

## **MF Doom f/ Count Bass-D**

### **"Appetizers: Potholderz"**

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[DWIGHT SPITS]

I strive to be humble lest I stumble  
Never sold a jumbo or copped chicken with it's mumbo  
sauce  
Tyson is a Fowl holocaust  
Fill and gas your whole head up with poetry I'm fed up  
Ignore cordon bluh  
Stand up get up  
Lunge for your knife  
Don't forget your potholders

[MF DOOM]

What  
These old things  
About to throw them away  
With the gold rings that make 'em don't fit like O.J  
Usually I take them off with oil of ole  
MC's is crabs in a barrel pass the old bay  
Hot as hell and it's a cold day in it  
Working on a way that we roll away tinted  
Some say the price of holdin heat is often too high  
You either be in a coffin or you be the new guy  
The one that's too fly to eat shoe pie  
[never too busy]  
Never too busy when it comes down to you and I  
[Swear to god]  
A lot of niggaz wish to die  
Need to hold they horses  
There's bigger fish to fry  
Your on the list  
If not hit the number spot  
Ten and a half Timbs is made to kick your bumbaclot  
Could have had a V-8  
F-150 quad cab but I'll be straight  
Money comes and goes like that two bit hussy that  
night that tried to rush me  
Dwight pass da dutchie  
So I can calm down so they don't get it twisted  
Take it from the fire side it wont get blistered  
Got it  
What happened oh it's not lit

These metal fingers be holding hot shit

[DWIGHT SPITS]

When I was four I pen god was born in new york  
Back in seventy seven still got nan in the crescent  
The effervescent of gods presence is thick  
Unlike vapor  
Escarole  
extra roll  
Word to the baker  
Peace to the hard working ginger bread makers  
Looked her up and down said hmmm too much make  
up  
Poor music taste  
Ten years from being grown up  
Rappers don't blow up heads do  
[awwwwww shit]  
My name is Dwight Spits  
I'ma sonic addict  
I use to think it was merely a dangling habit  
Born under a bad sign  
I'm serious about this curse of mine  
I strive to flip it in the fine wine  
Barely born a virgin is what the stars said  
Black not white red all over doe like elmo  
Twenty eight years have passed I feel I'm peaking  
I make music every weekend  
It's a chore  
A fact of life  
A labor of love  
I get mad love but I can test the labor  
And it's wages  
You know death  
I serving life from this gift of god  
Don't forget your potholders my niggaz

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