

MF Doom f/ Mr. Fantastik

"Rapp Snitch Knishes"

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[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
Yo..

[MF Doom- Talking]
Yo

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
MF Doom

[MF Doom- Talking]
Mr. Fantastik

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
Mr. Fantastik

[MF Doom- Talking]
The villain

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
What up, nigga?

[MF Doom- Talking]
Ain't nuttin, what's the word?

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
What's cracking, boy?

[MF Doom- Talking]
Same ol' shit, kid

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
Man..rap snitches man..shit is bugged out, man, the
fuck man

[MF Doom- Talking]
You telling me

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
Niggaz running their mouth, telling anything, anything!

[Mr. Fantastik] (Chorus: 2 times)

Rap snitches, tellin all their business
Sit in the court and be they own star witness
Do you see the perpetrator, yeah I'm right here
Fuck around and get the whole label sent up for years
(Huh)

[Mr. Fantastik]

Type profile low, like ay get paid in full
Attract heavy cash cuz the game's centrifical
Mister Fantastik long though like elastic
Got my life between glocks, it's made out of plastic
Can't stand the brown nosin nigga fake ass bastard
Admiring my style so I bust through Manhattan
Since plottin, plan the quickest, my flow is the sickest
My hoes be the thickest, my dro.. the stickiest
Street nigga, stamped and bonafide
When beef jump niggaz come get me cuz they know I
ride
Two to the ski mask, New York's my origin
Play a fake gangsta like a old accordian
Accordin ta him, when the deed's rushed in
Complication from the wild testimony was thin
Caused his man ta go up north, the ball hit 'em again
Blame rap snitch nigga, even told on the mexican
[Mr. Fantastik] (Chorus: 2 times) * (The second time the
chorus is repeated, it doesn't end with "Huh")
Rap snitches, tellin all their business
Sit in the court and be they own star witness
Do you see the perpetrator, yeah i'm right here
Fuck around get the whole label sent up for years (Huh)

[MF Doom]

True, there's rules to this shit, fools dare care
Everybody wanna rule the world with tears for fear
Yeah yeah tell 'em tell it on the mountain hill
Runnin up they mouth bill, everybody doubtin still
Informer, keep it up and get tested
Pop through the bubble vest or double breasted
He keep a lab down south in the little beast
So much heat you woulda thought it was the middle
east
A little grease always keeps the wheels a spinnin
Like sittin on twenty threes to get the squeelers grinnin
Hittin on many trees, feel real linen
Spittin on enemies, get the steel for tin men
Where no brains but gum flap
He said his gun clap, then he fled after one slap
(Pat!) son shut your trap, save it for the bitches
MMM...delicious, rap snitch knishes

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]

You know what I'm saying? It's a terrible--crazy, man
Just analyzing this all game, it's bugged out
Niggaz snitching..telling on them allselves

[MF Doom- Talking]
It's a horror, man..

[Mr. Fantastik-Talking]
Fuck around..and get anybody bagged, man..
Fuck around and get yo mama bagged, nigga..
You know your grandmama begging..fake hustling
nigga
(*Laughter*)

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