Accordion

MF DOOM

Living off borrowed time, the clock tick faster
That'd be the hour they knock the slick blaster
Dick Dastardly and Muttley with sick laughter
A gun fight and they come to cut the mixmaster
I-C-E cold, nice to be old
Y2G stee twice to threefold
He sold scrolls, lo and behold
Know who's the illest ever like the greatest story told
Keep your glory, gold and glitter
For half, half of his niggas'll take him out the picture
The other half is rich and it don't mean shit-ta
Villain: a mixture between both with a twist of liquor
Chase it with more beer, taste it like truth or dare
When he have the mic, it's like the place get like: "Aw, yeah!"
It's like they know what's 'bout to happen
Just keep ya eye out, like "Aye, aye, captain"
Is he still a fly guy clapping if nobody ain't hear it?
And can they testify from in the spirit? (Nah)
In living, the true gods
Giving y'all nothing but the lick like two broads
Got more lyrics than the church got "Ooh, Lord"s
And he hold the mic and your attention like two swords
Either that or either one with two blades on it
Hey you, don't touch the mic like it's AIDS on it (Yuck)
It's like the end to the means
Fucked type of message that sends to the fiends
That's why he bring his own needles
And get more cheese than Doritos, Cheetos or Fritos
Slip like Freudian
Your first and last step to playing yourself like accordion

When he at the mic, you don't go next
Leaving pussy cats like why hoes need Kotex
Exercise index, won't need Bowflex
And won't take the one with no skinny legs like Joe Tex

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