

Potholderz

MF DOOM

(Hot shit) (Aww shit)...

I strive to be humble, lest I stumble
Never sold a jumbo or copped chicken with its mumbo sauce
Tyson is a fowl holocaust
Hitler gassed your whole head up with poultry, I'm fed up
Ignore cordon bleu, stand up, get up
Lunge for your knife, don't forget your potholders
(Hot shit)

What, these old things?
About to throw them away
With the gold rings that make 'em don't fit like OJ
Usually I take them off with Oil of Olay
MCs is crabs in a barrel, pass the Old Bay
Hot as hell and it's a cold day, innit?
Working on a way that we can roll away tinted
Some say the price of holding heat is often too high
You either be in a coffin or you be the new guy
The one that's too fly to eat shoo pie, (Never too busy)
Never too busy when it comes down to you and I
Swear to God
A lot of niggas wish to die
They need to hold they horses, there's bigger fish to fry
You're on the list, if not pick a number spot
Ten and a half Timbs is made to kick your bumba claat
Coulda had a V-8
F-150 quad cab but I'll be straight
Money comes and goes like that two bit hussy that night that tried to rush me
Dwight, pass the dutchie
So I can calm down so they don't get it twisted
Take it from the fire side, it won't get blistered
Got it, what happened
Oh, it's not lit
These metal fingers be holding (hot shit)

When I was four, I penned "God Was Born In New York"
Back in '77, still got nan in the crescent
The effervescence of God's presence is thick
Unlike vapor, Esther Rolle, extra raw, word to the baker
Peace to the hard workin' gingerbread makers
Looked her up and down said, 'hmmmm, too much makeup'
Poor music taste, ten years from being grown up
Rappers don't blow up heads do (Aww shit)
My name is Dwight Spitz, I'mma Sonic addict
I use to think it was merely a nagging habit
Born under a bad sign
I'm serious about this curse of mine
I strive to flip it into fine wine
Barely born a Virgo is what the stars said
Black not white, red all over though like Elmo
Twenty-eight years have passed I feel I'm peaking
I make music every weekend
It's a chore, a fact of life
A labor of love
I get mad love but I detest the labor

And it's wages, you know death
I'm servin' life on this gift of God
Don't forget your potholders my niggas

(More hot shit)