Guv'nor

MF DOOM

Catch a throatful
From the fire vocaled
Ash and molten glass like
Eyjafjallajökull
The volcano out of Iceland
He'll conquer and destroy the rap world like the white men
Learnt from a pro as a mentor
Started with a bird nest and burnt it to a cinder
That'll get the party kicking
Plus your little charred body is smoldered like chicken
As the dollar continues to lose momentum
He need land from murdered indians that represent 'em
Gold is up, urging all thugs
Trade your chains for cash and splurge it on drugs
Or a more secure investment:
Food or water
A couple of gallons for your cutest daughter
And thank him as a Yankee fellow southerner
Don't forget the general rank, 'ello guv'nor

Vocals spill over like the rolling hills of Dover
Or the Gulf Oil Disaster if preferred you're after
Depends on your status or your stature
Whether you benefit from the prior or the later-er
Get the fatter check split
How much for 100,000 tons of correct shit
Sell a Chinese half-priced seafood
Price is like a real nice street dude
Who can knock the most dead birds out the sky
And then spread a lie
And then say he know why
I bet
Get the machine, blame it on the fireworks
Cleanup, y'all know when to send the wire, jerks!
Black teeth still snack on sweets
And get stacks with the qui mon qui
They use to sell CD's
Now they got fake weed
Seeds burning trees like potpourri
Buyer beware
Had to tell this one liar "sire be fair"
At least untie her hair from the chair while I'm there
I hate playing loving her, JJ for Governor

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