

Danger Doom, Perfect Hair

(MF Doom)

Perfect hair, to the second power of forever
Ask him do he need it? Hells yeah, now or never
On a mission with friends of fair weather
Sooner the better, off to Mt. Tuna, wear your leather prepared sweater
And watch out for Catman my brothers
He keep his strand slicked back like Scatman Caruthers
A balding boy, sound like Janeane Garofalo
Fiend for a sloppy fro, who seen the evil Coiffio?
Not me yo, I'm leavin, I'm gone
Even if him got them bomb weavin Kalikelon
No more or less stress than your old boss
The tears burn your eyes less than fresh S-curly sores
And Brenda, the best girl lost
Uncle grandfather bare chest was pearl gloss
Earl tossed, there goes a whole tray of hamburgers
Villain 'til they old and grey like olden day scamworkers
Circa one nine seventy-one
On the mic machine it seems his work will never be done
He seeks the ninth level of power
But weak geek might freak it in another hour
or so, they call the fool retarded hair guy
In school you could spot it when he nodded "Here, why?"
I think his true name was Gerald
The toupee, the male pattern anime herald
A good laugh like the walk to the bank
not the plank, talk to the hand and the hot frank dog

(*BEEPI!*)

(Master Shake)

Danger Doom it's Master Shake, hey buddy!
Ah did you get those e-mails I sent?
Umm, I'm still waitin, to hear from you
I-I think, maybe you're, maybe you're in the shower
Do you, are you in the shower? Okay
But I'm still, totally, I got some other stuff
Uhh, but I'm, I am committed more to doing yours
So, if you can let me know, today
That'd, uhh, that'll be great, okay?!
Just, just gimme a call! And fa-for the schnizzle
For to do the rap pizzle
And again I'm really sorry, about that other one
The call... Meatwad sucks
Okay, call me back dog!

{*phone hangs up*}