

# Kon Karne

## MF DOOM

Darker than the east river, larger than the Empire State  
Where the beats to guard the barbed wire gate  
Is on the job, not my fate, tired of the wait  
To the villain bring deliverance from the Dire Straits  
Fire at a higher rate, why'd they make the liars  
Fliers scatter, buy a plate, isolate the wires  
Try the straight pliers if not the vise grips  
A real price saver way to acquire nice whips  
What a steal for real on wheels of steel  
Stunner a funner summer number one meal deal, bumper  
A bizarre phenomenon is your armor on  
Take your cash coma or break your fast, Ramadan  
Trans action drama, aw, come on, Barney  
Clack, clack, pardon me wack rap, Kon Karne  
He came to feed the childrens like Sally Strothers  
After that he's going back to Cali where's the love is  
Wilder than the Nile, old power like the Great Pyramid of  
Giza  
And stay leanin like the tower of Pisa  
Give him something he can feel that's off the squeeze  
Raw with the pen and on the mic off the hezza  
Get shot off that wide eye talk  
If he had a pot he'd still piss on the sidewalk  
Can't take the street out the street person  
Looking for the perfect beat could worsen into heat bursting  
They couldn't spot him on the spot date  
Got the only tape that comes with a free hot plate  
Whoever do get to see me sing  
With the 3-D ring, sittin stationary like B.B. King  
Can see how it really sting, it ain't no front row  
Standing room only at the motocross stunt show  
The ruckus ain't up to snuff  
I'll fugus  
Me and Sub is like the brown Smothers Brothers  
My love is faster than the seven seas, bigger than mount  
Kilimanjaro  
If they don't know fill them in tomorrow on the horror show  
I'm into no return Bobs record  
Swear to God before he gets a job he robs Hackard  
Blessed with a hot flow, tested and got doe  
Invested and stressed the best to finesse a opto  
As I reminisce never forgot when I was very broke  
Shot the Henny straight, couldn't afford to cop the cherry coke  
Or should I say broke with wealth  
To know enough to give them just rope to yoke they self  
Playin me before I take the ring and pawn it  
The long arm of the law couldn't even put they fingers on it  
Dog on it, do the statistics  
How he bust lyrics was too futuristic for ballistics  
And far too eccentric for forensics  
I dedicate this mix to Subroc, the Hip Hop Hendrix

Lyrics provided by  
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