

## **Non Phixion f/ MF Doom**

### **"Strange Universe"**

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[Ill Bill]

I wield the hand of God you get smacked with a talking  
burning bush  
Red fiction handbooks, you get ambushed you ain't no  
damn crook  
Not just you but your man shook  
I see it in your fucking face your eyes got bitch twinkles  
Left with your ears rattled lost the war before the first  
battle  
I was standing in outer space hidden by the earth's  
shadow  
Return to bring the darkest plague to a nervous  
pharoah  
Cursed him out with hebrew shot him with a burning  
arrow  
Kinda fucked up they can't identify the type of guy who  
moves cash  
Doom passed you with two gats in scooby-doo mask  
Fucking with us and tear a hole out your space suit  
The last supper in earth space you shoulda ate food  
Yo Metal Fingers I think this cat's about to puke

[MF Doom]

Yo dude, don't even put yourself through it  
How they do it like if it wasn't shit to it  
Oh shoot the lady knew it was the butler  
He cold snuck her, stuck a banana in her muffler  
But they didn't know who he was  
She said the flow is so fluid that only one nigger could  
do it cos  
He's like the supervisor in her workplace  
No more breaks violate y'all workspace with smirk face  
Your bad, he didn't mean to throw y'all concentration  
Or stay the same with nuff game chase a mason off  
Aight savage brought a knife to a gunfight  
To him who made the length of a sunlight, run flight

[Goretex]

Egyptian phase for alien occult science and nature  
We mummify your camp using food stamps to swindle  
devil's dangers

Rhyme like Quakers we take no part in that we  
righteous  
Utilising iron maidens for spite cos heads be biting this  
Blow up your truck your fucked and sew your mouth up  
We taking this to astral levels blowing your house up  
Hitting your spouse up communist workshop for  
earthspots  
This style of festival is bread or matzah synagogue's  
incredible  
I'll smack you with the bass I live a space life  
Wisdom and steak knives while you fought  
Gore was on tour visting grave sites  
Canaanites to pagan whites angels and dykes  
Kill a (arrrrhg) strange universe now inflame mics  
Run up in your fucking lab looking for goodies  
A hundred tooties decked out in fatass robes and St  
Vitus hoodies  
Three man team screaming for vengeance  
I shed repentence until my last sentence  
Time to end this

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