

Hoe Cakes

MF DOOM

Keep your hoes in check

Super

I got this girl and she wants me to duke her

I told her I'd come scoop her around eight, she said, "Super"

That sounds great, shorty girl's a trooper

No matter what I need her to do, she be like, "Super?"

Own his own throne, the boss like King Koopa

On the microphone he flossed the ring, super

Average emcees is like a TV blooper

MF Doom, he's like D.B. Cooper

Out with the moolah, I let her get a outfit

Just to cool her off, she said, "Niggaz ain't about shit?"

I wonder if she meant it, I doubt it

The way it be in her mouth, she can't live without it

And can't live with this, handle your business

Villain'll stay on a scandalous hoes shit list

One pack of cookies please, Mr. Hooper

It's fun smackin' rookies, he is the super

Look like a black wookie when he let his beard grow

Weirdo, brown, skinned and always kept his hair low

Rumors has it, it's a S-curl accident

Doom was always known to keep the best girls' backs bent

Some say it's the eyes, some say the accent

A lotta guys wonder where they stacks went

I call her thunder thighs with the fatty swolla

Only mess with high rollers, do what daddy told her

No matter the city, she want me to do the thang, thang

Work in the coochie, hooptie, chitty, chitty, bang, bang

Same name on the titty as on the name ring

Pretty like Baby D of 'All In The Same Gang'

Keep my eye on her, really don't trust her

But I treat her like a daughter, taught her how to bust a nut

And the heat to turn beef to horsemeat, chalupa

Teach her how to hold it, of course he is the super

See most cats treat her like foofer

Or beat her to a stupor, take it from the super

You need to make her feel cuter

And lay down the G like Luther, everything will be super

Do for her, keep her in a new fur

So she look sweet when she go to meet the super

Got the buddha, get the Grenadiers, twist it

Put it in the air, come here, kiss it

Listen here, scooter, let her try to bag you

When she's on the rag never let her fry the Ragu

Which will have you under some type of spell, crying, "Dag boo?"

Her name on your back in her tattoo

Whether a bourgie broad, nerd hoe, street chick

Don't call her wifey if you met her at the freaknick

You don't want her, don't waste her time, I'll dupe her

And be a father to your child like the super

He keep his hoes in check

Sends 'em out to get glows from off frozen necks

Tell 'em take his clothes, leave him posin' nekkid for real

Better yet, get 'em for the check off the record deal

Find out where he keep the tek and the blue steel
Make sure for extra wreck, let 'em know how you feel
And while he's runnin down to All-Star Weekend to ball
I'm comin with the you-haul, super
Super, super