

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 droptop 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 Drells 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