

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

MF Doom Feat. Herbaliser - it Ain't Nothin

Par MF DOOM

Album : Best of MF

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It ain't nuttin' like

Hip Hop music

It ain't nuttin' like a fist full of cash or a bliss full of the hash

That twist like a mustache, from end to end, spread it like a rash

From talking through your Walkman or at your disco bash

Give me the Timbs Rumpelstiltskin brown

A metal face mask with a built in frown

A mic to tilt down, a hundred thousand pounds

And see how kilt sound like spilt milk clown

Cocoa butter on very ashy day fam

With Ray-Bans out on the islands of Cayman

Or I'll break it down for the layman

Bain De Soleil for that Saint Trope

Daaaaamn

A can a ole gold too cold to hold, slow ya roll

Keep on moving like Soul II Soul, hold the dough

Like a fool who stole pity y'all

From tryna' go up against city hall titty bar

The black mic is like a red violin

Ok, everybody back to the lab, try again

Bloody rap game like Leviathan

Leave a bad taste, killin' my high like Niacin

Stop kiddin' middlemen need Ritalin

Hit me with the full tin of gin and I'm a kid again

Keep the bong lightin' straight through the song writin'

The Supervillain AKA the thong bitin', that's inviting all

To the reciting that's dope and raw

Hoping all y'all come in peace and its open bar

Tear the roof off this Bumba Ras Clot

By the end of the night spazz like Shazbot

Spilt a shot made the pen lines runny

A ill plot that's ten times Ben Stein's money, funny

How he rips the scripts with a straight face

With more rhymes than is lines in ya database

Placing rappers in endangerment, who's reckless

With this food for thought sorta' like breakfast

You could mark it off as wreck on the checklist

Wear gold fronts, can't afford no necklace

Shit, that there, could go to help buildin' daycares

Somebody say yeahh

Pay ya fares, give the Herbalizers their shares

And y'all could pay DOOM in beers. Cheers!

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