

Figaro (madlib's Stones Throw 101 Remix)

Madvillain

The rest is empty with no brain but the clever nerd
The best emcee with no chain ya ever heard
Take it from the Tec-9 holder
They bit and don't know the next sign from Shyanola

Everything that coulda ain't this scale
Let me think, don't let a faint get Ishmael
A shot of Jack got her back it's not an act stack
Forgot about the cackalack, holla back, clack clack blocka

Villainy, feel him in ya heart chakra chart toppa
Star shit stoppa be a smart shoppa
Shot a cop day around the way 'bout to stay
But who'd a know there's two mo' that wonder where the shooter go

'Bout to jet, get him, not a bet, dead 'em
Let 'em spit venom said 'em got a lot of shit with 'em
Let the rhythm hit 'em, it's stronger in the other voice
We make the joints that make 'em spread 'em butta moist

Man, please, the stage is made of panties
From the age of baby hooches on to the grannies
Ban me the dough rake, daddy
The flow make her fatty shake, patty cake, patty cake

For fake, if he was Anita Baker's man
He'd take her for her masters, hit it once an' shake her hand
On some ol' thank ya ma'am an' ghost her
She could mind the toaster if she sign the poster

A whole host of roller coaster riders
Not enough tracks, hot enuff black
It's too hot to handle, you got blue sandals
Who shot ya? Who got you new spots to vandal?

Do not stand still, both show skills
Close but no crills, toast for po' ills, post no bills
Coast to coast Joe Shmoes flows ill, go chill
Not supposed to overdose, no doz pills

Off sides like how work rides with Starfleet
Off pride like now talk wide though scar meat
Told ya, on some get rich shit
As he get older he gets colder than a witches tit
This is it, make no mistakes, where my nigga go? Figaro, Figaro