Viktor Vaughn, Pop Quiz (Extra Credit Remix)

(MF Doom/Viktor Vaughn) You better have your pencils ready! Number two!

(IZ-Real)

...It's time to enter the mental frame center
Locked hour glass, flash sense a sensor
Offenders never cross..mad spectors
Only mentors get pass to the last set of sectors
Adventures open doors, locked by laws
To simple plan leaves the common man lost
A force and a toss, tape decks on pause
But it'll never stop the world from its hectic cause
Electro is back by set time codes
A road glass mash this track when froze
Leave half frequencies in track peak modes
Transmitting tracks and quarter inch jacks
Only abstract message penetrates slacks on dats
Encoded by MF DOOM wax
That'll go back on titanium slipmats

(Scratching'n'cutting of rap lines)

(MF Doom/Viktor Vaughn)

...Out in the everglades forever paid rockin blue blockers More rocker to the beat on the two knockers This go out to the yodas, chewbaccas Tube sock who sure to chase it use two vodkas There's no ID (Uhhh) test question is less stressin Do you need a chess lesson? Keep the rest fessin after they best guessin After yes yes'n, after party at the best western Turn the beat up, meet up with big IZ, it's big biz Like computer wiz beat up big kids A man ho out in Orlando He about to flow or rock a banjo on the man show Ya'll can't go, it's really not a comp thing MF stomp and leave out like swamp thing Flip quick like a fresh fax contract Niggaz bite bigger than they bark black Shark attack!

(Scratching'n'cutting of the same rap lines)

(IZ-Real)

...I check landscapes when I awake and I states Don't eat rare steaks, Doom break bread with fake mates On off dates, I still work til dawn breaks When it comes to stress, yo I got mad weight Trouble's on my mind, we will save it a rhyme Mic been held captive many a times Sometimes hard to find, but it has survived A thin line of hate and flakes and fake crimes Gangsters, thugs, and cornball emcees Taken for granted what I work hard to free From greed a seed pass into deep seas Out of the land of the fourth pharisees False idols I got thum checkin for their vitals No come dub subtext and subtitle Insight awe, I prescribe Mydol To the bloated rappers who do bite all

(Scratching'n'cutting of the same rap lines)