

Notebook 03

MF DOOM

DOOM get rude with the dude off CHiPs
The mood switch, he chewed off strips of a Broodwich
Danger make a groove off a glitch
Major boo booty twitch and a crew rich bitch
Always wanted to say that
Ever since the days of hallways taunting a stray cat
The one he often frequently slapped around
All the while waited and graduated cap and gown
Hated the rap sound, debated the crap
Until he felt he had it mapped down
Enough to have the game trapped and bound
Scratched in the crown was the names of lames who yapped a noun
Or verb for that matter
Had no data for a herb who chat chatter
Oh, Erik Estrada
Fat rat, the mask made 'em batty as a mad hatter

Known for his absurd word choices
And will ignore you if you ask him if he heard voices
Look, the energy is crazy
Far as he was concerned the enemy was lazy
Ahem, your attention please
Freeze, he came to seize the free cheese
Before he flees to Belize
In case he forgot to mention, squeeze these
Just keep it on a need to know basis
They knew he was a negro so no need to show faces
Back in the days of no laces
On a slow pace they used to say he might could go places
Ehh, whatever their case is
The card he played was ace of spades, but no races
A spastic, some called loony
When he spit a tune sarcastic as Paul Mooney