

Who You Think I Am (Instrumental)

MF Doom

Who you think I am, but who you want me to be?...When I rock, jock niggaz in shellshock

Don't watch the birdie watch the clock go tick tock

I rip shop, I make ya girls bottom lip drop

Yo word to the truckers at the pit stop I'm hip hop

I hold heat, never forget what niggaz told me they showed me

Other emcees trying to fold me they owe me

Yo plus them niggaz mad slow gee

I got my "Get U Now" so I'm comin with my homie

Here's the plan: stick 'em up, I enter, through the window

Stoop down so we can't see our crescendo

Pass the indo, yo we used to be our friend though

Yeah but thats the reason I dont really like to lend dough

From the corners cylindrical triangle hats

As dutch lyrics precise life wring dem from science

Leave you entangled for months

Tryin to figure who done it, you fronted

Got cha shit stunted, didn't have to be that way

Some saw the light comin in, they shunned it

For the wickedness to those whose despise life and worship death

The established matched at eye for eye, tooth for tooth, breath to breath

These are the last days of the countdown, shit is just that drastic

Write journals, like they use the prophets, study math like a Aztec

Loved not for who you think I am, but who you want me to be

A true thuggin emcee, true thugs, with no strings attached

I wanna give you my slugs and don't wanna take em

Box sprays, but with my box cutter in my boxes

Shots sprayed, who on cops high says we? rosses?

Rock away boulevard, got love and? knoxus?

Bout five cops today, my rock away

Niggaz and rock rage, got paid

A rock, you know why I rock, meet me at the? lobses?

I suggest I should dress proper

Copped a buzz, I copped a dutch

I got a lotta love, with no strings attached Rhymes, rhymes, rhymes, we got plenty

Times, times, times, too many

Sparked up and chat, you keep countin

I do my thing, jealous niggaz keep doubtin

Rock 'n' roll, lock 'n' load

Emcees out for pots of gold, we stop 'em cold

In they tracks an take all they? jipsuses?
All they dats, all they bullshit mixeses
Give 'em a credit, not debt it
We just flipped the calistetic
Toss the andy pettite, you said it
We grandslam in the never boss stand
Any pussy emcee's we abandonFlew in from Monster Island just to rag shit wit jet lag
With brothers specializin ways how us not to get bagged
Egads! I bring confusion like roll call
To emcees so-called, hoes be like "yup I told y'all"
So socialize my bio so I dip dip dive
Memorize like I-omega zip drive
Go to the bar to drink to get soberer
King Ghidra eat the head of a king cobra like king kobaKong get a cut like Kobe, now hold heat
So sweet, roll deep but no beef
Those that doze deep, close sheets
Po chose to speak with, reach over to reload the piece
Slip from freak to deak, keep concrete
Parallel to body til the next male
Shotties and hotty, still waitin to exhale
Smell the blood bath a slugs caught
Slugs passed and bloodsport
Bugged laugh, a bugged thought
Caught some eyes make the case last stack a locker
Bocker, drink a vodka, hit note, like Sinatra at a opera
Drop a flocker, Orville Redenbocher
Get you, got you, shot the two L's without the proper
For the? abus? knocker
Hit the liquor, quicker than a quicker picker upper
Girl and stick er, I leave more nuts than a snicker
Kick er to the curb, punk a bitch, stomp a chick
For now call me Kong, Monster Isle, Monster Click (Bow!)Loved not for who you think I am, but who you
want me to be
True thuggin emcee, true thugs, with no strings attached
I wanna give you my slugs, and don't wanna take 'em back
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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