

# Figaro

## Madvillain, Madlib & MF DOOM

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  
Dead bent, but don't know their neck shine from Shinola  
Everything that glitters ain't fish scale  
Lemme think; don't let her 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  
Start shit stoppa be a smart shoppa  
Shot a cop day around the way 'bout to stay  
But who'd a know there's 2 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 butter moist  
Man, please. The stage is made of panties  
From the age of baby hoochies on to the grannies  
Hand 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 and 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 (is it?)  
Hot enuff black (for ya)  
It's too hot to handle, you got blue sandals  
Who shot ya? Ooh got you new spots to vandal?  
Do not stand still, boast 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, NoDoz pills  
Off pride tikes now talk wide though scar meat  
Off sides like how Worf rides with Starfleet  
Told ya, on some get-rich shit  
As he get older he gets colder than a witch tit  
This is it, make no mistakes  
Where my nigga go?  
Figaro, Figaro  
All these beats and my rhymes attack  
A scary act

All black like Miss Mary Mack  
Wait 'til you see 'em live on the piano  
DOOM sings soprano like uno dos y'ano  
My momma told me  
Blast him and pass her her glass of Ol' E  
Not to be troublesome  
But I could sure use a quick shot of double rum  
No stick of bubble gum  
I like ice cream  
We could skip the wedding  
Have a nice dream  
She only let him stick the head in

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>