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]

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