

# Danger Doom, Benzie Box

(Chorus: Cee-Lo)

His name's, Doom  
They wonder just who is he  
But don't wor..ry,  
Believe me he'll get busy  
When it comes, to  
poetry he's got plenty  
La la lahhhhh... la la la la lah

(MF Doom)

Jump 'em in like jump rope, double dutch  
Then turn on the mic with a thumb stroke, subtle touch  
Cuddle clutch, is this thing on?  
Like the fling with Mrs. King Kong, this spring gone?  
Sing a song of slaphappy crappiness  
He came to blow like it was strapped to his nappy chest  
Surely I jest, the best on a wireless mic  
Not an eye test, yet I di-gress  
But why stress? Try and remember when  
Maybe bit the tender skin-ned babysitter Gwendolyn  
The type to hit and run and go tell a friend  
Word to El Muerto cucaracha exoskeleton  
He know, flow like interstellar wind  
Tow a rap djinn by his toe into hell again  
{\*ahem\*} One two, check me too  
Loose wreck see through your gooseneck EQ

(Chorus)

(MF Doom)

Aiy! If I may interject  
Rap these days is like a pain up in the neck  
Cornier and phonier than a play fight  
Take two of these and don't phone me on the late night  
... the beat won't fail me  
With more rhymes than times he washed his hands and feet daily  
And all that kerosene ain't cheap  
Villain been deep since a teenage creep  
Peep - he always was a gentleman  
And kept the pen and a pencil in his mental den  
Right there next to where the Rolodex was  
Before it turned up all burnt by his solar plexus  
He don't know his own strength  
When he's on the bone it's like the microphone's length  
and width, ain't it funky like dingy socks?  
Feel the full effect off cassette in your Benzie Box

(Chorus)