Beef Rapp

MF DOOM

Beef rap
Could lead to gettin teeth capped
Or even a wreath for mom dukes on some grief crap
I suggest ya change ya diet
It can lead ta high blood pressure if ya fry it
Or even a stroke, heart attack, heart disease
It ain't no startin back once arteries start ta squeeze
Take the easy way out phony, until then
They know they wouldn't be talkin that bologna in the bullpen
So disgustin, pardon self as I discuss this
They talk a wealth of shit and they ain't never seen the justice
Bust this, like a cold milk from out the toilet
Two batteries some Brillo and some foil, he'a boil it
He be better off on PC glued
And it's a feud so don't be in no TV mood
Every week it's mystery meat, seaweed stewed (food, we need food!)

He wears a mask just to cover the raw flesh
A rather ugly brother with flows that's gorgeous
Drop dead joints hit the whips like bird shit
They need it like a hole in they head or a third tit
Her bra smell, his card say: aw hell
Barred from all bars and kicked out the Carvel'
Keep a cooker where the jar fell
And keep a cheap hooker that's off the hook like Ma Bell
Top bleeding, maybe fella took the loaded rod gears
Stop feeding babies colored sugar-coated lard squares
The odd pairs swears and God fears
Even when it's rotten, we've gotten through the hard years
I wrote this note around New Year's
Off a couple a shots and a few beers, but who cares?
Enough about me, it's about the beats
Not about the streets and who food he about ta eat
A rhymin cannibal who's dressed to kill, it's cynical
Whether is it animal, vegetable, or mineral
It's a miracle how he get so lyrical
And proceed to move the crowd like a old Negro spiritual
For a mil' do a commercial for Mello Yello
Tell 'em devil's hell no, sell y'all own Jello

We hollow krills, she swallow pills
He follow flea collar three dollar bills
And squeal for halal veal, in y'all appeal
Dig the real, it's how the big ballers deal
Twirl a L after every meal (FOOD)

What up
To all rappers shut up with ya shuttin up
And keep your shirt on, at least a button up
Yuck, is they rhymers or strippin males?
Outta work jerks since they shut down Chippendale's
They chippin nails, Doom... jippin scales
Let alone the pre-orders that's counted off shippin sales
This one goes out to all my peoples skippin bail
Dippin jail, whippin tail, and sippin ale
Light the doobie til it glow like a ruby
After which they couldn't find the Villain like Scooby
He's in the lab on some old Buddha Monk shit
Overproof drunk shit, and who'da thunk it?
Punk try an ask why ours be better
It could be the iron mask or the Cosby sweater
Yes, you, who's screwed by the dude on the CD nude (we need food!)

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