

# All Outta Ale

MF DOOM

Smack it up, flip it, pulled out, 'bout to fell  
Sunday in the ATL and I'm all outta ale  
Like a bat out of hell, tripped on a cat tail  
Mutt drinkin out a pail, who let the rat out the cell?  
Got all the ingredients and recipe, might as well  
Since last week, the bootlegger been in jail  
If all else fail, inhale the L  
Makin' sure they can't see your sale via snail mail  
Mind like a sewer, servin' rhyme on a skewer  
DOOM'll step to a fine dime like he knew her  
"My black sister!" She said, "Step back!" before he kissed her  
She did the dipper and the smack just missed her  
There go a list of politics like Henry Kissinger  
99% of rap's just a friendly listener  
I'm like, "These dudes must have some screws loose to hate y'all"  
Or a couple of ounces short of deuce-deuce or 8 Ball  
Y'all know it's time for the end when the day come  
Buy a album, get rudely insulted over fake drums  
Same CDs you get for free, you break 'em  
Wa-alaikum, make 'em eat they food like Steak-umm  
Why she wanna ask me if I could pass the paprika?  
One hand on the mic, the other on the beaker  
Every week or so, peeked out the lab though, eureka!  
A technique to keep somethin' uniquer in ya speaker  
For yo' information, I didn't do the beat, y'all  
It ain't my fault if she didn't move her feet at all  
Skeeter, robbed Peter to pay Paul  
So he could trick it on Mary so she can play ball

She better have my scrilla  
Cut it out with all that funny hand jive, will ya?  
All this trouble for a tall glass of Olde E  
Drink it all fast and make you haul ass slowly  
Remind me to remember what you told me  
Holy moly, did you get a load of her roly-poly?  
Yo, G, remind me to remember what you told me  
Whoever don't feel him, feel balls like a goalie

One for the money, two for the better green  
3,4-Methylenedioxymethamphetamine  
Told the knock-kneed ghetto queen, "Get the head fiend"  
Tell him it's for Medellin and use oxyacetylene  
Who needs airplay? It's all just hearsay  
Leave a wig like it was having a bad hair day  
Miracle glide master, asked him what's his secret  
He said Shasta and turned to formaldehyde faster  
When I'm home with my lady, I try to duke her daily  
One night, she tried to flail me with her ukulele  
Pack your heat, the Villain on the cover of Black Beat  
With a bunch of crackers and some snack meat

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