Saliva

MF DOOM

Great balls of fire
Guess who just crawled out the muck or mire
That could make you trust a motherfuckin liar
A real shuck n' jiver
Vaughn never been a duck n' diver
He spit on the mic, yuck, saliva
Hold it like a drunk driver hold a CB on a sharp turn
Still clutchin' his chest from the heartburn
What's your handle? I need a Zantac, ock
And thanks before I blank into anyphylactic shock
Rock the disco
Chocolate on a crisco ho
Cock diesel
And still tell a joke like Joe Piscopo
Tell em the basics
Basically, break the Matrix
And just for kicks, make em gel like Asics
That's why they actin standoffish
Eat the beat by hand like canned raw crawfish
Can you please pass the cocktail sauce?
You might as well know, hell is hot as hell boss
Tell my horse
He said broads call me Vaughny
I make sure I throws em back if they's too scrawny
Or boney, phony MCs use a stand-in
Leave him hangin like if I ain't know where his hands been
Hussy, how bout we bloody up your just for me
Bust a knee
Then go finish study, a plush degree
True victory, a new sick story
I never met a chick that was too thick for me
Holy Moses, my old earth know me closest
On how I played the back and stayed bent like scoliosis
It's no puzzle
You can ask Doc Zizmor
The slow guzzle got your nizzle crooked like Biz's jaw
Drink like a fishy, she wish she was a Pisces
Live since back when 25 cents Icees
Used to turn your tongue the color red
Now they want to fill ya full of lead
What the fuck that young fella said?
What kid?
It's Vaughn the red blooded
Do yourself a favor or come on, get head butted
Yoke him if he run
I'll be there in a jiffy son
With the flame suppressor like off the 151
Quit your bitchin, or get *BLAUW* in your babble-box
Punishment for drysnitchin', so now eat this Travel Fox
You'll be aight once it pass through your yellow belly
Only thing he said was can you please pass the jelly
Homo say what? Like a promo play the cut
On the late night, before you touch the mic, get your weight right
A lot of crews like to act like a violent mob
They really need to just shut the fuck up like Silent Bob
Either that or get smoked like hickory
Should squash the beef and go wash their teeth quickly

Know the stee, write a rhyme like a mystery
And sign it on the bottom in calligraphy, "Your nigga, V"

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