MF Doom f/ King Caesar, Rodan, Megalon, Kamackeris, Kong ''Who You Think I Am''

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[Megalon] Who you think I am, but who you want me to be?

[King Ceasar]

...When I rock, jock niggaz in shellshock Don't watch the birdie watch the clock go tick tock I rip shop, I make ya girls bottom lip drop Yo word to the truckers at the pit stop I'm hip hop I hold heat, never forget what niggaz told me they showed me Other emcees trying to fold me they owe me

Other emcees trying to fold me they owe me Yo plus them niggaz mad slow gee I got my "Get U Now" so I'm comin with my homie Here's the plan: stick 'em up, I enter, through the

Here's the plan: stick 'em up, I enter, the window

Stoop down so we can't see our crescendo Pass the indo, yo we used to be our friend though Yeah but thats the reason I dont really like to lend dough

[Rodan]

From the corners cylindrical triangle hats As dutch lyrics precise life wring dem from science Leave you entangled for months Tryin to figure who done it, you fronted Got cha shit stunted, didn't have to be that way Some saw the light comin in, they shunned it For the wickedness to those whose despise life and worship death The established matched at eye for eye, tooth for tooth, breath to breath These are the last days of the countdown, shit is just that drastic Write journals, like they use the prophets, study math like a Aztec

[Megalon] Loved not for who you think I am, but who you want me to be A true thuggin emcee, true thugs, with no strings attached I wanna give you my slugs and don't wanna take em Box sprays, but with my box cutter in my boxes Shots sprayed, who on cops high says we ?rosses? Rock away boulevard, got love and ?knoxus? Bout five cops today, my rock away Niggaz and rock rage, got paid A rock, you know why I rock, meet me at the ?lobses? I suggest I should dress proper Copped a buzz, I copped a dutch I got a lotta love, with no strings attached

[Kamackeris]

Rhymes, rhymes, rhymes, we got plenty Times, times, times, too many Sparked up and chat, you keep countin I do my thing, jealous niggaz keep doubtin Rock 'n' roll, lock 'n' load Emcees out for pots of gold, we stop 'em cold In they tracks an take all they ?jipsuses? All they dats, all they bullshit mixeses Give 'em a credit, not debt it We just flipped the calistetic Toss the andy pettitte, you said it We grandslam in the never boss stand Any pussy emcee's we abandon

[MF Doom]

Flew in from Monster Island just to rag shit wit jet lag With brothers specializin ways how us not to get bagged Egads! I bring confusion like roll call To emcees so-called, hoes be like "yup I told y'all" So socialize my bio so I dip dip dive Memorize like I-omega zip drive Go to the bar to drink to get soberer King Ghidra eat the head of a king cobra like king koba

[Kong]

Kong get a cut like Kobe, now hold heat So sweet, roll deep but no beef Those that doze deep, close sheets Po chose to speak with, reach over to reload the piece Slip from freak to deak, keep concrete Parallel to body til the next male Shotties and hotty, still waitin to exhale Smell the blood bath a slugs caught Slugs passed and bloodsport Bugged laugh, a bugged thought Caught some eyes make the case last stack a locker Bocker, drink a vodka, hit note, like Sinatra at a opera Drop a flocker, Orville Redenbocher Get you, got you, shot the two L's without the proper For the ?abus? knocker Hit the liquor, quicker than a quicker picker upper Girl and stick er, I leave more nuts than a snicker Kick er to the curb, punk a bitch, stomp a chick For now call me Kong, Monster Isle, Monster Click (Bow!)

[Megalon] Loved not for who you think I am, but who you want me to be True thuggin emcee, true thugs, with no strings attached I wanna give you my slugs, and don't wanna take 'em back

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