Gas Drawls

MF DOOM

...metalface doom.....operation doomsday...By the way,
I read up on bad dreams
bag up screams in fiftys
be up on mad schemes
that heat shop like jiffy-pop(pop)
in a instant
get smoked like winston
ciggarettes
ho's get ripped off like nicorette
(patch)
in real life
the real trife scene
might snatch ya life like a-ssault machine
rifle
dead up setup like bull-fight
be blunted how we like
couldnt white or in full flight
the unemotional
call me anti-social
on the run off the gun
death tally commercial
death valley?
is like rehearsal to the streets
to my peeps
G.M.
MF on the beat
rhymes
is chosen like the weapons of war
so keep from steppin on my floor
or delivery
front door
I bring it to ya'll motherfuckers
master yours
my disaster cause-
hell-
and gas drawls
the super villain-
cooler than a million
i be chillin

still quick to slice squares like sicilian
dont make me have to hurt them feelins
ill ruin you in the dirt that i be doin in my dealins
sendin spirits through the ceilin'-
chrome peelin'-
dome blown
within the comforts of your own home
grown big
wheelin' and high rollin'
I hold the lye-
it keeps the sty on my eye swollen'...holdin,
and ?????????,
known as massive-versatile,
Id like to big-em-up monster-isle...uummm,
yeah...I saw you in hell wit dem gas drawls...To my brother Subroc-
and black ju I crack brew for-
two more, three men, two up,
I hit the brew up like-
nobody knoowwss...
how X the unseen feels
when givin crews a brush with death like between meals
two times a day
wit brothers thats tight like a noose
wit more rhymes in use than doctor seuss
or motherfuckin' mother goose
X is da suspicious flirter
who every hooker hearda'
next to malicious murda'
a track type vicious
fulfillin the pipe wishes
?????? may be legal
minus the baby eagle
any given summers eve-
dont breathe
sixteen shots i do believe-
and one up the sleeve...
master of the O
who predict ya last pause-
i told ya'll
hell and gas drawls-
breakin-
glass and plastic jaw-
like federal drastic law
fed up from fightin' secret war
wit' them fantastic four-

(invisible bitch)
versus Doom wit' the metal face
before I go to state
the ho better settle case
the flow is at pedal pace
steady like tricycles
beware all suckas is froze like icicles...
(bag 'em up)
and baggin' bitches like nickels
cause I licked 'em where they tickle
before I hit the clit though imma spit till I pronounce
more hits than a ounce no doubt
about ta bounce,
X the unannounced-
im out...and i like to give a shoutout,
to the brother jet-jaguar...
Megalon...
and King Ghidra...I call this joint right here...
Gas Drawls...
In hell wit yours...

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