

Meat Grinder

Madvillain, Madlib & MF DOOM

Tripping off the beat kinda, dripping off the meat grinder
Heat niner, pimping, stripping, soft street minor
China was a neat signer, trouble with the script digits
Double dip, bubble lips, subtle lisp midget
Borderline schizo, sort of fine tits tho
Pour the wine hold the grind, quarter to nine, lets go
Ever since ten eleven, glad she met a brethren
Then his last style seven alligator, seven at the gates of heaven
Knocking, no answer, slow dancer
Hopeless romancer, dopest flow stanzas
Yes, no Villain, Metal Face the death stroke
Guest shows, still incredible in escrow
Just say hoe, I will taste the yayo
Wild West style fest, y'all best to lay low
Hey bro, Day Glo, set the bet, pay dough
Before the cheddar get away
You best to get Maaco
The worst haters God on perpetrated are favors
Demonstrated in the perforated Rod Lavers
In all quad flavors, large savers
Still back in the game like Jack Lalanne
think you know the name, don't rack your brain
on a fast track to half insane
Either in a slow beat or that of speed or wrath of Kane
Laughter, pain
Doom's songs lit, in the booth, with the best host
Doing bong hits, on the roof, in the west coast
He's at it again, mad at the pen
Glad that we win a tad fat in a bad hat for men
Grind the cinnamon, Manhattan warmongers
You can find the Villain in satin congas
The vans screeches, the old man preaches
About the gold sand beaches, the cold hand reaches
For the old tan ellese's
Jesus

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