

His name's, DOOM
They wonder just who is he
But don't worry
Believe me he'll get busy
When it comes to
Poetry he's got plenty

Jump 'em in like jump rope, double dutch
Then turn on the mic with a thumb stroke, subtle touch
Cuddle clutch, is this thing on?
Like the fling with Mrs. King Kong, this spring gone?
Sing a song of slaphappy crappiness
He came to blow like it was strapped to his nappy chest
Surely I jest, the best on a wireless mic
Not an eye test, yet I di-gress
But why stress? Try and remember when
Maybe bit the tender skin-ned babysitter Gwendolyn
The type to hit and run and go tell a friend
Word to El Muerto cucaracha exoskeleton
He know, flow like interstellar wind
Tow a rap djinn by his toe into hell again
(ahem) One two, check me too
Loose wreck see through your goose-neck EQ

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Ay! If I may interject
Rap these days is like a pain up in the neck
Cornier and phonier than a play fight
Take two of these and don't phone me on the late night
The beat won't fail me
With more rhymes than times he washed his hands and feet daily
And all that kerosene ain't cheap
Villain been deep since a teenage creep
Peep - he always was a gentleman
And kept the pen and a pencil in his mental den
Right there next to where the Rolodex was
Before it turned up all burnt by his solar plexus
He don't know his own strength
When he's on the bone it's like the microphone's length
And width, ain't it funky like dingy socks?
Feel the full effect off cassette in your Benzie Box

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