

# Danger Doom, Mince Meat

(MF Doom)

The Villain ain't rhymin off cred alone  
Let him get some cognac, a mic and a headphone  
Smoke the mirrors, caught her in the mix  
Couldn't read the shorthand for mortars and bricks  
If any negative thought linger he let it vent  
Wrote this one with his middle finger in wet cement  
... Did it on the sly  
Before he's gone bye bye spit it on the fly  
Brush your teeth, rinse and gargle  
A true nerd who messed with new words since Boggle  
... And used slang in Scrabble  
Rhymed with a Northern drawl, twang and babble  
Flossy pen jargon to break the world record  
Do a Faustian bargain and tape the girl naked  
... More spots than a leopard  
Then he had to stop, the block was hot peppered  
Shepherd, leading the sheeps out to slaughter  
Kept your soul and repped it, everytime he saw ya  
Tryin to douse a pinch of weed in a frat street house

(Cartoon) (MF Doom)

I'll make mince meat out of that (beat) mouse!

(MF Doom)

Welcome to the show  
Remember whatever you do, do not boo the flow  
Schooled the dumb on the number one rule of thumb  
What a fool; still you never met a cooler bum  
Give the drummer some rum, I'm sure he could use a shot  
Just to get his cues hot, ensure he don't lose his spot  
A stranger who speaks to you vocal  
Danger made the beat get a freak to do the bogle  
No bull, everything he wanted they grabbed and took  
Whole lab looked like an ill left jab and hook  
Even had a secretary to take the calls  
Shake it and make it fall, I told her don't break my balls  
Wherever Mouse go, trouble follows  
The bounty on this pro was mills and "double dollars"  
Vil's spills muddled flows that befuddle scholars  
Thick Buffalo girl with the bubble hollars  
She rocked leather and gold, a fat blouse  
And need a brother with soul to let her cat out  
Even if the rat couldn't compete with Kraus

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(MF Doom)

Tap ya toe, grime and strapped for dough  
Rap for show, to let the whippersnappers know  
Sucks to be them, now pass that loot  
Up under the tux he wore a hazmat suit  
Sounded like froggy, sip the groggiest of potions  
Be up in the party with the foggiest of notions  
On the list of lobbyists who save the oceans  
Gave his donation to the lady with the lotions  
Swoll hand itchin, the old man bitchin  
Switchin with the fan with the gold band twitchin  
Spittin like a bionic sneeze that freeze vodka  
Just to clear the air like the Ionic Breeze Quadra  
Sleek enough to outsly a fox  
for a chicken pot pie, thinkin outside the box  
... Enough to taste her goody

But got no time to be wastin chasin putty  
Out for Daffy Duck bucks, Porky Pig paper  
Bugs Bunny money or Sylvester Cat caper  
Offer DAT tape of rap, country or deep house  
And

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