

Beef Rap

MF DOOM

Beef rap could lead to gettin? teeth capped
Or even a wreath for mom dukes on some grief crap
I suggest you change your diet
It can lead to high blood pressure if you fry it
Or even a stroke, heart attack, heart disease
It ain't no startin? back once arteries start to squeeze
Take the easy way out, phony, until then they know
They wouldn't be talkin? that bologna in the bullpen
So disgustin, pardon self as I discuss this
They talk a wealth of shit and they ain't never seen the justice
Bust this like a cold milk from out the toilet
Two batteries some Brillo and some foil, he'll boil it
He be better off on PC glued
And it's a feud so don't be in no TV mood
Every week it's mystery meat, seaweed stewed
He wears a mask just to cover the raw flesh
A rather ugly brother with flows that's gorgeous
Drop dead joints hit the whips like bird shit
They need it like a hole in they head or a third tit
Her bra smell, his card say, aw, hell
Barred from all bars and kicked out the Carvel
Keep a cooker where the jar fell
And keep a cheap hooker that's off the hook like Ma Bell
Top bleeding, maybe fellow took the
loaded rod gears
Stop feeding babies colored, sugar coated lard squares
The odd pairs swears and God fears
Even when it's rotten, we've gotten through the hard years
I wrote this note around New Year's
Off a couple a shots and a few beers, but who cares
Enough about me, it's about the beats
Not about the streets and who food he about to eat
A rhymin? cannibal who's dressed to kill, it's cynical
Whether is it animal, vegetable or mineral
It's a miracle how he get so lyrical
And proceed to move the crowd like a old negro spiritual
For a mil' do a commercial for Mello
Yello
Tell 'em devil's hell, no, sell y'all own Jello
We hollow krills, she swallow pills
He follow flea collar, three dollar bills
And squeal for halal veal, in y'all appeal
Dig the real, it's how the big ballers deal
Twirl a L after every meal
Word up to all rappers, shut up with ya shuttin? up
And keep your shirt on, at least a button up
Yuck, is they rhymers or strippin? males?
Outta work jerks since they shut down Chippendales
They chippin? nails, doom, chippin? scales
Let alone the pre-orders that's counted off shippin? sales
This one goes out to all my peoples skippin? bail
Dippin? jail, whippin? tail and sippin? ale
Light the doobie? til it glow like a ruby

After which they couldn't find the villain like Scooby
He's in the lab on some old Buddha Monk shit
Overproof drunk shit and who'da thunk it Punk, try and ask why ours be better
It could be the iron mask or the Cosby sweater
Yes, you, who's screwed by the dude on the CD nude

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