

Belize -Danger Mouse / Black Thought Feat. MF DOOM Lyrics

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"Belize"

Away from you

Yo, I'm sick, no lymph nodes is swollen

They told me even when the records skip, keep it rolling

On his shoulder like a California highway patrolman

Launch codes was stolen and sold by Ed Snowden

Then I fled to Rome and told 'em address me as a Roman

I'm still in photos, posted with my own omen

A thumping kicker for me to slam like Hulk Hogan

It's something like a plane bumper sticker, no slogan

This something for the shooters and back-and-forth commuters

Who never knew the difference in laws and jurisprudence

I feel as though it's safe to assume that you the students

Are non congruent to the way that me and DOOM do this

You checking the top-two of a thousand intelligent chaps

With rap projects in housing developments

Cool the cross-legged on a crate like it's elegant
Try to hate, I'm puffing up your face like a pelican
Highly enveloped in, activating my melanin
Y'all failin' to see what's shaken besides gelatin
News bullets and I refuse to take the medicine
Fuck a thick skin, I got me an exo-skeleton
The black Colin Farrell in The Lobster
That living like an obstetrician but not a doctor
Bring the Cambridge, the Websters, the Oxfords
The picture too long to watch, see the synopsis
Compensated for playing nice, it's optics
Product of the last poets and the watched prophets
Ock, stop it, it's beyond out-of-pocket
Dunzo, I hit the gun show and got a rocket
Catastrophic, supreme microphone is
In Mexico, we the legendary dos cojones
Brothers both components of the close to coldest
Court holders with bars as hard as Angola
Away from you
DOOM get rude with the dude off chips
The mood switch, he chewed off strips off a brewed witch
Danger make him groove off a glitch
Makes your boo booty twitch and the crew rich, bitch

Always wanted to say that
Ever since the days in hallways tauntin' a stray cat
The one he often frequently slapped around
All the while, waited then graduated, cap and gown
Hated the rap sound
Debated the crap until he felt he had it mapped out
Enough to have the game trapped abound
Scratched the crown off the names of lames who yapped the noun
Or verb for that matter
Had no data for a herbal chat chatter
Oh, Erik Estrada
Fat rat, the mask made him batty as a mad-hatter
Known for his absurd word choices
And will ignore you if you ask him if he heard voices
Look, the energy is crazy
Far as he's concerned, the enemy was lazy
Hm-hm-hm, your attention please
Freeze, he came to seize the free cheese
Before he flees to Belize
In case you forgot to mention squeeze these
Just keep it on a need-to-know basis
They knew he was a negro so no need to show faces
Back in the days of no laces

On a slow pace, they used to say he might, could go places

Meh, whatever the case is

The card he played was Ace of Spades but no races

A spastic, some call him loony

When he spit a tomb sarcastic, it's Paul Mooney

Away from you

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For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
