

Anti-Matter(Featuring MF Doom & Mr. Fantastik)

King Geedorah

From Venus to Mars back to Earth
Back to the x p o Satellite
It's showtime nigga King Geedorah on the boards (King Geedorah)
MF Doom and I am Mister FantastikExpeditiously I be on my grizzly
Feds try to creep me somehow always miss me
Mister Fantastik put the busy in the bee
Rock from the bottom straight to the TizzyWho is he?... he need to get out more
Or either get outta here like some dang outlaw
Standing like Lurch no herb in the record bin
Called him for a random search curbside checkin' andIt's on nigga on and crackin' like Digg'em lips be
smacking
Running off at the mouth steady talk bout us
On some shit they overheard but enough is enoughYeah, It's neither here nor there Black
Warfare in your ear CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK
What's that your hearing things TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
Be wearing your thinking hatNo matter how hard they try they can't stop us now
We got King Geedorah on the boards with that golden sound (Are you Serious)
They don't know how we get down when we're out uptown
(Deadly Serious King Geedorah)
So when you see us in the streets don't be fuckin' around (Perfect)A hundred things on the re-up of course I'm
living fat
My Mercedes outside nigga where yours at
Top down on a good day the K the I the wood way
Got cats thinking should I stay fuck what the hood say
Niggaz wanna rob me now
Bitches wanna slob me now
Hoes didn't holla last year feel sorry now
Practice jumpshot Reggie Mil (Reggie Miller) Robert Horry now
The nigga that you with played like Atari now
Lyrically unorthodox I flow continuous
Never on a straight path I'm known to bend a twist
Put it down from the Suburb to the Tennament
You bet against me but wanna wonder where your money went
I get the cash take niggaz out like trash
Known to stack a mean stash they used to call me pure math
Back in the days all I did was stay paid
But as they say in the South bitch gimme some headExcuse Me mister do she got a sister
Who he not to kiss her True she do got a blister
Not a movie plot twist like a twistler

If I needed my meat burned I'd go to Sizzler
Getting paid like a biker with the best crank
Sprayed like a high ranked sniper in the West Bank
Type to just blank and don't show much pitty
When I'm in the city I always keep a dutch with me
Touch her titty till she ask me where the trees is at
Or tell me don't squeeze that rats wanna tease a cat

Let the dog beg wait up

Who talking Doom with the hog leg straight up New Yorkin' No matter how hard they try they can't stop us
now (That's Correct)

We got King Geedorah on the boards with that golden sound (King Geedorah)
They don't know how we get down when we're out uptown (I Just Can't Stand the Guy)
So when you see us in the streets

Songwriters

CHAD HUGO, PHARRELL L. WILLIAMS Published by

Lyrics © THIRD SIDE MUSIC INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>