

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 gumby
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 tooken
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