

Dead Bent

MF DOOM

Goddamn it
Super motherfucking villain goddamn it
About to get these millions, stacks and shit
Yo, his dip tried to tell him
Ooh, you're like the sun
Chasing all of the rain away
When you come around, you bring brighter days
She told him
You're the perfect one
For me and you forever will be
He told her
I will rock this microphone... always!

I hold the mic, like niggas hold their girls tight
But I ain't after her, probably your Acura pearl white
The hooker? Nah, as many times as I done hit it
To be specific more times than dimes in a briz-nick
When you broke North, I crashed the barbecue like Riddick
At the Garden, true, that's the God in me, pardon you
Jeepers! I was tore back, the ho gained access to my beeper
Called back my secretary gatekeeper
Like I ain't peep her, I said, "Darling you was stupid though
You know the Super Villain, (He is a super) ho"

I had this style ever since I was a child
I got this other style I ain't flip in a while, it goes
Pure scientific intelligence, with one point of relevance
Emcees whose styles need Velamints
And once the smoke clear, tell 'em it's
The Super motherfucking Villain, nigga came through raw like the elements
On 99 plus one of them
And with a flow to pull a fraud nigga file from out in front of him
When we with y'all, we had tons of fun
Me and my duns and them
Actual true and living sons of them
Dead planets and God-U's
Throwing divine rules to come through, we will over charge you's
Fool, and won't feel remorse for shit
Except for one time, once I had took my fronts out and lost them shits
Scientific going berserk like Red Alert
I really went to pick up wiznork for cheddar dirt
To fund these experiments is where I went
Obviously dead bent, and spent every red cent
To rule you, and still drop more jewels than schools do
Or even TV news that's designed to fool you (who?)
Yeah you, who hear the most grimy suggestions
From brothers with fly names and I.D. questions
That's a Secret like Victoria teddy sets that's edible
Them's not ready yet for the incredible
Team of MC's who broke all fakes
Who thought they were slaughter proof

Stomping through like North Face waterproof
Tat-tat, that's the end of that
After hit the bar where baby girl bartender at
I told her more wine, mingling with no single mentions of
Stay tuned for more spine tingling adventures of...