MF Doom is Viktor Vaughn "The Drop"

Visit "The Drop" on MotoLyrics.com

if I'm not workin or puttin work in I'm either wheelin and dealin or probably jerkin my (censored) yep listenin to nothin, takin no suggestions all destructive criticisms, that can't improve on perfection

rock a crowd in sections on a good night.. the hoes fight

always get the dough first then everything else goes right

at least that's what they say and who the fuck is they? make a hick say "what the hey?" brought that chick from sick bay

Henson he should a asked his upperclassmen before he bust blast and never trust no Kardassian captains log supplemental

the Klingons are now aboard the enterprise rental vessal

on my cue photon torpedo

oh and if I'm not on the block with Jorgito

and so on for the street though

smoke a pound of leak though

I'm jokin on the fact that hiphop has gone freak show don't let the drama getcha

in the only genre of music where the fans shoot the messenger

bitch niggaz talk behind ya back like a catcher either M-Y-O-B or B-Y-O stretcher

in that order, man, woman ,son, daughter

the beat sound like the underwater, make it from the slaughter

even if you hear some wack shit you never give a chance

some shit sound like all you could do on fit is riverdance

it's not a hobby, don't be sloppy

doin deals with these labels is likened to a botched robbery

nobody supposed to get bodied...golly this shit is like a folly bout to cold flip probably it's not me he got a ill spills knot in brooknon where even though kids kill they still chill and look calm while workin' on new developments for the book bomb in one bad experiment it blew and took a hooker arm (arm and leg)

BOW! look mom.. no hand studied black magic for years out in no man's land it's like a barbecue all swine cookout to fuck up they plans like a blind man look out cram to overstand it, peep it and absorb it the same way he keep all the planets in they proper orbit

Norbert y'all better off goin corporate nobody wanna hear that bullshit it's too morbid it's no prints he hold the mic with a mic glove and rolls dolo from state to state like Ike Love like on top of the world loser keep it gully rap creeps seem they got too much juice in they belly it's why they brung V he still hungry and spit something thick on the mic like a lungie mind ya daughter she on line for the water to get lucky like when she found a quater kinda sorta remember me God, clean timbs with emery board? he only came to save the game like a memory card ooh shrewd, alot of crews is too rude and it's way too many let's not and say we do dudes he said 24-7 I be on call he use his vacation days to watch Babylon fall numbskulls.. get ta steppin they dumb dull and how he rep the mic is like the weapon from Krull cats be like what's wrong with your man black? biohazard suit and bandgrap for the anthrax

jeez and can't get no peace form blazin sword for the police robeast Cochise, write a rhyme like a book report and sell it to a rookie you could tell by the hook he bought

you ain't know he sell hooks and choruses? they couldn't bang slang if they looked in thesauruses it's like a friendly game of dodge ball oddball gaurd y'all, he played the garage wall with the Stan Smith's checkerboard lace and the brand new INF they ain't check the broad waist you saw his face? so who next to get they neck chopped

or popped like a Beck's top, respect the drop it's too much wreck hops who next to get they neck chopped or popped like a Beck's top, respect the drop woopdie-do flows do fifty like a hooptie do groupie crews try to figure out from what coop he flew they outta place, beats sounds like outer space

with no time to waste he was audi.. without a trace

Visit MF Doom is Viktor Vaughn page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.