

Hey! (Original 12" Instrumental Version)

MF Doom

I only play the games that I win at
And stay the same with more rhymes than there's ways to skin cats
As a matter of fact, let me rephrase
With more rhymes and more ways to fillet felines these days
Watch the path of the black one
Supervillian he wrecks clubs for dell
In a drunken stupor chillin
Ready and willin to inadvertantly foil that plan of any rhymers, whiner or
Spoiled brat
Who got more snottier flows than snotty nose?
And holds mics like he knows karate body blows
Nobody knows the trouble I see
From the mpb fly dirty tailin the eye bubble eye thirty
For the record this is some shit I just thought of y'all
Science fiction that's not admissible in no court of law
I live to rock mics 3-d
The only reason I seek to stop to snuff the tv
I heard beats, they sound like karaoke
With monkey rhymers on a leash like don't have this fairy choke me
Hit 'em with a penny so we can get these peanuts
And I thought we was nuts, I used to get free cuts
They locks lex luthor up in green haven
Since when a nigga never really been to clean shaven
Misbehavin rap stars need mistament
Call me mista bent
I'm at where your sister went
Intelligent, used to write and be well spoke
Now all a nigga want to do is fight and sell, tell a joke
This could lead to catastrophe
Bout to stop the violence right after these last three shots from the black
Bat got me at headlock
Holdin on to sanity while stranded at dreadlock
She told me get off I said
Bitch, let me set this shit off so I could get rich right quick
Then it hit me like the point of intoxication
Nigga come out and rock this nation like oxifacen
A lot of niggas out is rusty like oxidation
In the world's most strangest most dangerous occupation
But you could do it, you the super like in your building

Villain like trife kingdom wear and all my children
Plottin and it sure to pay ends
With some more mature women's and more of they friends
And when bad men roll tight, it's actual true
Like a pack of big bamboo with natural glue
Who grip necks of becks next to triple x
He just came before d followed the ripple effects
And it'll lead you right to him
Oh snap, it seems you walked into a trap do wrap
Zoinks, this place is filled with pretender willies
One false move and get broke off like end of phillies
True believers ain't nothin new to a
Crook with special powers like how to tell the future uh uh
Rhyme of the month two page long
Bustin off two gages with my cake gone wrong
Son it's on remind me of a Raekwon tape song
With a fleet of super bad status rae dawn chong
Let me know if y'all with me y'all
Nasty yo and geographic down to the titty bar
Rap monster outer city y'all
To all my brothers who is doin' unsettling bids
You could have got away with it if it was not for them meddling kids

Songwriters

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