

One Beer

MF DOOM

[MF Doom]

I get no kick from champagne
Their alcohol doesn't thrill me at all
So tell me why shouldn't it be true

I get a kick out of brew

[MF Doom]

There is 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 their 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 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 da weed give me some of what he's drooping off

Soon as he wake up choking like it was whooping cough

The 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 dareair

It read to wide load this yard bird taste like fried toad

Turned love villain

Take pride and 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 dine by the pizza guy

No he's not to fly to skeet in a skezzers eye

And squeeze her thigh

Maybe giver her curves a feel

And the same way she feel it when she flow with nerves of steel

They call him super when they need their back or plumbing fixed

Powers only one left the pack comes in six

Whatever happened to two and three

A hood tried to slide with four and five and got caught
Like what you doing G
Don't make 'em have to get cutting like truancy
Matter fact not for nothing right now you and me
Looser than a pair of adidas
I hope you bought your spare tweeters
MC's sound like cheerleaders
Rapping and dancing like Red Head Kingpin
Dude can't do his thing again no matter how be blinging
You do it for the smelly hubbies
Seeds know what time it is like it's time for tellie tubbies
Few can do it even fewer can sell it
Take it from the dude who wears mask like a tarded helmet
He plots shows like robberies
In and out
One, two, three, no bodies please
Run the cash and you won't get a wet sweatshirt
The mic is the shootie nobody move nobody get hurt
Bring heat like the boy I'm going to war
Came in the door, and everybody on the floor
A whole string of jobs like we are on tour
Everynight on the score coming to your corner store

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