

# Modern Day Mugging

MF DOOM

He used to get straight A's  
Nowadays get way paid is the pet phrase  
Set the stage, preferably night time  
Daylight reserved for research and writin' rhymes  
Things is harder than the tarnish on the garnets  
In his gold teeth to eat, goshdarn it V hold heat  
Goin' all out to the fullest, all dipped  
Chrome four-fiddith, no bullets no clip  
Black electric tape over the hole in the handle  
If you hold it right and hit 'em with it they can't tell  
But still, you gotta be careful  
Dudes be so scared they cop pleas by the ear-full  
V's personal fave is "Please dont kill me"  
Empty out your pockets and he probably won't, willy  
But if you don't hurry up and shut up, I'll kill ya  
So lay down and count to a hundred loud will ya?  
When the nickle gleam like its greased up  
Thugs turn to icicles, hard rocks freeze up  
This could all be a distraction just to buy time to blast you  
So keep something to cut in case you has to  
If he was on the island he'd probably rob a millionaire  
And be known for wilin' out like Bob Dylan's hair  
These clever war tips  
You won't get from cats who never wore skips  
Now lets get down to brass tacks  
Follow procedure and count stacks like nasdaq  
Don't be caught snoozin  
In the early morning hours from a long night of boozing  
Stick 'em up chump, you know what this is  
Do the right thing you might live to see your kids  
All he said was "c'mon don't shoot!"  
So shook I think he shit his Sean John suit  
Why you starin'? run your chain like an errand  
And your girls earrings, and what you wearin'  
Survival tactics for when things get too gritty  
He feels its his duty to the people of the city  
Just so long as nobody get hurt  
It keep your average civilian on point and alert  
And don't forget to check her d-cup  
Now I bust how he got this duck for his re-up  
Then he's back on the bricks, smokin indo'  
Never let a handy fiend fix your broken window  
Oh, who wanna hate the witty lurker  
Who follow y'all on the late, dressed like a city worker  
Ok miss, come up off that bracelet  
Just got your hair did don't make me waste it  
So, go to hades get the devil for his stash  
But no old ladies unless you're sure they carry mad cash  
Like the one from the liquor store  
He watched her for weeks now, ready for the quick score  
Before he told her whore get on the floor  
She pulled out and let off like Quick Draw McGraw  
Damn yo, he lucky, she barely nicked the camo  
He would've let her have it, if he had the ammo  
Its all in good fun, true  
Moral of the story son duke  
Senior citizens will bust their guns too!