

# GMO

## Doom

There they go feminizing men again  
Then pretend they don't know when we know it, xenoestrogen  
Exorcise the jinn  
Keynote lecture with a spin  
Meant to get c-notes from end to end  
Whoever use canola oil ya soul'll boil  
For a longer time it take a diet  
cola to spoil  
Uh, I get what you're sellin'  
Swellin' from alien microfilaments it's more (gellins?)  
Even if you're gellin'  
What's that in your melon?  
And what the hell is they sprayin'? No tellin'  
Barium strontium, aluminum  
Well drink responsibly, get the jewel from DOOM and them  
Can't trust the tap water much less the kettle  
Double entendre to the phrase test your meddle  
The rest'll settle, just to get fed well  
As the livin' dead infect the red cell  
Don't drink the milk, it's spoiled  
The blood and stuff in it make it stink it's why it's boiled  
Snake oil sales from doorbell doctors who slip Mickey's  
And trick you to strip to get jipped quickly  
Kick me, you know it's gettin' worse  
No help from bein' upset ya startin' to curse first  
Better off with a good sense of humor  
Research to know what's the truth instead of rumor  
Ya partner DOOM is who'll ride  
Or either do or die like farmer suicide, chew your pride  
Might as well start amountin' pro boxin'  
Then force-feedin' them toddler food laced with excitotoxins  
They did it like the funky worm  
Enough to make a donkey squirm, mice make ya monkey sperm  
Or rice infused with diarrhea drugs  
Wonder why he's here well shrug, hell yeah it's bugged  
And it gets bugged'er by the minute  
Question: Will the Frankenfoods kill us?  
Or turn us into thangs off Thriller, or dang gorillas?  
Breeds of a needless variety

In the name of greed we in a seedless society  
Flounder genes in your tomatoes  
Cod in your potatoes, playin' God, retarded'er than Plato  
And as the juice gets sweeter  
No use in bein' cute if you's a useless eater  
Make it hard to keep your mattress clean  
little froggies with sex changes from atrazine  
And aspartame in gum, Splenda is plenty fun  
Left many strung, agenda 21  
Or have your third eye cry or your side blown  
Or ride on, forgot the silent guide stone  
Yours truly all caps DOOM  
Sue him if youre gloomy, or glue him to your tomb  
She take it to feel better  
But there's more to the concoction  
Got a lot, can you keep it?  
Got these keys to the cuffs  
To unlock all these secrets  
(?) Professor, yes teaching  
With the villain, strategic  
Got these apples and peaches  
The size of Kelly and Regis  
You won't believe to you see it  
And with them come these allergies  
Underage with doubles Ds  
Aw, man, ya killing me  
literly

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