

Banished

MF DOOM

Villain got banished
Refused out the U.S., he ain't even Spanish
Oaxacado, sock with the hole toe
Miss the mean streets of LA, a pot hole pro
The goal though in the nick of time
To kick a slicker rhyme, do your face like Nickey the Line
No, not deported
Be a little minute before things get sorted
Known to get money, never got caught kid
Escape with a soft skid, short bid
Knock on wood, dope on plastic
Rocks so hood, hope on spastic
Putting on the ritz
Put your bullshit facial recognition on fritz
I'm afraid you're sadly mistaken
Paid to spit it like a bad piece of bacon
Take the bread
Even if you gotta lay down on the ground and fake dead
Grab that, way out the habitat
Where the rabbits is at, far from the lab rats
Man's right to know
Contemplate that as these hands write to flow
It ain't done yet
He let you know some of the results come sunset
Till then pack your bowl
Jack into your crack ho with black soul coal
Tune the diamond
Just so you know it ain't some buffoon rhymin'
Hey, watch your tonsils
End up in the hospital, not responsible
Bust that gizzard
Then start to think how it ain't worth the risk - is it?
Third degree black belt flow
Whip his monkey ass till the track felt slow
Melt snow, now that's gold
Blow on 'em, make fronts, wow that's cold
Stole'ded 'em, throws them dice
Cool 'em down, set to mo' flow with ice
Like liquid nitrogen ain't no wins
Macro- to micro-thin, it's your skin
Villain strikes again
Equivalent a hundred thousand milligram Vicodin
Not for nuttin', your guess is worth more
Barefoot doin' the James on a dirt floor
Dirt poor
Like, "Don't get your shirt tore, boy"
Crown of thorns, his chain made of razorblades
Gown adorned, homemade blazer suede
Bout to retire
Set up somewhere in the sun and breathe fire
That include tipsy getting
We get it in like your Big Fat Gypsy Wedding
No more thugging
And don't think you won't get slapped kid, you're bugging
It's all love, rhyme with more dough
Remind me of the fine-wine, time-raw flow
It's like a worn-in suit

On his shoot, morning commute, torn boot
What a gnarly scene
Publicity stunt, get paid on some Charlie Sheen
Some Monsanto or barley bean
And have a meeting-up with multiple-party machine
Watch DOOM's laser
Graze you more worse than an Occam's razor
Not to interrupt
But anybody else notice time speeding up?
Make your local police worried monthly
And won't be nowhere nears your country
Grown and got no time for 'em
Lap songs, belly tunes, nylons or iPhone
Bitches do a knock-knee, slack jaw
Don't speak Afrikaans, cockney, or patois
Alhamdulillah, last off the corner
Only thing he miss is blastin' off a warner
Supervillain, smooth sicko
Why oh why did I leave that booth Klitschko?
That's not up for debate
Be straighter than straight off a big gulp of V8
If she wasn't so bent
She'd know how the camel got his nose in the tent
Please, enough's enough
Don't get snuffed with the key to the cuffs
G's on your bluffs
Keys to the cuffs

Please, enough's enough!