

Danger Doom, Space Ho's (Madlib Remix)

[Intro]

Every space man knows you just gotta have Space Ho's
Every space girls know it
You get a big delight, in every bite
Delicious, cream-filled, Space Ho's, taste out of this world
With luscious creamy inside, soft cake outside
You get a big delight, in every bite
Yup, smart space men always have plenty of good Ho's
Whenever they go, Ho's!

[MF Doom]

How they gave his own show to Tad Ghostal
Any given second he could go mad postal
Stay wavin that power band space cannon
And have the nerve to jump in the face, of Race Bannon
And punked out; luckily he deaded it
And guess who's the schmuck whose credited with editing it?
Your man Moltar, the cop out
Ain't have no other career choice, he dropped out
Since when the Way-Outs included Zorak
Way back he used to rub his thorax in Borax
I'm not the one that sold him to it
If he won't admit it, I'm not gonna hold him to it
It's all love and no hate though
For all that, the Villain need to get his own late show
Do a monologue and jest with the guests
Madlib, switch the beat and walk him to the desk
With Danger holding down the control room
Late again returning from commercial - I told you Doom!
Early, he's on B.P.T.
Catch him on public access free TV
And we're back, live on the air with Brak
So Brak, how your man got a show that's so whack?
And have you ever thought to work with Err and Ignignokt an' them?
And do you got enough oxygen from this toxic phlegm?
Another sec', his neck woulda got flames
Mouse switched the screen to some hot dames
Tonight's audience will receive miscreant video games
And fifteen seconds of fame - pitiful lames!
It's just a shame; I'm zonin
Competin for the same prime time slot as Conan
No dummy, Ichigawa
Announcement free lunch to any stunt who lets me plow her
in the shower for an hour, the kids 'sposed to be asleep
Or else to join it sound like Road Runner - BEEP BEEP!
Later this week - Big Ben Klingon
After him there's no one else we could afford to bring on
Keep it ghetto
And let 'em know, B.Y.O.B. from the get go
[*ahem*] I'd like to propose a toast
To the grossest host, Space Ho's Coast to Coast
That destructo ray's a played out gag
And the cape and the pants suit, lookin like a straight out...
Dag! Don't mean to sound crunchy
Hit a honey from the back and crumpled up her scrunchie
A light snack, hungry munchie
Felt a funny hunch that she told him donkey punch me
Tomorrow it's Father Guido Sarducci
Father MC, and Charo "Coochie Coochie"
With her new best seller, "Who You Call a Hoochie?"
A proud sponsor of the snoochie boochie noochies
Look Leela eyeball to eyeballs
And find out how to get inside them sugar pie walls
Our next guest a real cutey specimen

And she's startin to get a little booty, Miss Judy Jetson
So Judy; boxers, briefs or fig leaf?
As you know I wear my boxers so my big... ohh!
Cue the rapper tell him bring what little he got
Up against the Villy, it's really not diddly-squat
Until they head hurts - when it come to wreck
Crews is like them dudes in red shirts off Star Trek
He Kirk, he Spock, he McCoy
Been b-boy, since you jerks first squeezed toys
Born to be the host with the most
When it's on it's on, Space Ho's Coast to Coast