Hoe Cakes

MF DOOM

Keep your hoes in check
SuperI got this girl and she wants me to duke her
I told her I'd come scoop her around eight, she said, "Super"
That sounds great, shorty girl's a trooper
No matter what I need her to do, she be like, SuperOwn 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, hes like D.B. CooperOut with the moolah, I let her get a outfit
Just to cool her off, she said, Niggaz 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 itAnd 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 smackin rookies, he is the superLook like a black wookie when he let his beard grow
Weirdo, brown, skinned and always kept his hair low
Rumors has it, its a S-curl accident
Doom was always known to keep the best girls backs bentSome say its 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 herNo matter the city, she want 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 of '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 superSee most cats treat her like foofer
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 will be superDo 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 itListen here, scooter, let her try to bag you
When she's on the rag never let her fry the Ragu
Which will have you under some type of spell, crying, Dag boo
Her name on your back in her tattooWhether a bourgie broad, nerd hoe, street chick
Don't call her wifey if you met her at the freaknick
You don't want her, don't waste her time, I'll dupe her
And be a father to your child like the superHe keep his hoes in check
Sends 'em out to get glows from off frozen necks

Tell 'em take his clothes, leave him posin nekkid for real
Better yet, get 'em for the check off the record dealFind out where he keep the tek and the blue steel
Make sure for extra wreck, let 'em know how you feel
And while he's runnin down to All-Star Weekend to ball
I'm comin with the U-haul, superSuper, super

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