

# One Beer

MF DOOM

I get no kick from champagne  
Their alcohol doesn't thrill me at all  
So tell me why shouldn't it be true  
I get a kick out of brew

There is only one beer left  
Rappers screaming all in our ears like we're deaf  
Tempt me  
Do a number on the label  
Eat up all their MC's and drink 'em under the table like  
It's on me  
Put it on my tab kid  
However you get there  
Foot it, Cab it, Iron horse it  
You leaving on your face forfeit  
I crush the mic hold it like the heat he might toss it  
Told him tell they stole it  
He told her he lost it  
She told him get off it, and a bunch other more shit  
Getting money  
DT's be getting no new leads  
It's like he eating watermelon stay spitting new seeds  
It's da weed give me some of what he's drooping off  
Soon as he wake up choking like it was whooping cough  
The group been soft  
First hour at the open bar and their trooping off  
He went to go laugh and get some head by the side road  
She asked him to autograph her dareair  
It read to wide load this yard bird taste like fried toad  
Turned love villain  
Take pride and code words  
Crooked eye mold nerd geek with a cold heart  
Probably still be speaking in rhymes as an old fart  
Study how to eat to dine by the pizza guy  
No he's not to fly to skeet in a skezzers eye  
And squeeze her thigh  
Maybe giver her curves a feel  
And the same way she feel it when she flow with nerves of steel  
They call him super when they need their back or plumbing fixed  
Powers only one left the pack comes in six  
Whatever happened to two and three  
A hood tried to slide with four and five and got caught  
Like what you doing G  
Don't make 'em have to get cutting like truancy  
Matter fact not for nothing right now you and me  
Looser than a pair of adidas  
I hope you bought your spare tweeters  
MC's sound like cheerleaders  
Rapping and dancing like Red Head Kingpin  
Dude can't do his thing again no matter how be blinging  
You do it for the smelly hubbies  
Seeds know what time it is like it's time for tellie tubbies  
Few can do it even fewer can sell it  
Take it from the dude who wears mask like a tarded helmet  
He plots shows like robberies  
In and out  
One, two, three, no bodies please

Run the cash and you won't get a wet sweatshirt  
The mic is the shootie nobody move nobody get hurt  
Bring heat like the boy I'm going to war  
Came in the door, and everybody on the floor  
A whole string of jobs like we are on tour  
Everynight on the score coming to your corner store