

One Beer (Madlib Remix)

MF DOOM

I get no kick from champagne
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all
So tell me why shouldn't it be true?
I get a kick out of brew There's only one beer left
Rappers screaming all in our ears like we're deaf
Tempt me, do a number on the label
Eat up all they MC's and drink 'em under the table like
"It's on me, Put it on my tab kid."
However you get there
Foot it, Cab it, Iron horse it
You're leaving on your face, forfeit
I crush the mic, hold it like the heat, he might toss it
Told him tell they stole it
He told her he lost it
She told him "Get off it," and a bunch other more shit
Getting money, DT's be getting no new leads
It's like he eating watermelon stay spitting new seeds
It's the weed, give me some of what he's drooping off
Soon as he wake up, choking like it was whooping cough
They group been soft
First hour at the open bar and their trooping off
He went to go laugh and get some head by the side road
She asked him to autograph her derriere
It read "To Wide Load
This yard bird taste like fried toad Turd
Love
Villain "Take pride in code words
Crooked eye mold nerd geek, with a cold heart
Probably still be speaking in rhymes as an old fart
Study how to eat to die, by the pizza guy
No he's not too fly to skeet in a skezzers eye
And squeeze her thigh
Maybe give her curves a feel
And the same way she feel it when she flow with nerves of steel
They call the super when they need their back... uhh... plumbing fixed
"How theres only one left? the pack comes in six
Whatever happened to two and three?"
A herb tried to slide with four and five and got caught
Like, "What you doing G?"

Don't make me have to get cutting like truancy
Matter fact not for nothing right now you and me!"

Songwriters

DANIEL DUMILE THOMPSONPublished by

Lyrics Â© NETTWERK MUSIC GROUP Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>