

Open Mic Nite, Pt. 1

MF DOOM

Wow, wow, hey, yeah, alright, man, that was great. BYE! Get the fuck out of here. That was nice. Cut his mic off, thank you. I am back, I am your host, little Willie B, representing the hood, God damn it. A little fat nigga who got money, so fuck you! Up next, we got the open mic poetry event, the fifteenth annual, sponsored by motherfucking Valentine, Cross Country Clothing, and a lot of wack shit that the hood will not wear anymore. We got my man up first. His name is Sambuca. Give it up for Sambuca, y'all, come on! The mic is here, stupid! Come here Sambuca

This is the tone
The tone that I speak
The voice
The unheard voice of my people
Black
White
People
Purple
Yellow
Where do we stand
Or does it matter
Everyone we all, we all live the same pain of ignorance together
And all have been lost
And at the end we all need each other (that's what I'm talking about)
And that is how it is
Everything goes in a circle
So who are you to judge in whom's who?
And who the hell is who?

Yeah, alright, right, cut, cut his mic, cut his mic. Yeah, yeah, yeah, that was nice, brother. Alright, we got my man right here coming up on the micophone. His name is Dr. Moreau!

Yo
Inebriated, packing a tool
Spin Doc Moreau, international
Svengali flew into county, jacking a fool vict'
Watch the sack, harass shit, meet his DOOM
Fake coward just stays in homeroom, in the back of the school Cold War veteran, Iron Curtain
Over-the-wall defector, authentic aeronautic agility
To avoid the enemy motion detectors
On the other side of fear is freedom
Charismatic persona made conspicuous
By his absence, spoke French fluently with a high-pitched German accent
"Sont les mots qui vont très bien ensemble."
Answer the pop reverence with plain slanguage, mix it with Pig Latin
Push the sizzle, my crizzle organic perfecters kind of like
Ma\$e and Macy Gray, sounding a little retarded but still infectious
Favorite pastime: attacking the righteously impaired
Attach his back to a lithium battery, juicing him up, keeping him fat
Between delusions of grandeur and his own feelings of inadequacy
Exposing the proletariat hordes who roll with more
Funny style Brothers than the Wayans. Irresistible force
Immovable object communicating with prophets and original natives
South American Mayans who utilize ancient secret
Ether breathing techniques to raise their ki like Super Saiyans
These are trained guerrillas not found in the circus but every

Occupation from aviation to cocaine dealers, descended from
Scriptures, Biblical, critically acclaimed thrillers
Known to sniff codeine, desensitized to errything
Stay addicted to painkillers, professional brain-spillers

[Willie B:] Aw shit! You know it's on! We got my man without the encyclopedi
a! His name is Louis Logic! Holla!

[Louis Logic:] Come on! Come on! Yeah, yeah, check, check, yo

I used to be
A loudmouth back before I turned into a loud jerk
Crowd-surfing into chicks with big tits mouth-first
I've been looking down shirts since I was young
Prince of the drunk, swimming in drums of cinnamon rum (Woohoo!)
Isn't it fun when you piss on a punk in a contest
That isn't supposed to elevate beyond threats?
Y'all bitches just come to measure dicks? Fuck all of that
Nonsense. I already got stoned, I'm getting sticks
If names don't hurt you, I may just murk you
Slay the first dude out too late for curfew
And in case you heard Lou's a bad sport, you'll get
A crash course in getting your ass kicked if you ask for it
How about a passport to a nice, little place
The landlord describes as a boot right in your face?
Fuck the games. I won't just smudge your name. I'll
Feed you your own nuts today if you like bitter taste