

MF Doom, RZA

"Biochemical Equation"

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[RZA]

Tempted by the sins of life, the pleasures of lust
With wild imaginings that you can't discuss
Oh, the flesh is weak, it's a struggle for feast
It's a daily conflict between man and beast
We, strive for God, and a better tomorrow
Still suffering, from the unforgettable sorrow
Repent from thy sins, son, and walk these straight
Stop talking all that trash, boy, and spark these straight
Evicted by the pressures of life, at every vital point
Still, I wouldn't give an oint'
Or, flinch an inch, or pitch a pinch
Off the pie, or every try to try your winch
Confronted by the devil himself, and stay strong
You think you can take the King, now meet Kong
Strong as the base of a mountain, there's no counting
How many MC's, have sprung from our fountain
Fifty thousand year process, to make this combination
I'm not, giving mine away to Satan
Although, I know that he's awaiting
To get ahold of my biochemical equation
I'mma slip him son, I'mma dip him, son
When I catch the drop on him, I'mma clip him, son
Fifty thousand year process, to make this combination
Ninety nine elements, biochemical manifestation
I'm not giving mines away to Satan
Although, I know that he's awaiting
I'mma slip him son, I'mma dip him, son
When I catch the drop on him, I'mma clip him, son

[MF Doom]

Bet oc', straight to the head with the pet rock
At least til I can get from out this booth, it's like a sweat
box
Trained a few bars of head noddin', throw us a stack
Pants militant sawed up like linen, bobbin' bonus pack
Invest in the first b-boy kid show, life on skid row, with
jive talkin' negro's
He wear his beard like a frizzly haired grizzly
And kept his appearances exquisitely rare, where is
he?

Is he in the backyard, or on your front porch
Or standing in the corner of the club, with the blunt
torched
You're soft, they say he rhyme like he starving
And sold odds and bob kins, to old gods and goblins
Valley, adjust a pest and your worst best friend
Who mending with space time fabric like polyester
blend
Not a hobby for no body, lead less from men
Or sloppy like the rest of them, they probably need
estrogen

[RZA]

Yo, yo, drunk or sober, son, don't lose your composure
Semi off the Remy, mixed with Henny, Moet demi'
Underneath the passenger seat, son, tuck the semi'
Israeli issued, automatic black pistol
The cop with the flashlight, chew gum as he whistle
Tapped on the glass, roll it down fast
License, registration, addressed to your lab
They made insurance, the reason why I pulled you over
Cuz the way you were swerving, sir, you can't be sober
Have you been drinking? Breathe into the breathalyzer
Get out the car, please, follow this exerciser
Put one finger on your nose, now from heel to toe
Walk in a straight line, ten paces, down the road
My homeboy Kano, used to do the mashed potato
On cartwheels, and then spin house like whirled
tornado
That used to chase the light, but, son, he will always
save ya
Becoming pump blows, and make beats inside my
basement
Drunk or sober, never lose your composure
Stress on the brain, cause pain and stomach ulcers
If you can't understand, then come closer
We civilize the uncivilized cuz we supposed to
Drunk or sober, never lose your composure
Might give your hand, black man stand as a soldier
Stress on the brain, cause pain and stomach ulcers
If you can't understand, then come closer...

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