

# Hoe Cakes

## MF DOOM

Keep your hoes in check  
(Super!)  
I got this girl and she wants me to duke her  
I told her I'd come scoop her around 8, she said "Super!"  
That sounds great, shorty girl's a trooper  
No matter what I need her to do, she be like "Super!"  
Own his own throne, the boss like King Koopa  
On the microphone he flossed the ring "Super!"  
Average emcees is like a TV blooper  
MF DOOM he's like D.B. Cooper  
Out with the moolah, I let her get a outfit  
Just to cool her off she said niggas ain't about shit  
I wonder if she meant it, I doubt it  
The way it be in her mouth she can't live without it  
And can't live with this, handle your business  
Villain'll stay on a scandalous hoes shit list  
One pack of cookies please, Mr. Hooper  
Its fun smacking rookies, he is the "Super!"  
Look like a black wookie when he let his beard grow  
Weirdo, brown skin'ded always kept his hair low  
Rumor has it it's a S-Curl accident  
DOOM was always known to keep the best girls backs bent  
Some say it's the eyes, some say the accent  
A lotta guys wonder where they stacks went  
I call her thunder thighs with the fatty swolla  
Only mess with high rollers, do what daddy told her  
No matter the city she with me to do the thang thang  
Work in the coochie, hooptie chitty chitty bang bang  
Same name on the titty as on the name ring  
Pretty like Baby D off "All in the Same Gang"  
Keep my eye on her, really don't trust her  
But I treat her like a daughter, taught her how to bust a nut  
And the heat to turn beef to horsemeat chalupa  
Teach her how to hold it, of course he is the "Super!"  
See most cats treat her like Foofur  
Or beat her to a stupor, take it from the "Super!"  
You need to make her feel cuter  
And lay down the G like Luther, everything'll be "Super!"  
Do for her, keep her in a new fur

So she look sweet when she go to meet the "Super!"  
Got the buddha get the Grenadiers, twist it  
Put it in the air, come here, kiss it  
Listen here scooter, let her try to bag you  
When she's on the rag never let her fry the Ragu  
Which'll have you under some type of spell crying "dag boo"  
Her name on your back in a tattoo  
Whether a bourgie broad, nerd ho, street chick  
Don't call her wifey if you met her at the Freaknik  
You don't want her don't waste her time, I'll dupe her  
And be a father to your child like the "Super!"  
He keep his hoes in check  
Sends 'em out to get glows from off frozen necks  
Tell 'em take his clothes, leave him posing naked for real  
Better yet, get him for the check off the record deal  
Find out where he keep the Tec and the blue steel  
Make sure for extra wreck let him know how you feel  
And while he's running down to all star weekend to ball  
I'm coming with the U-HAUL!  
(Super!)  
(Super!)  
(Super!)

Songwriters

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