

# Rhinestone Cowboy

MF DOOM

Hold the cold one like he hold a old gun  
Like he hold the microphone and stole the show for fun  
Or a foe for ransom, flows is handsome  
O's in tandem, anthem, random, tantrum  
Phantom of the Grand Ole Opry ask the dumb hottie  
Masked pump shotty, somebody stop me  
Hardly come sloppy on a retarded hard copy  
After rockin' parties he departed in a jalopy  
Watch the drotop papi  
Known as the grimy limey, slimy - try me, blimey  
Simply smashing in a fashion that's timely  
Madvillain dashing in a beat-rhyme crime spree  
We rock the house like rock 'n roll  
Got more soul than a sock with a hole  
Set the stage with a goal  
To have the game locked in a cage getting shocked with a pole  
Overthrow 'em like throwing rover a biscuit  
A lot of bitches think he's overly chauvinistic  
Let go his dick if that's the case  
Rats, what a waste there's more cats to chase  
Dogs, he got it like new powers  
Woke up, wrote and spit the shit in a few hours  
Sheesh! Been unleashed since the glee club  
Had your fam saying, "Please make me a dub"  
Well, since you ask kindly  
Where he been behind the mask, who can't find me?  
You're blind  
In the wine zone leave ya mind blown  
When he shine with the 9, he's a rhinestone... cowboy

No no no no enough

Goony goo goo loony cuckoo like Gary Gnu off New Zoo Revue  
But who knew the mask had a loose screw?  
Hell, could hardly tell  
Had to tighten it up like the Dreells and Archie Bell  
It speaks well of the hyper base  
Wasn't even tweaked and it leaked into cyberspace  
Couldn't wait for the snipes to place  
At least a track list in bold print typeface  
Stopped for a year  
Come back with thumb tacks, pop full of beer  
We're hip hop sharecroppers  
Used to wear flip flops, now rare gear coppers  
He's in this for the quiche  
You might as well not ask him for no free shit, capiche?  
Oh, my aching hands  
From raking in grands and breaking in mic stands  
Villain-his smile stuns ya chick  
While he put himself in your shoes run ya kicks  
You heard it on the radio, tape it  
Play it in your stereo, your crew'll go apeshit  
Raw lyrics-he smells 'em like a hunch  
The same intuition that tells him "spike the punch"  
Curses, we's truly the worstest  
With enough rhymes to spread throughout the boundless universes  
Let the beat blast, she told him wear the mask

He said you bet your sweet ass  
It's made of fine chrome alloy  
Find him on the grind, he's the rhinestone cowboy