

## Sofa King

MF DOOM

Please, read from sheets  
I am

I am

Sofa King

Sofa King

Scared of a bunch of water, then get out the rain  
Order a rapper for lunch and spit out the chain  
Then kick a lungee off the tip of his Timbo  
And trick a honey dip into a game of strip limbo  
Odd - he couldn't find no remorse  
A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse  
Of course his technique was from a divine source  
Never knew the price of ice, or what swine cost  
One guy tried to bite the heat  
That's when he discovered the other other white meat  
Ohhhh! The one they hate so well  
He sure keeps it psycho like the old Bates Motel  
They came to ask him for at least some new tracks  
But only got confronted by the beast with two backs  
Knock - Mouse is a made man  
Villain laid it down like the best laid plan  
Belle the Cat, who the hell is that near the middle  
Got y'all but it's not all beer and Skittles  
Prepare the vittles, got riddles and spittles  
Crystal clear to the jot, or the tittle  
Ssst! It's hot off the griddle  
Came to take the cake whether it's a lot, or a little  
Kaboom; Doom is nervous large  
You could tell by his blooming room service charge  
...Dark and tall to boot  
The only thing was wrong was he was bald as a coot  
Used to rent a van from Peter Pan, the red and tan  
And keep the human foot for his dead man's hand  
This was when the mask was brand spanking new  
Before it got rusted, from drinking all the brew  
Stanking too, pew  
Kept all his earnings in the bank and his shoe  
Spat what he knew, energy for true  
To all fake rappers, twenty-three skidoo  
Excuse you, any room in the class front?  
For a blast of the blunt, shrooming since last month  
Doom a human in the Mask, born to stunt  
Danger zooming past mad fast on the hunt  
Keep your streets, we got the city neatly conquered  
Discretely with the CD till they be completely bonkered  
The fans demanded it, handled it, swallow it  
His own brand of shit, if only he could bottle it  
Hmm... Nah, shit could get messy  
The feds tried to torture him for the secret recipe  
He said it's no use, I only know half  
No speaka de english, I only do the math  
...BZZT! Felt no pain  
His brain was saturated with cocaine and Rogaine

He said - try scan, no thing, three-card dead  
Fly man go for bling, he got bled  
I jam over sting, see spots red  
I am "Sofa King, We Todd Ed"

We, Todd, Ed

Now repeat all, very fast please

I am, Sofa King

Faster

I am Sofa King We Todd Ed

No no, not so fast, loses meaning

I am so fucking retarded

Hohohohohoho, you say, funny thing!