to you
for stealing
What the devil? He's on another level
It's a word! No, a name! MF - the super-villain!

Doomsday!

Dig the sound
Crowd around

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

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