

## Suzy Quatro

### "The Finest"

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[MF Doom]

As the life cycle goes on ... goes on

And you learn to hold on (hold on)  
To things like the mic ... the mic

And you learn to appreciate who is the nicest on said  
device

But who is [the finest]?

[Tommy Gunn]

Time at shashuma, too much drama, blind behind the  
rumor

Time and time and time, my mind, I'm trying to find a  
tumor

Time at shashuma, no time for humor  
As soon as one of ya' men's dead in Hempstead, you  
trying to find Pumas

Sooner the better, even knitted a sweater already  
Keep your leather, we coming through the brutal  
weather

We ready to do whatever, yo' Doom you with it?

(You know it like a poet, my brother)  
(Hey, Gunn you wit it?) Whatever... [the finest!]

[MF Doom]

I know about going paid to broke, to next day well-off  
To bust a shell off, to "Dick-riders! Get the hell off!"  
Made a call to a client, he must've had his cell off  
A show-off, he has the same bite but fell off  
I tell off the bat, from science to pure facts  
Which niggaz is wack 'til they last two tracks  
Matter fact, y'all could wait for the rep to tell  
The tall-tale, how he escape from out the depths of hell

[Tommy Gunn]

When die, he gon' die like a soldier die:  
Holding a swollen eye, drinking Olde Gold  
Smoking a stog, watching po-po patrol the beach

Blowing my high, rolling by, when Gunn die  
He gon' try to preach the streets then go to the sky

[MF Doom]

Yup! That hold water, like drizzle in a paper cup  
This one etched in stone, the chisel with the paper up  
I need a cut: a taper-up, edge-up  
Niggaz can't measure up, I'm here to get the treasure  
up

[Megalon]

Stands up and hold 'em high, do or die  
He got heat, no surprise, stop the beat, close your eyes  
Got the weed, rolling lah  
Not sweet, so no demise, all the guys drops seeds so  
multiply  
Within the prophecies hold the lie

[MF Doom]

He bled my mother and my father, but can't bleed me  
OD, ghetto misery, he bled my brother, my sister, but  
can't bleed me  
A OG, ghetto misery, bled my mother, my father, but  
can't bleed ...

Me ... sci-fly, whole style stuck up  
Used to talk to myself, I told him, "Shut the fuck up!"  
Buckle up, 'cause it's about to be rough  
He said, "Keep talking that shit, you 'bout to be  
snuffed"  
Then we squashed it, I let em know: "Watch it --  
We only met a time to join these rhymers in the mosh  
pit"  
Gosh, it feels great just to increase the chance  
For a pussy nigga face to hit the dance floor

[Megalon]

I pull ya' top up, got clout, crack rock, what?  
Now it's all good business, and so this bitch is locked  
up  
On the dance floor: you got knocked out, your bitch got  
knocked up  
Baby-face, and hey can you brand you, brand new  
machete  
Damn, I just shook your hand and can't stand you  
already  
Can't stand you, understand you deadly  
But my hammer's like a band, my man, it's Brand New  
and Heavy  
Yo' Doom, you ready?

(Yeah! Yo' Gunn, you with it?) Whatever..

[MF Doom]

Come on stay, I wrote this rhyme on my born-day  
Remind me of the same style I flipped on "Hey!"  
Yikes! Who can fuck with the likes  
Of one such who scores touchdown and spikes mic's  
Metal grill, with many styles, better still  
Feel like number 26 on a roulette wheel  
And deal, and run rings around rhymers  
And run rings like number runners whose old-timers

[Megalon]

Shorty in the all black, she think she all that  
I called her, she said, "Don't call back!"  
She called me, now what you call that?  
Let's go back, I sold crack  
Hold gats, smoke that, drink that, tote that  
Fuck! Where that hoe at? Where that dough at?

[MF Doom]

Suffering succotash! This hooker broke into his last  
buck of cash  
He love her, motherfuck her ass  
Metal feet dented your car fender  
My agenda up in the basement party tipping the  
bartender  
Is unbeknownst to you -- who could get body blown?  
MF like Mike Fran Corleone  
And got it sown, maricon, like to know what you staring  
at?  
An invisible cat, who pull off a disappearing act  
Raised by a pack a wild wolves, it's like Sweetback  
Front? I'ma be back! (Like brothers in the street act)  
(Surrounded by a bunch a bad bitches like Sweetback)  
(Fuck with me I'll be back)

Like niggaz in the streets act (streets act!)

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