

# Danger Doom, No Names (Black Debbie)

(Marco)

Well, Debbie thinks this is all about her biological clock  
And I...

(Stormy)

She stopped screaming long enough to tell you that?

(Marco)

Huh? No no no no, no, the other Debbie  
Debbie the teacher?

(Stormy)

Oh, you mean... Black Debbie

(Sparks)

Whoa whoa whoa whoa, why is she "Black" Debbie?

(Stormy)

No, not in a BAAAD way  
It's just to tell them apart because she's... black!

(MF Doom)

True, Doom rolled on through with a whole crew  
That stole on you for holding old brew, who told you?  
Even if it's crap, mind your own business  
They raps ain't got no gift like a lonely Christmas  
Real phony with beats that's hardly fresh  
How they manage to deal is anybody's guess  
Yours is as good as mine, she's sure fine  
From the hood where you squeeze your nine off the free cheese line  
All you saw was a do a bee's line  
to where she stood and sipped the Nehi Grape, the sweet kind  
Circle you, thicker by de-sign  
Be-hind swingin like bring it back, come rewind  
Uhh, excuse me boo  
She stuck out her tongue, it was purple number two  
FDA approved played it smoother than a doo rag  
What a brother gotta do to get a taste a some of you?  
Bagged, and he don't mean coach  
Then she saw the mask, acted like she seen a roach  
The mirror shine reflect colors like your CD's  
Show love to others, we all brothers like the Bee Gees  
All except the broads and you  
Hold your applause, they break God's laws and who pays?  
The taxpayer that's who  
Catch a rapper by his toe and smack off his tattoos  
That's gonna leave a bruise  
Leave 'em grievin blues like believin in evening news  
They must be eatin glue  
Heave it all back, and we even Steven Sue  
Sprinkle lyrics like seasoning beef stew  
and sneezin all in it after breathin in the flu  
Get a clue, his reasoning is askew  
As to all the feverin and heavin up goo  
Either that or... dude  
Leave your girl around this man whore and she's too screwed  
Just in case she's in a "what you wanna do" mood  
Bring your plate to the Metal Face and get your food chewed  
... tastes like chicken  
He wastes no time like the bassline kickin in  
Or like a lace eye with you through thick and thin  
Raw humor, face pie to a frickin chin  
New York'n, a hell of a finer town  
Choose your words wisely from the Boogie Down to Chinatown

Or be found with a hole in your designer gown  
In the role of public opinion it earned a minor frown  
If you think you're slick, you might could wish, but uhh  
As a few good men set sights to link with your chick  
You have to find a new hen fight to drink your liq'  
Ten years later, see how Enzyte'll shrink your... wallet  
As you wallow in a sorrow pit  
Cheers, is that your beer kid? Then swallow it  
or get chased by the Sandman, on some Apollo  
Flow so weird, his own peers couldn't follow it  
On the phone, he sounded like a real paid  
Then we met in person, he was three shades blacker  
That's why he saved money over ball and chain dames  
We all the same, no callin names

(Stormy)  
I'm as smart as him!

(Quinn)  
What? I got Ph.D's in four scientific disciplines

(Stormy)  
Really?

(Quinn)  
Why do you think they call me Dr. Quinn?

(Stormy)  
Um, I just thought that was a nickname  
You know, like Dr. Dre  
East-siiiiiiiide!