

Beef Rap

MF Doom & MF Grimm

Beef rap could lead to gettin? teeth capped
Or even a wreath for mom dukes on some grief crap
I suggest you change your diet
It can lead to high blood pressure if you fry it Or even a stroke, heart attack, heart disease
It ain't no startin? back once arteries start to 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'll 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
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 fellow 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 to eat
A rhyming? 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 Word 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 Chippendales They chippin? nails, doom, chippin? 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? aleLight 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 itPunk, try and 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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