Never Dead

MF DOOM

Curt Strifer
The loon goon with the tunes in his tomb
Hotter than June
Since had a twisted crib into he fumes
Kids trip on his broom
Press twills for schills, shag with the half moon
Cab to the school, straight to the bathroom
To take a piss then help the teacher
With the creatures that inflated from the ethers
And it's waitin in the beakers the bite on teen features
The preachers come with sermons and parents pack bleachers
Yo, it's done Mr. Kim, I shrunk 'em down to ticks
Just hit me at noon with sixty dollars and two knicks
I gotta split, yo va, ah I'll kicks
What's the shit, black? yo, how you nukin?

Reactin with the core breach spewin, ya darn tootin
Right after this rec you might expect lootin
Nasty drop the rhyme like lime then tequilla
Flippin like optimus prime to a ten wheeler
V set the scheme on his own team like Starscream
Then go hit the bar scene all like 'na mean?'
Go to school every day, except for when he play hookey
That's the days he play bookey
If I don't study I'm a cheat off Peter Parker
Keep a liter of vodka inside my locker
Use it like a book on the grey goose scenario
Play you like a stereo hey you, where he go?
I'm bout to blow one of y'all monkeys out the frame
Whoever gypped my locker and took my Donkey Kong Game
& Watch, don't even try to put it back so I can find I later
Word to Koch, it's Vaughn against the ninth graders

Haters, you fuckin with cats who's heads are sharp as alligators
Pull out the ox cutter, dig in then I mutter, I stutter what I utter
Then check in your little cash flow or give my nigga back his Hasbro
I catch ya, stab slow and that's woh
Shorty with the big talk, you gotta go. swing on the drip to leave scars
Blood spattered on his fat laced abdul jabbars
Now we're gettin chased through school with jars
Principal jumped up with his dick in the mouth of Ms. Mars
Picked up the tele, sweatin for some squad cars
Cats tried to cut us off by the garage
But V pulled out the nicky yelled 'life's chance is slim' like Lionel Richie

There's no finer sound then when you let off a nine round
Before the slug find the ground V be in Chinatown
Uh, give me a slew of m-80's
A carton of those hick chasers, and two of them ladies
It's like the hood black market
Where you get goods for gats to put in packed chocolate
To your health, we rock Chinese strippers
Me and King Gilizwe and two guyanese strippers
On the radio, "Mack the Knife"
I watched him freeze roaches and bring 'em straight back to life
He used a different approach than I ever read
The only thing he ever said was 'the roach is never dead'

We studied transfigurations and different ways
To break the trance off the nigga nations
It's even bigger with the Haitians, no time for litigations

And that was science for the head, so we did the knowledge and sped to the s
hed
Mixin dog bone with egg
It says 'add body hair?,
The heart of a hen, a fig, lay it under the bed will turn back time'
And that's just what we did
Next day walked in the school from the crib laughin, yo limpin like a cane
And as a pass V
Yo c, you see I got my game, right?

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