

Viktor Vaughn, Fall Back / Titty Fat

(MF Doom)

MC's fall back

Cause Vik in your ear with the whole ball of wax

Call or fax for the freshest rhyme delivery

Or takeout, for the fake-you-out ballers in the industry

Boss with the Lee jeans, bad man, you know B

They say he's a cross between Adnan Khashoggi

and Sho Kosugi, he said your chain is sure dookie

The piece is like a mystery entity, ill spooky

What's its worth? A gun or a knife slice

Catch a bus once or twice or run for your life price

An arm and a leg, the led is ghetto red hot

Calm 'til we fled the spot or leg arm head shot

You on the battlefield with lyrical militants

that know he feelin bent when he see lil' pink elephants

And never forget, to memorize the elements

Keep the mic sterilized, terrorize your eloquence

of mellow eyelids, tell no lies kids

to these guys askin what's the shelltoe size is

Shields up dum dum, where we come from

we thump it out for fun, and that's no conundrum

Pick a bone goon, it's me with the sicker known showtunes

On a full moon, lick your old wounds

Lighten up the stratosphere, shootin slugs

His name was {nkarest?} Vladimir Putin

His matted hair was too thin to cut into a gummy

Nuttin to V, he feel his bum knee

It's about to rain, there goes my two-way

Out of range, it's a strange new day, touche

It's all good like down home cookin

He left with the crown on his dome and kept bookin

His men run Crooklyn

Keep 1 in 10 hons hookin, no offense, none taken

It's more funner than lookin

The pound of war drum had your poor son shaken

Sometimes he feel he need to stop juxin

Then he say "NAH" with a real sly crook grin

Vik's style of rhyme will bug out Joe Sixpack

Slick while all the time he dug out yo' chick's back

She wore a thong in her youth

These days she's a bit long in the tooth

Just chewin on the titty fat

Pursuin the kitty cat, droolin on her pretty hat

Playing pool and pitty pat, stay in school

Kiddies, brats, instead of spring tools and shitty gats

Layin cool, where they at?

Same jewels as silly rats rulin with gritty stacks

Coolin where the cliques be at

It's no time for chitty chat, fool V pity that

Follow your instincts

I told her time and time again not to swallow pink drinks

I guess it's just how the hollow link clinks

V, the fink who made the chink in the mink wink

They say he need a shrink

On the brink to pipe it when her sink made a stinky stink

Instead he asked her for some paper and some ink

Coulda flipped it longer 'cept the beat was rather rinky-dink

Still workin out the kinks

Everytime he thinks his third eye blinks

It must be in your blood like zinc

Glassy-eyed V put your CD on jinx