

Jake One f/ MF Doom

"Get 'Er Done"

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[MF Doom] Make no mistake son, it's Jake One He makes beats well like I likes my steaks done With sauteed onions and hella worcestershire A gushy beer, to wash it down, douche your ear and clean the crud out your third eye For the return of the word guy who known to make turds fly I had the first fanbase of all hater Hold that from now it's more waste for y'all later The bigger they ball they fall greater in gay skirt The nigga they call for tall paper hit paydirt Say work, and do you one better, show and prove it True MC's flow so lose it or move it With the two bits spit, they sunk him for two cent Whoever writ they shit tell 'em quit it they too bent Cut the losses, it ain't balanced what the cost is in horses Off Saadiq and let 'em know who the boss is { *scratches by Jake One of "get 'er done" * } [MF Doom] And it ain't no dental Only the innate way to groove seem to paint your mental Usin the insane flow stencil He said in plain english ain't payin yo' rent bill But still, the gent was ill With the intent to kill, the set was krill To the full extent of skill, vent the grill Villain make 'em feel like the deal spent a mill' Method for real folks, bet'cha dying dollar Get them to steel choke when they met the iron collar Wrote this oath while pinching a loaf Metal Face rhymesayers mention 'em both Raise your right palm, we do solemnly swear to stack more dough more calmly this year Doom get the cash like cow, cheddar son Have it in a smash like BOW, get 'er done { *scratches by Jake One of "get 'er done" * }

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