

# 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...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>