

Rhymes Like Dimes

MF DOOM

Yo, yo, yo, y'all can't stand right here
In his right hand was your man's worst nightmare
Loud enough to burst his right eardrum close-range
The game is not only dangerous, but it's most strange

I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the broker times
Joker rhymes, like the "Is you just happy to see me?" trick
Classical slap-stick rappers need Chapstick

A lot of 'em sound like they in a talent show
So I give 'em something to remember, like the Alamo
Tally-ho! A high Joker like Spades game
Came back from five year layin' and stayed the same

Sayin' - electromagnetic feeling blocks all logic, Spock
And G- shocks her biological clock
When I hit it, slit her to the shitter, thought I killed her goose
Her Power-Use was pure Brita water, filtered juice

Keep a pen like a fiend keep a pipe wit' 'im
Gentleman who lent a pen to a friend who write wit' 'im
Never seen the shit again, but he's still my dunny
Only thing that come between us is krill and money

I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the broker times
Better rhymes make for better songs, and that is not
If you got a lot of what it takes just to get along

Surrender now or suffer serious setbacks
Got get-back, connects wet-back, get stacks
Even if you gots to get jet-black, head to toe
To get the dough, battle for bottles of Mo' or 'dro

This rhyme flow take practice like Tae Bo with Billy Blanks
"Oh, you're too kind!" "Really? Thanks."
To the gone and lost forever like "O My Darling Clementine"
He hold his heart when he tellin' rhymes

When it's his time, I hope his soul go to Heaven
He's nasty like the old time Old Number Seven
You still taste it when you chase it with the Coca-Cola
Make you wish they coulda erased out the Motorola

I told her - no credit for it back
If you want what they got, then go get it, it's all gak
Only in America could you find a way to make a healthy buck
And still keep your attitude on self-destruct

A lot of them sound like they in a talent show
So I give 'em something to remember like the Alamo
Tally-ho! High Joker like Spades game
Came back from five years layin' - stayed the same

Sayin' - electromagnetic field will block all logic, Spock
And G-shock her biological clock

When I hit her, slit her to the shitter, thought I killed her goose
Her Power-Use was pure Brita water, filtered juice

Keep a pen like a fiend keep a pipe wit' 'im
Gentleman who lent a pen to a friend who write wit' 'im
Never seen the shit again, but he still my dunny
Only thing that come between us, is krill and money

We sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but tell about the broke times

Check it out, ch'all! Ya don't stop! Keep on, to the sure shot!
Huh-ha!

Uh, uh, uh, uh, oh!

Yeah, you're listening to the buttery slickness

The Land-O-Lakes from my man MF Doom!

Ha ha ha ha! Yeah!

Rock-shockin' the house, with another nugget

Uh-uh-ah, eh, oh, ah, hoo-wee!

Yeah!

Regulation status, right here, Fondle 'Em Recordings

1999

Yeah!

Now what are you 'posed to say on the end of records?

I don't know! Yeah!

Whoo! Yeah!

Mashed potatoes

Applesauce

Buttery... biscuits

And I get lost

A yes, yes, yes y'all

You don't stop

Keep on... a' to the breakadawn

Say what?

Uh!

Yeah!

You thought it all was over!

You thought the song was over!

Ah! We tricked you, we tricked you

Ha ha ha ha... Whoo!

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MF Doom, Cool Bob Love...