

More Rhymin' (feat. Kurious)

Doom

More rhymin', pure diamond, tore hymen, poor timing
Raw lining, Paul Simon touring, I'm in
Boring typing, snoring pipe when hyper than four hype men
Excited writing, trifling times ten
Long stay, songs play, gone haywire, wrong way
On the interstate, integrate all day
It's just a small phase, that's what them all say
Then fall prey in a mini-mall hallway
Meant to be sold, not told to friendly enemies
Remember these intentionally, empathy please
Silent moaning, violent prone atonement
Miles a minute on a microphone, on rent, loan spent
No debt, has bet, fast get, cast jet
Master McSmash, Asterix stashed it last
Not least, pasta pile to hot grease
Geese shot, not easily spotted plot, cease snot release
Hold your insulting tongue and mark his words well
Or end up to the curb and shocked by third rail
Get the message by bird mail or turds flail
Villain man, best nerd male, you heard well
An absurd tale of books, nooks and crannies
Before she look me, how this fancy? Hooks and them granny panties
when in Rome go back home
And get real dome from a well-known crack gnome
He talk to himself when he need someone to hate on
The black-McCain campaign, negative debate-a-thon
Gone wrong on the song, who's zooming who?
Knew it was you Doom all along
Ever he first started the art, it's been worth it
Soon to charter a stint on part of the Chitlin' Circuit
Word kid, get your ticket from the telepath
"Wicked, wicked, wicked" on electroencephalograph
Villain, nice to meet you
{*snore*} You born like this?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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