

Danger Doom, Crosshairs

(MF Doom)

The fat is in the fire, a fryer made of chicken wire
Gettin sick and tired of a friggin liar
Pelican, with some very soft mangoes
A closet full of skeletons and terry cloth Kangols
Flew the coop, before you hit it let me warn you
She did a cool hula-hoop, but don't get any on you
It's all a big scam, to make y'all eat pig ham
When he's on the mic he's like the triggerman, fig jam
Doom, not to be confused with nobody
Especially, since the flows he used was so nutty
Never too woozy to go study, crews got no clues
Like old cruddy Officer McGillicuddy
Watch your six, he got a lot of more tricks
Lyrics, bricks, on sticks sure got raw-nytics
It's a gift, don't get shot for kicks
With the same slick used to plot sick vicks with
Spotted at a chick flick, holdin hands
The other one on his swollen glands, a golden chance
That's why he kept them holes in his pants
Rollin in a old van, is what he told his stolen fans
Is that you true? Matched from hat to shoe
Snafu, snatch any brew, LaBatt's Blue
Black jew like that's new, patch me through
No latch attached, skat shoo, catch twenty-two
Super, he's loaded dice nice
And overpriced, a arm and a leg; homey life or your ice
Villain, nag a grieving old hag
Snag a bragger by his mic cord and leave him holding the bag
Come clean, a bunch of dumb mean cream puffs
A keen drum machine buff, who fiends for more green stuff
Instead of starvin there be problems by the goo gobs
Aight - somebody's robbin Lou Dobbs and them tonight
And he's on the next flight, moon bound
And makes it a point to stay away from the goon pound
Got some peers, that's gone in the lost years
Tears and cheers, born in the crosshairs

{*Thundercleese sings*}

(Brak)

Hey Mr. Thundercleese!
What's that you were singing?

(Thundercleese)

It is the Robotic Hymn of Doom

(Brak)

Well I always say
Nuttin livens up a Robotic Hymn of Doom
better than AN AMAZING PAIR OF JUGS!