

Figaro

Madvillain

The rest is empty with no brain but the clever nerd
The best emcee with no chain ya ever heard
Take it from the Tec-9 holder
They've bit but don't know their neck shine from Shinola
Everything that glitters ain't fishscale
Lemme think, don't let her faint get Ishmael
A shot of Jack got her back it's not an act stack
Forgot about the cackalack, holla back, clack clack blocka
Villainy, feel him in ya heart chakra chart toppa
Start shit stoppa be a smart shoppa
Shot a cop day around the way 'bout to stay
But who'd a know there's two mo' that wonder where the shooter go
'Bout to jet, get him, not a bet, dead 'em
Let 'em spit the venom said 'em got a lot of shit with 'em
Let the rhythm hit 'em, it's stronger in the other voice
We makes the joints that make 'em spread 'em butta moist
Man, please, the stage is made of panties
From the age of baby hoochies on to the grannies
Ban me the dough rake, daddy
The flow make her fatty shake, patty cake, patty cake
For fake, if he was Anita Baker's man
He'd take her for her masters, hit it once an' shake her hand
On some ol' thank ya ma'am an' ghost her
She could mind the toaster if she sign the poster
A whole host of roller coaster riders
Not enough tracks (is it?)
Hot enuff black (for ya)
It's too hot to handle, you got blue sandals
Who shot ya? Ooh got you new spots to vandal?
Do not stand still, both show skills
Close but no krills, toast for po' nils, post no bills
Coast to coast Joe Shmoe's flows ill, go chill
Not supposed to overdose No-Doz pills
Off pride tykes talk wide through scar meat
Off sides like how Worf rides with Starfleet
Told ya, on some get-rich shit
As he get older he gets colder than a witch tit
This is it, make no mistakes
Where my nigga go?

Figaro, FigaroO's beats and my rhymes attack

A scary act

All black like Ms. Mary Mack

Wait 'til you see 'em live on the piano

DOOM sings soprano like "una duociano"

My mamma told me

Blast him and pass her her glass of Ol' E

Not to be troublesome

But I could sure use a quick shot of double rum

No stick of bubble gum

I like ice cream

We could skip the weddin'

Have a nice dream

She only let him stick the head in

Songwriters

DANIEL DUMILE THOMPSON, OTIS JACKSONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>