Mr. Clean

MF DOOM

Study your history –
Whoever don't? I pity-the-fool like Mr. T
Knowledge: this degree, it ain't no mystery
"What you gon' do" or "what you know" is what is to see
And that's more than meets the eyeball
Now who wants to buy a brand new tsetse fly call?
Alright y'all (zooom), the speed was break-neck
Faster than the hi-speed, dual cassette tape deck
(How far?) The distance was light-speed
He went to see a buddy who said he had some white weed
In case it might need, it didn't mean much
For in his lean clutch was the elusive green Dutch

Who that? Kinga, Vaughn's younger brother
A real live swinger who rock Louis Vuitton pleather
And he walk around like he think he king
Even made the hood-rats stop to kiss his pinky ring
Like a soup sandwich on a hand dish
Some say his language is way too outlandish
He did his thing, spoke in a jig slang
And translate Einstein's theory of the Big Bang
He told his boo: "Boo, I put a spell on you
Stay with me, whether we broke or we well-to-do
If it don't work, the hell with 'cha
May the doorknob hit 'cha where the poor slob bit 'cha"

What you thought ya' darn skeezer?
The G of a mack and the steez of a geezer
True man of leisure, she must've caught amnesia
Paid off the 8th grade fade or a Caesar
He was known for his thick skin
Part Zimbabwean and part Trini mixed in
Big shot, sold a guy a pound of pig snot
Said it was proven to remove stains and ink spots
Kinky flow, dripped down her leg to her pinky toe
Chinky ho, who don't know as much as she think she know
One wink she stepped to him like a Slinky, yo'
Wig like a mink skin, soft like Twinkie dough
Then he kissed the queen, and told her she need Listerine
Twist the green, it's laced with antihistamine
Enough to make you make your face up like Mr. Bean
V hit the scene like: "Fuck it, give me a Mr. Clean"

Shit, tired of all this...
It's too hot out here, to be having all this shit, man
Shit, take it off...
Take it all off, boss...
No matter what the cost

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