

Hoe Cakes

MF DOOM

Beatboxing is heard through the entire song

[MF Doom]

KEEP YA HOES IN CHECK!(.Super!)

I got this girl and she wants me to duke Her
I told her I'd come scoop her around 8, she said "Super!"
that sounds great, shorty girl's a trooper
no matter what I need her to do, she be like "Super!"
own his own throne, the boss like King Koopa
on the microphone he flossed the ring "Super!"
average emcees is like a TV blooper
MF DOOM... hes like D.B. Cooper
out wit the moolah, I let her get a outfit
jus to cool her off she said niggaz ain't about shit
I wonder if she meant it, I doubt it
the way it be in her mouth, she can't live witout it
and can't live with this, handle yo bidness
villain'll stay on a scandalous hoes shit list
one pack of cookies please Mr. Hooper
its fun smackin rookies, he is the "Super!"
look like a black wookie when he let his beard grow
weirdo, brown skin'ded always kept his hair low
rumor has it its a S-curl accident
DOOM was always known to keep the best girls backs bent
some say its the eyes, some say the accent
a lotta guys wonder where they stacks went
I call her thunder thighs, with the fatty swolla
only mess wit high rollas, do what daddy told her
no matter the city she with me to do the thang thang
work in the coochie, hooptie chitty chitty bang bang
same name on the titty as on the name ring
pretty like Baby D off "all in the same gang"
keep my eye on her really don't trust her
but I treat her like a daughter, taught her how to bust a nut
and the heat to turn beef to horsemeat chalupa
teach her how to hold it, of course he is the "Super!"
see most cats treat her like foofer
or beat her to a stupor, take it from the "Super!"
ya need to make her feel cuter
and lay down the G like Luther, everythin'll be "Super!"
do for her, keep her in a new fur
so she look sweet when she go to meet the "Super!"
got the buddha get the Grenadiers, twist it

put it in the air, come 'ere, kiss it
listen here scooter, let her try to bag you
when she's on the rag never let her fry the Ragu
which will have you under some type of spell crying "dag boo"
her name on ya back in her tattoo
whether a bourgie broad, nerd hoe, street chick
don't call her wifey if you met her at the freaknick
you don't want her don't waste her time, I'll dupe her
oh and be a father to ya child like the "Super!"
he keep his hoes in check
sends 'em out to get glows from off frozen necks
tell 'em take his clothes, leave him posin nekkid for real
better yet, get 'em for the check off the record deal
find out where he keep the tek an the blue steel
make sure for extra wreck let 'em know how you feel
and while he's runnin down to all star weekend to ball
I'm comin with the U-HAUL!(Super!)
(.Super!) (...Super!)

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