One Beer

MF DOOM

I get no kick from champagne
Their alcohol doesn't thrill me at all
So tell me why shouldn't it be true?
I get a kick out of brewThere is only one beer left
Rappers screaming all in our ears like we're deaf
Tempt me, do a number on the label
Eat up all their MC's and drink 'em under the tableLike it's on me, put it on my tab, kid, however you get there
Foot it, cab it, iron horse it, you leaving on your face forfeit
I crush the mic hold it like the heat he might toss it
Told him tell they stole it, he told her he lost it
She told him get off it and a bunch other more shitGetting money, DT's be getting no new leads
It's like he eating watermelon, stay spitting new seeds
It's the weed, give me some of what he's drooping off
Soon as he wake up choking like it was whooping coughThe group been soft, first hour at the open bar and their trooping off
He went to go laugh and get some head by the side road
She asked him to autograph her derriere, it read
To wide load, this yard bird taste like fried toad
Turned love villain take pride and code wordsCrooked eye mold nerd geek with a cold heart
Probably still be speaking in rhymes as an old fart
Study how to eat, to dine by the pizza guy
No, he's not too fly to skeet in a skezzer eyeAnd squeeze her thigh, maybe giver her curves a feel
And the same way she feel it when she flow with nerves of steel
They call him super when they need their back or plumbing fixed
Powers only one left, the pack comes in six
Whatever happened to two and threeA hood tried to slide with four and five and got caught
Like, what you doing G?
Don't make 'em have to get cutting like truancy
Matter fact not for nothing right now you and meLooser than a pair of Adidas, I hope you bought your spare tweeters
MC's sound like cheerleaders
Rapping and dancing like Red Head Kingpin
Dude, can we do this thing again no matter how be blingingYou do it for the smelly hubbies
Seeds know what time it is like it's time for Telletubbies
Few can do it, even fewer can sell it
Take it from the dude who wears mask like a tarded helmetHe plots shows like robberies
In and out, one, two, three, no bodies please
Run the cash and you won't get a wet sweatshirt
The mic is the shootie, nobody move, nobody get hurtBring heat, like the boy I'm going to war

Came in the door and everybody on the floor
A whole string of jobs like we are on tour
Every night on the score coming to your corner store

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