

G.M.C.

MF DOOM

Party people know the name, Vik with a "k"
If it's all the same, if it ain't don't bother
Told the little monster, "No I ain't yo' father
It's Uncle Viktor, shut the lights I'm gettin' dizzy
And close the door, can you see ya momma busy?"
What a scoundrel!
Gassed up the town fool to go rob the crown jewel
He's like a lego megalomaniac
Who's into electronic and techno, a real brainiac
Smack-dab in the hip hop gold rush
V, rather the old stuff
Preferably the Cold Crush
It gets deeper than Deepak Chopra
Except he keep a stack and some cheap ass vodka
Knee-cap poppa, only when he miss the chewy center
At least he always hits who he meant ta
Remember he got a short fuse and bad temper
And a plan to claim emperor by December
Member of the most player-hated race
Who made this invaded place and stated with a straight face
If I cut her off I might miss her
And one of these days, right in the kisser
She probably get mad at me, I bet ya
It gets her nowhere like flattery
She said, "Where were you last Saturday?"
And don't lie, we got your fingerprints off the battery"
Don't make me have to bling you
Or see you in the street and doubleteam you with the emu
He told her, "When the gem paper tear off[?]
It'll probably tear her ear off before y'all even square off"
No good good-for-nothin
Kill her high for no frill like 'Good Will Huntin'
He feels out a place like bizarro
Fiesty chick, comes all out her face like Charro
It's Vaughn, he's back on
And you know he don't care like Jimmy Crackcorn
Wax off, wax on
Tried to raise taxes on cracks and black porn
Another year passes
Gone are the days when he used to wear glasses
Now he wear contacts, unfrozen caveman look over the contracts
These crews is too soft
He came to tear the roof off to get paid to goof off
They don't really wanna battle
All they gon' do is get mad and go tattle
Tell 'em a retard said it
He ripped up the WE CARD sign and jetted
You gotta give us three card credit
Even though at times he can be hard-headed
Yeah, the main thing, creams by all means and harebrained schemes
The lord's performance was flawless
He rocked with a crown and a Bobby Brown cordless
The broad he was with was gorgeous
The only flaw he saw was she cause a nigga more stress
Not trying to diss her
But I used to know this sister that could put a whole fist in her
Hell, I made it momma

Grammy for the world's most celebrated rhymer
Dead the drama, scama[?], 4 G's of pizzy from Bahama
V, the lead brown man
And never count your chickens before you read SoundScan
What about mom and pops?
They might as well cooperate and wait 'til the bomb drop
Get more cabbage, often time he wonder how they get so savage
V, not your average, often time he wonder how they got so savage