

# A Dead Mouse

MF DOOM

Even then I had the uneasy feeling it wasn't young Viktor Vaughn who would need my protection

Motherfuckers, that's why I ain't playin with their ass, that's what's gon' happen to them niggas...

Motherfuckers done fucked up, man. Ain't it some shit like that?

Yo

I'm only rhyming where the drums is at

Y'all niggas think y'all slick with that bullshit bump that

Y'all pay V for flowin to the beat

Not for what he know that got hoes hoeing in the streets

That's for him to know

And for they to never find out

About the kidnap, blind fold, and the blind mouse

The coroner report say he simply signed out

OH and I know

Y'all wanna see a wino? Bring the wine out

Cat with a dead mouse is how he catch a phrase, and pause, plays with it

Kill it

And eat off it for days, get it!

Who ever ain't get it ain't supposed to

For standing still close to

Bandits will ghost you

No shoot, Sherlock

I don't know how they do on your block

Out here we rock on to the sure shot

Shit still ain't stop, keep it on 'til your peeps is gone

V be on the creep, no matter what you keep it on

CD debaah.... oh...

Aw-... Ya'll motherfuckers... PLAYIN.... motherfu-

V

Catch the beat too ridiculously

People think he study levitation's true mystery

Had a pal named Ed Leedskalnin until he got him for his sweet 16

He said Ed be Wilin'

Rumor has it things got violent

He clobbered him and broke the fuck out

But he ain't try to rob him

I told her don't tell your man. That's the trouble with these chicks

Next experiment:

Twelve strands from double helix

No I haven't seen Kes, Neelix

"Oh yeah?

Why don't you stay away from her with those lyrics"

Please

Ain't nobody fucking after her

I'm out of here as soon as I fix the flux capacitor

And OH, and speak to V in a proper manner

Before he stabs you and put out all types of propaganda

Stop the slander

Chop the hand of a thief

And cut the mouth off of who ever come out they teeth

V sell time to an inmate

And then tell him a rhyme for the hell of it to demonstrate  
They know who's the renown beat critic  
And do a street lyric like, "That's a neat trick!"  
Off on a tangent  
They ain't got a cent  
Supposed to went to management, and spent it getting bent  
Sparky, I had enough of your malarkey  
For one, don't mark me and who you calling Darkie?  
I had to take the nigga car key!