

Fall Back / Titty Fat

MF DOOM

MC's fall back

Cause Vik in your ear with the whole ball of wax
Call or fax for the freshest rhyme delivery
Or takeout, for the fake-you-out ballers in the industry
Boss with the Lee jeans, bad man, you know V
They say he's a cross between Adnan Khashoggi
And Sho Kosugi, he said your chain is sure dookie
The piece is like a mystery entity, eugh, spooky
What's its worth? A gun or a knife slice
Catch a bus once or twice or run for your life price
An arm and a leg, the led is ghetto red hot
Calm 'til we fled the spot or leg arm head shot

You on the battlefield with lyrical militants
He know he's feelin' bent when he see lil' pink elephants
Never forget to memorize the elements
Keep the mic sterilized, terrorize with eloquence
And mellow eyelids, tell no lies, kids
To these guys askin' what's the shelltoe size is
Shields up dum dum, where we come from
We thump it out for fun, and that's no conundrum
Pick a bone goon, it's V with the sicker known showtunes
On a full moon, lick your own wounds
Lighten up the stratosphere, shootin'
Slugs is nameless, aim caressin' Vladimir Putin
His matted hair was too thin to cut into a gumby
Nuttin' to V, he feel his bum knee
It's about to rain, there goes my two-way
Out of range, it's a strange new day, touche
It's all good like down home cookin'
He left with the crown on his dome and kept bookin'
His men run Crooklyn
Keep 1 in 10 hons hookin', no offense, none taken
It's more funner than lookin'
The pound of the war drum had your poor son shaken'
Sometimes he feel he need to stop juxin'
Then he say "NAH" with a real sly crook grin
Vik's style of rhyme will bug out Joe Sixpack
Slick while all the time he dug out yo' chick's back
She wore a thong in her youth
These days she's a bit long in the tooth

Just chewin' on the titty fat
Pursuin' the kitty cat, droolin' on her pretty hat
Playing pool and pitty pat, stay in school
Kiddies, brats, instead of spraying tools and shitty gats
Layin' cool, where they at?
Same jewels as silly rats rulin' with gritty stacks
Coolin' where the cliques be at
It's no time for chitty chat, fool V pity that
Follow your instincts
I told her time and time again not to swallow pink drinks
I guess it's just how the hollow link clinks
V, the fink who made the chink in the mink wink
They say he need a shrink
On the brink to pipe it when her sink made a pinky stink
Instead he asked her for some paper and some ink

Coulda flipped it longer 'cept the beat was rather rinky-dink
Still workin' out the kinks
Everytime he thinks his third eye blinks
It must be in your blood like zinc
Glassy-eyed V put your CD on jinx