# Old School

**MF DOOM**

One two three, in the place to be!
MF Doom, Talib Kweli, ah here we go
On born days, I used to blow out the candles; and every Saturday
Watch cartoons 'til noon and then I'd switch to Ralph McDaniels
I was, makin up a miracle flow, over a cereal bowl
And a porous beat from my stereo
Rhymes stronger than Popeye with the spinach
Yeah I'm gangster like the frog on Courageous Cat and Minute Mouse
Maybe I'm trippin and it's just a cartoon to you
But I got chills when I heard how Doom flipped the Scooby Doo
And, I might be buggin but it seem to me
That cartoons be realer than reality TV
They inspire my decision to be open and listen
But folks got it all twisted, like a yoga position
Like, in order to spit it dope, you gotta have a criminal past
That's similar to the cast of Different Strokes
Me and my people break bread, sit and smoke
The conversation rich, but that depend on what you consider broke
I draw on anything for inspiration
A fond memory, a piece of paper, walls in a train station

It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over soul loop
s like that
It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over soul loop
s like that
(I'm old school y'all, yes y'all, I keep it goin y'all, here we go)
It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over soul loop
s like that
(I'm old school y'all, keep it goin y'all, keep it goin y'all)
It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over soul loop
s like that
(Ah here we go, c'mon)

And we'll be right back after these messages
Fellas grab your nutsacks, chicks squeeze your breastesses
We ain't all that grown, it's still funny like
Goin to the store on your own with rainbow money
Since then had an insane flow sonny
Walkin to the corner rhymin in the rain, nose runny
Breakdancin maybe ten, bummy
Is when Subroc would run up handspring Arabian somee!
Ooh wee, like a Hong Kong Phooey kick
Or a weekend afternoon, karate movie flick
Slept good, no justice, no peace
Woody kept it hoody, never discussed it with police
Shot the fair one nobody ran to get the gat
Or felt they had to put it up in they raps to set it fat
And since when lyrical skills had to do with killin a cat?
What type of chitlins is that?
The Super Villain has the bad hydroponics
Whoever willin to ride, provide raw chronic

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!