

# Medieval

## Danger Mouse

Hark who goes there? The child of the light's been born  
Sit upon the throne, to get it on  
And only when I spit it on, I shit it on  
Call me the Duke of Verb, who's cute to girls  
But I'm not awaiting, 'cuz Rapunzel's hair needs braiding  
Fair maidens kneel when they feel the steel  
Hit them with the magic wand the wand is real  
And I'm hurling spells that I learned from Merlin  
Words made with gold, gimme limestone, silver  
Feel the build up on my enemy  
I spread across the nation, no taxation, without representation  
I'm the son of a king  
The son of a bitch, made some of us poor and some of us rich  
Cause some of us flow and some of us spit  
My first born son will be a son of a prince  
I'm a big, bad, bold, black son of a bitch  
Crusaders say they're comin' again  
We bury us somebody ya close ta, dare ya speak, that ain't with me  
So ya'll can come an get me, if you want me  
I got gators in the moat  
And a fire-breathing dragon behind the wall ready to get medieval

[Hook]

It's like we're going back to the (Medieval)  
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Medieval  
It's like we're going back to the (Medieval)

[Verse 2: The Pharcyde]

You need to toast Doysa with your best ale  
My music is my holy grail  
I got my mic from the lady in the lake  
The fake, get burned at the stake, until they're well done  
When titans clash, something is bound to happen  
Force you to run the gauntlet  
Suckers get thrown into the dungeon, for frontin'  
I'm your knight, what you're wanting in chromed out armour  
Defending the honour, of my lady in the tower  
My words are power  
Fall at the hammer of Thor  
Will you trap the microphone and trap door to stage floor  
With primitive weaponry lo' nigh;  
The foe's force is catapults and a whole lot of crossbows

[Verse 3: The Pharcyde]

Flaming arrows represent us  
Last stage of battle, and we rise out the dust  
We can figure we can conquer more territory  
Enemies get quartered  
Catapult the fucking hot oil as ordered  
It is my right because you really tattered  
Bordered my sacred Ground  
Sir Booty Brown knighted with the AKGs  
More to remains is what I leave behind me  
Run to the mission, claim sanctuary  
Grim gray remorse  
Brave men are scare-ry, like we going back to the

(Medieval)

[Hook]

[Verse 4: The Pharcyde]

It is I - Lord Friction

I'm on a rhyme crusade

Renaissance man with a tongue like a blade got guillotine chops

Lyrics spread through your crew like black plague and smallpox

Verbal warlock, cast a spell, make your whore hot

Uncomfortable like armour on a sore spot

I'm won't stop 'til I've won Camelot

At the helm of the round table, just a dialog

But I don't live no fable, keep leery of the snakes

Medieval (comin' shit straight medieval)

Your citadel is now under siege

We're torturing them whack MCs who underachieve and who don't believe

Suckers get thrown in to the moat

Cause all they want to do is floss around and gloat

Lower the drawbridge then release the hounds. (hounds)

We're comin' after y'all bitches, this is how we get down. (down)

Usually me and my men are a band of merry minstrels

Right now we're here to protect the crown from you clowns and fire-breathing heathens

And intruders and enemies of the empire

Doysa got the shit to set the world on fire

Lyrical jousting, we comin' in

Battering in with our verbal battering ram

Listen to the way, you don't know who the fuck I am?

Lord BEEP Doysa, a Pharcyde manner at your service

[Hook]