

# Doomsday (Instrumental)

## MF Doom

I used to cop a lot  
But never copped no drop  
Hold mics like pony tails, tight, and bob a lot  
Stop and stick around  
Come through and dig the sound  
Of the fly brown six-o sicko psycho who throws his dick around  
Bound to go three-plat  
Came to destroy rap  
It's a intricate plot of a b-boy strapped  
Femstat cats get kidnapped  
Then release a statement to the press - let the rest know who did that  
Metal Fist terrorists claim responsibility  
Broken household name usually said in hostility  
Um what is MF? You silly  
I'd like to take "Mens to the End" for two milli'  
"Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo!" That's a audio daily double  
Rappers need to fall off just to save me the trouble, yo  
Watch your own back  
Came in and go out alone, black  
Stay in the zone turn H2O to Cognac  
On Doomsday!  
Ever since the womb 'til I'm back where my brother went  
That's what my tomb will say  
Right above my government, Dumille  
Either unmarked or engraved, hey, who's to say?  
I wrote this one in B.C. D.C. O-section  
If you don't believe me, go get bagged and check then  
Cell number 17, up under the top bunk  
I say this not to be mean, wish bad luck or pop junk  
Pop the trunk on See-Cipher-Punk, leave him left scraped  
God forbid, if there ain't no escape, blame MF tape  
Definition "super-villain": a killer who love children  
One who is well-skilled in destruction, as well as building  
While Sidney Sheldon teaches the trife to be trifer  
I'm trading science fiction with my man the live lifer  
A pied piper holler a rhyme, a dollar and a dime  
Do his thing, ring around the white collar crime  
Get out my face, askin' 'bout my case, need toothpaste  
Fresher mint, monkey-style nigga get dentadent

And dope fiends still in they teens, shook niggas turn witness  
Real mens mind their own business  
That's the difference between sissy-pissy rappers that's double-dutch  
How come I hold the microphone double-clutch  
C.O.'s make rounds, never have 'ox found  
On shakedown, lock-down, wet dreams of Fox' Brown  
On Doomsday!  
Ever since the womb 'til I'm back where my brother went  
That's what my tomb will say  
Right above my government, Dumile  
Either unmarked or engraved, hey, who's to say?  
Doomsday  
Every since the womb 'til I'm back to the essence  
Read it off the tomb  
Either engraved or unmarked grave, who's to say?  
Pass the mic like "Pass the peas like they used to say"  
Some M-er F-ers don't like how Sally walk  
I'll tell y'all fools it's hella cool how ladies from Cali talk  
Never let her interfere with the Yeti ghetto slang  
Nicknames off nipple and tip of nipples metal fang  
Known amongst hoes for the bang-bang  
Known amongst foes for flow with no talking orangutangs  
Only gin and Tang  
Guzzled out a rusty tin can  
Me and this mic is like yin and yang  
Clang! Crime don't pay, listen, youth  
It's like me holding up the line at the kissing booth  
I took her back to the truck, she was uncouth  
Spittin' all out the sunroof, through her missing tooth  
But then she has a sexy voice, sound like Jazzy Joyce  
So I turned it up faster than a speeding knife  
Strong enough to please a wife  
Able to drop today's math in the 48 keys of life  
Cut the crap far as rap  
Touch the mic, get the same thing a Arab will do to you for stealing  
What the devil? He's on another level  
It's a word! No, a name! MF the super villain!

Songwriters

DAVID WYNDORF Published by

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