

Danger Doom, Korn Dogs

(MF Doom)

One one

Two two, two

To get the dough, the Villain'll flow off of Stella D'oro
and water go off the head for the slaugter you bet your daughter
That liquor only gets you sick quicker
Take it from a honorary member, of Spitkicker
I know it's hot up in that suit with the curly 'fro
I'd rather write all night until the early show
We don't suggest you let your girly go alone
Come home all glowin with the the pearly glow
It was the super, a.k.a. super sperm
Hit her in the chin, told her rub it in like lubriderm
Finished, oh let spaz go next
Who's fault is it if her face taste like Vasiplex
... It ain't funny
Ever since a young'un sonny, take the money
His first business made each day a grand
His only comp, shorty with the spiked lemonade stand
That's how he ran his hustle
He came with a plan that took least amount of muscle
Two for one, dime frogs for the lickin
And all you can eat, "Corn dogs for the pickin"

... A seemingly modest fellow
With a DJ's ear and graffiti artist's elbow
Nose of a Mouse and the brain of two weasels
Discovered a name and new strain of the measles
He say you accidentally caught it
In sole circles and dots to those who could afford it
Once you squeezed his face through the gate
and got stuck, too much fake soy-based cheese product
Did a scheme and was in it for the Aspercreme
Slashed your team, let's see who can make Casper scream
Down to the last marine
See him as your cable man, sizin up your plasma screen
Instead of doin the jux with pistols
Or workin in the back, cookin sacks of crystals
Or runnin on logs out in deep water kickin
"Corn dogs for the pickin"

Whattup to all you dedicated dads
As stated, rap sucks Tux medicated pads
And these rappers need to gather their belongings
Or get wrapped up in they extra long thong strings
For singin the wrong things
Ain't no delayin, you playin with the Pong king
A nerd with insight and a Urkel smirk
Purposefully misplaced an invite to your circle jerk
... A bunch of men in cyphers
Fake you out tough guys and make pretend lifers
It's still a few loose screws in his face
Turn away as he pulled a phrase out his usual place
... Combination jewel case
Almost popped open if it wasn't for the cruel space
Critics talkin slick chicken shit to sick men
"Corn dogs for the pickin"

Danger Doom

(skit from 12 Oz. Mouse)

(Roostre)

Sometimes all in capitals, dependin' on if you're yellin at me or not

(Mouse)

I ain't yellin'

(Roostre)

Well not yet.

Mouse, whatever

You a mouse or uh..

(Mouse)

..or what?

(Roostre)

Or hell I don't know, just thought you were a mouse or somethin

I mean you look like a damn mouse... THE mouse

(Mouse)

..maybe

Who are you?

(Roostre)

I'm the freakin corn dog king!