

# Viktor Vaughn, Doper Skiller

(MF Doom/Viktor Vaughn)

..People came from miles around to hear Vik rock it  
He learned a few new styles since a two year old pick pocket  
Kra-dow! Sad how sickenin  
Now get retarded like mad cow kickin in  
Yik! Chris wasn't trickin  
On what's in the stew if the flu was in the chicken  
We all got our vices  
Some got the gall, ta call the shots off the dices  
And that's Vik, brings slaughter to your section  
Have ya lost emcees get a order of protection  
His name rings bell said Jake  
He sings well, even with his king hell headache  
Hit' em with a anvil, a trigger, a scandal  
If not just to get free press off the Nigga Channel  
He only plays for high prices  
And rates his hourly rate based on how nice he is

(Kool Keith)

There's a lot of "I'll murder you" raps  
With lame ass guys out of nowhere  
Corny asses, I never heard of you cats  
Guys like you mess up a lot of tracks  
Ask your neighborhood about me  
Why you rappin' act tough and grizzly  
Urinate on your jacket and leave you pissy  
Start jockin, get your autograph I'm missing  
Defecate on your best line  
Spit three verses in the cup and get busy  
A wack ass comin this way  
Must be cross eyed and dizzy  
You don't listen enough, see me pissin enough  
Leave ya yellow spots around your bed area  
Defecate around your head area  
Precise when I meet that ass  
And greet that ass, the brain or what  
Defecate on your apartment on Poinsettia

(Scratching'n'cutting until fade)