

## **MF Doom is Viktor Vaughn f/ M. Sayyid**

### **"Never Dead"**

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\* send corections to the typist

[M. Sayyid as Curtis Strifer]

Curt Strifer

the loon goon with the tunes in his tomb

hotter than june

since had a twisted crib into he fumes

kids trip on his broom

press twills for schills, shag with the half moon

cab to the school, straight to the bathroom

to take a piss then help the teacher

with the creatures that inflated from the ethers

and it's waitin in the beakers the bite on teen features

the preachers come with sermons and parents pack

bleachers

Yo, it's done Mr. Kim, I shrunk 'em down to ticks

just hit me at noon with sixty dollars and two knicks

I gotta split, yo va, ah ill kicks

what's the shit, black? yo, how you nukin?

[MF Doom as Viktor Vaughn]

reactin with the core breach spewin, ya darn tootin

right after this rec you might expect lootin

nasty drop the rhyme like lime then tequilla

flippin like optimus prime to a ten wheeler

V set the scheme on his own team like star scream

then go hit the bar scene all like 'na mean?'

go to school every day, except for when he play hookey

that's the days he play bookey

if I don't study I'ma cheat off Peter Parker

keep a liter of vodka inside my locker

use it like a book on the grey goose scenario

play you like a stereo hey you, where he go?

I'm bout to blow one of y'all monkeys out the frame

whoever gyped my locker and took my Donkey Kong

game

watch, dont even try to put it back so I can find I later

word to koch, it's vaughn against the ninth graders

[M. Sayyid as Curtis Strifer]

haters, you fuckin with cats who's heads are sharp as

alligators  
pull out the ox cutter, dig in then I mutter, I studder  
what I utter  
then check in your little cash flow or give my nigga  
back his hasborough  
I catch ya, stab slow and that's woh  
shorty with the big talk, you gotta go. swing on the drip  
to leave scars  
bood spattered on his fat laced abdul jabbars  
now we're gettin chased through school with jars  
principal jumped up with his dick in the mouth of Ms.  
Mars  
picked up the tele, sweatin for some squad cars  
cats tried to cut us off by the garage  
but V pulled out the nicky yelled 'life's chance is slim'  
like Lionel Richie

[MF Doom as Viktor Vaughn]  
There's no finer sound then when you let off a nine  
round  
Before the slug find the ground V be in Chinatown  
uh, give me a slew of m-80's  
A carton of those hick chasers, and two of them ladies  
it's like the hood black market  
where you get goods for gats to put in packed  
chocolate  
to your health, we rock Chinese strippers  
me and king at ease weighin two ??  
on the radio, mack the knife  
I watched him freeze roaches and bring 'em straight  
back to life  
he used a different approach than I ever read  
the only thing he ever said was 'the roach is never  
dead'  
we studied transfigurations and different ways  
to break the trance off the nigga nations  
It's even bigger with the Haitians, no time for litigations

[M. Sayyid as Curtis Strifer]  
and that was science for the head, so we did the  
knowledge and sped to the shed  
mixin dog bone with egg  
it says 'add body hair, ??(sounds backwards)  
the heart of a hen, a fig, lay it under the bed will turn  
back time'  
and thats just what we did  
next day walked in the shcool from the crib laughin, yo  
limpin like a ??  
and as a pass V

[MF Doom as Viktor Vaughn]

Yo c, you see I got my game, right?

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