

BALLSKIN

MF DOOM

The flow is towin, precision as a afro trim
All big letters but it isn't no acronym
Smacked the thin grin off a chin for crack smokin
DDT the first bar, leave this track back broken
Chrome grown men doin business with anglo sax and them
Lackin swing but that banjo's so relaxin
As the wax spin
Hackin axes in the wind pretend it's just a pen
See if you could pencil em in
Tense, mention men their honor fenced in
Sensed it is tends
The wheels fall off, then it's the end
Don't get keelhauled in, Villain always been
Feel real genuine ballskin
Not to call the whole crowd out, it's just a few chumps
And you know who you are like a shout out
Place em in your loud mouth and taste em like a pastry
Waste of space, face hastily, bow out gracefully
Disappear, reappear, disappear again
Villain not is "hair", he's no Afro-American
If that's the case, he be a bald-headed African
Takin all the credit and jettied, astro-travellin
Turn the man into a mannequin for Affleck-in
And bein tough actin, tinactin bluff jackin
He's wears a mask so when he dawns his face
Each and every race, could absorb the bass
In the place to be
Don't believe the hyperbole
It's like a murder spree, get sniped verbally
Beat in the head with lead pipe languages
For street cred, leave em for dead, in anguishness
The slang suggest it was the guy in the glasses
And came to help the people with they minds in they a*s
And set trippin, get a grip like Spaulding
These walls is thin, feel genuine ballskin