The Drop

MF DOOM

"Victor, a stranger can see you"

If I'm not working or putting work in
I'm either wheeling and dealing
Or probably jerkin my...
Yep listening to nothing, taking no suggestions
Or destructive criticisms, that can't improve on perfection
Rock a crowd in sections on a good night, the hoes fight
Always get the dough first then everything else goes right
At least that's what they say and who the fuck is they?
Make a hick say "what the hey?" brought that chick from sick bay
Ensign, he shoulda asked his upperclassmen
Before he bust blast em, never trust no Cardassians
Captains log supplemental
The Klingons are now aboard the Enterprise rental vessal
On my cue photon torpedo
Oh and if I'm not on the block with Jorgito
And so on for the street though
Smoke a pound of leek though
I'm jokin on the fact that hiphop has gone freak show
Don't let the drama getcha
In the only genre of music where the fans shoot the messenger
Bitch niggas talk behind your back like a catcher
Either M-Y-O-B or B-Y-O stretcher
In that order, man, woman, son, daughter
The beat sound like they underwater, make it fun to slaughter
Even if you hear some whack shit you never give a chance
Some shit sound like all you could do off it is river-dance
It's not a hobby, don't be sloppy
Doing deals with these labels is likened to a botched robbery
Nobody supposed to get bodied, golly
This shit is like a folly bout to cold flip probably
It's not me he got a ill spills knot in Brooknam
Where even though kids kill they still chill and look calm
While working on new developments for the book bomb
In one bad experiment it blew and took a hooker arm (arm and leg)
BOW! look mom, no hand
Studied black magic for years out in no man's land
It's like a barbecue all swine cookout
To fuck up they plans like a blind man lookout
Cram to overstand it, peep it and absorb it
The same way he keep all the planets in they proper orbit
Norbit, y'all better off going corporate
Nobody wanna hear that bullshit it's too morbid
There's no prints, he hold the mic with a mic glove
And rolls dolo from state to state like Ike Love
Like on top of the world loser keep it gully
Rap creeps seem they got too much juice in they belly
It's why they brung V he still hungry
And spit something thick on the mic like a lungy
Mind ya daughter she on line for the water
To get lucky like when she found a quarter kinda sorta
Remember me God, clean timbs with emery board?
He only came to save the game like a memory card
Ooh shrewd, a lot of crews is too rude
And it's way too many let's not and say we do dudes
He said 24-7 I be on call

He use his vacation days to watch Babylon fall
Numbskulls.. get to stepping they dumb dull
And how he rep the mic is like the weapon from Krull
Cats be like what's wrong with your man black?
Biohazard suit and Van Grack for the anthrax
Jeez and can't get no peace
Form blazin sword for the police robeast
Cochise, write a rhyme like a book report
And sell it to a rookie you could tell by the hook he bought
You ain't know he sell hooks and choruses?
They couldn't bang the slang if they looked in thesauruses
It's like a friendly game of dodge ball
Oddball God y'all, who played the garage wall
With the Stan Smith's checkerboard lace
And the brand new INF they ain't check the boy waist
You saw his face? so who next to get they neck chopped
Or popped like a Beck's top, respect the drop
It's too much wreck hops
Who next to get they neck chopped
Or popped like a Beck's top, respect the drop
Woopdie-do flows do fifty like a hooptie do
Groupie crews try to figure out from what coop he flew
They out of place, beats sounds like outer space
With no time to waste he was outy without a trace

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