

## 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