

## **Forte John**

### **"The Fine Print"**

Visit ["The Fine Print"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

Render unto Geedorah what is Geedorah's  
Tend to when he seizure through a beaker and a  
tweezers  
Read the fine print and be like, "What's the big deal?"  
Spun wheels-of-steel since broke wheel Big Wheel  
Back when it was greasy S-curl, now it's easy dread  
Had a rhyme on how they used to tease him 'bout his  
peasy head  
Yes-yes-y'all to the beat, have a ball or Avacore  
Have it your way, grab his straw, Jabberjaw  
Since two tone Lee's, these new phonies is boney hoes

Lonely like cheese and baloney only  
I could've broke my "sacro-philly-ac" (sacroiliac)  
Silly grind, Billy Jack, illy nine milli black  
Listen to it go "bang!" Through and through a Kangol  
A strange combination of a king who use slang flow  
Two-thirds slow, one-third amazing  
Wonder words, fine sponsor of this Thunderbird  
occasion  
And have an iller rhyme, at least by Miller Time  
Collect the skrilla and geese with a killer dime  
Met her out in Killa Queens, originally she from the  
Philippines  
I love the way she fill her jeans  
Still a teen, and made for strange bedfellows  
Okay, so it's head to elbows for shell-toes  
Uh-oh, heads up! There she blows  
A whole load of Head & Shoulders, and who care  
where she goes  
Let the music take control  
Just don't let the evildoers abuse it and use it to take  
your soul  
It's like putting fire to fake gold, it turn colors

And get duller than a bake roll with no butter

The shutter of a cake hole  
Who break drakes 'til it get old and flake mold  
Cornball, have 'em seeing white stars, I warned y'all  
Like getting hit with a bottle of Mo' from Sean Paul

(He not white) ... Oh, he mad light though  
Either which way, they not ready for the lightning show  
And can't scandalize mine  
You could ask a swine who can't stands when I shine  
Geedorah the professor, add a question to the lessons  
He suggest you get a full assessment instead of  
guessing  
It's too stressing, did he stutter like rookie yes-men?  
Or did he just bring the butter, like the cookie  
chessmen  
This just in: they ain't even worth the worry

Lying on their first birth and couldn't even hurt a  
Smurfberry

Hear ye, hear ye! How dare ye  
Go up against the king who do his thing tri-yearly?  
They're too carefree with their mouths around here  
Off with his head, and display it at Town Square  
On top a seven-feet spike, make sure it's on tight  
In light of when the peasants throw stones with all their  
might  
Skull get smashed for weeks  
'Til vulture beaks eats the last meat off your cheeks  
Maybe then they'll know the right words to speak  
Out loud, at home, in the world, or in the streets  
It's no escape, just in case  
All the kings' mens and 'em decides to go apes  
The most slick-talking of burly guys  
Get caught and boiled in oil like curly fries  
Even those that's Mr. Furley's size that earned the fate

Could all get burned at the stake  
Send word to his closest kins, that for his sins  
We claim his throne, his providence, and its citizens  
In the name of King Geedorah! ...

Don't make him catch a seizure ...

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