

# Microwave Mayo

## DOOM

Chain smokin beedies til his brain's broken completely  
Get back on his feet, work out and eat some Wheaties  
Greedy for the cheese, please, most couldn't fathom  
Had em in the cobra clutch, when he spat the mad hymn gems  
Collection of brats, timbs and hats  
Had no time for the pitty pat, I'll give em that  
The rhythm hit em back with a right hook  
Shook it off, caught a shiner, thought it was a aight look  
Depends on the shades, the end of days fades  
Pretenders lay in dazes on stages  
DOOM malaise  
Eat it up, microphone, microwave mayonnaise  
His own way was strange but it matters not  
Tuned into a frequency tone that shattered rock  
Hold it down like Shatner do Spock  
Rapper jocks... need to put a sock in they chatter box  
The block got lied to VIAC stock  
Folks gather round it's no joke like knock knock  
It's them, they came home to roost y'all  
And watch em transform the game to the rules of foosball  
She's too small. Any questions?  
Him could squeeze blood from a penny in a recession  
Keep guessin'  
It gets deeper than depression  
The power of suggestion awake or sleep, peep the lesson  
Dig that beat  
Ripped it with metal fingers and stomped it with big fat feet  
And you know what they say: cut the hay  
Resistance is futile, you will be assimilated, but today it's all grey  
Metallic wood or ruby stone  
Rude like the type of dude you could write a movie on  
Hardcore porn - did his own stunts  
Read his own rhymes, and split his own blunts  
Once... in a while, every other minute  
Eyes pop out, Popeye, heavy on the spinach  
Steady on his business, and ready with a ill pitch  
Keep some bad bills niche like Denny Kuci 'nils' nich  
No hitch, just a shitload of spit and sneeze  
Strictly G's stackin up, off the rack of hidden fees

Rappers like the gay club strip tease  
With hippies on the yip sayin "hey bub grip these"  
They screamin for attention  
Deemin' at the mention of a scary demon convention  
You could cut the tension wit a switchblade  
And serve it on a same plate of hors d'oeuvres a witch made  
Filletted, persuaded the chamber maid  
To bet her paycheck on a get naked game of spades  
Straight up, no chaser, no layaways  
Caution: faint taste of microwave mayonnaise

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