

Fox The Fox

"The Fine Print"

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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-foot 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 ...

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