

The Finest

MF DOOM

As the life cycle goes on... goes on
And you learn to hold on (hold on)
To things like the mic... the mic
And you learn to appreciate who is the nicest on said device
But who is (The finest)

Time at shashuma, too much drama, blind behind the rumor
Time and time and time, my mind, I'm trying to find a tumor
Time at shashuma, no time for humor
As soon as one of ya' men's dead in Hempstead, you trying to find Pumas
Sooner the better, even knitted a sweater already
Keep your leather, we coming through the brutal weather
We ready to do whatever, yo' Doom you with it?

(You know it like a poet, my brother)
(Hey, Gunn you wit it?) Whatever... (the finest!)

I know about going paid to broke, to next day well-off
To bust a shell off, to dick-riders: "Get the hell off"
Made a call to a client, he must've had his cell off
A show-off, he has the same bite but fell off
I tell off the bat, from science to pure facts
Which niggas is wack 'til they last two tracks
Matter fact, y'all could wait for the rep to tell
The tall-tale, how he escape from out the depths of hell

When die, he gon' die like a soldier die:
Holding a swollen eye, drinking Olde Gold
Smoking a stog, watching po-po patrol the beach
Blowing my high, rolling by, when Gunn die
He gon' try to preach the streets then go to the sky

Yup! That hold water, like drizzle in a paper cup
This one etched in stone, the chisel with the paper up
I need a cut: a taper-up, edge-up
Niggas can't measure up, I'm here to get the treasure up

Stands up and hold 'em high, do or die
He got heat, no surprise, stop the beat, close your eyes
Got the weed, rolling lah
Not sweet, so no demise, all the guys drops seeds so multiply
Within the prophecies hold the lie

He bled my mother and my father, but can't bleed me
OD, ghetto misery, he bled my brother, my sister, but can't bleed me
A OG, ghetto misery, bled my mother, my father, but can't bleed ...

Me... sci-fly, whole style stuck up
Used to talk to myself, I told him, "Shut the fuck up!"
Buckle up, cause it's about to be rough
He said, "Keep talking that shit, you 'bout to be snuffed"
Then we squashed it, I let em know: "Watch it -
We only met a time to join these rhymers in the mosh pit"
Gosh, it feels great just to increase the chance
For a pussy nigga face to hit the dance floor

I pull ya' top up, got clout, crack rock, what?

Now it's all good business, and so this bitch is locked up
On the dance floor: you got knocked out, your bitch got knocked up
Baby-face, and hey can you brand you, brand new machete
Damn, I just shook your hand and can't stand you already
Can't stand you, understand you deadly
But my hammer's like a band, my man, it's Brand New and Heavy
Yo' Doom, you ready?

(Yeah! Yo' Gunn, you with it?) Whatever..

Come on stay, I wrote this rhyme on my born-day
Remind me of the same style I flipped on "Hey!"
Yikes! Who can fuck with the likes
Of one such who scores touchdown and spikes mic's
Metal grill, with many styles, better still
Feel like number 26 on a roulette wheel
And deal, and run rings around rhymers
And run rings like number runners whose old-timers

Shorty in the all black, she think she all that
I called her, she said, "Don't call back!"
She called me, now what you call that?
Let's go back, I sold crack
Hold gats, smoke that, drink that, toke that
Fuck! Where that ho at? Where that dough at?

Suffering succotash! This hooker broke into his last buck of cash
He love her, motherfuck her ass
Metal feet dented your car fender
My agenda up in the basement party tipping the bartender
Is unbeknownst to you - who could get body blown?
MF like Mike Fran Corleone
And got it sown, maricon, like to know what you staring at?
An invisible cat, who pull off a disappearing act
Raised by a pack a wild womens like Sweetback
Front? I'mma be back! (Like brothers in the street act)
(Surrounded by a bunch a bad bitches like Sweetback)
(Fuck with me I'll be back)
Like niggas in the streets act (streets act!)