

# Bookhead

JJ DOOM

They love to know the story, more grody than Mr. Crowley  
For those embarrassed, to no holier than thou, Imoli habits  
Parrots to the goat, we bring 'em up to speed slowly  
On the low key, kindles is phoney D  
Tastes stale - see the world in shades of greyscale  
Right there in black-and-white, protected by chain mail  
Today's the day maids await to see a cisternum  
Took my little mens with her, told 'em love 'em, kissed him  
He's always sensitive, youngins is on some new stuff  
Can't sit still or focus, the time it take to do enough  
From the mean streets of the 'Can I get a dollar, dude?  
Above measure, the singular pleasure of solitude  
It's your poison, if you so choose, absorb it  
to the brain, shoot off into orbit  
How you know Octagon?  
Or much less?  
To get the good stuff, you gotta get out to the Amazon  
With any luck, you might could score locally  
Keep it on the hush when you're speaking on it vocally  
Then you gotta be on the in, a known member  
I think I still owe him a little something since November, whatever  
Who need credit when cash speak?  
Get it - sweating, sitting on his packets its last week  
We've all got our weaknesses, living and functioning with dead  
Some will end up fudging numbers, bugging and lunching instead.  
to the head  
Second best trick to get the chicks to the bed  
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been  
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been  
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been  
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been  
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been  
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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