

# 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)