

# Great Day (Four Tet Remix - Instrumental)

## Madvillain

It never really mattered too much me  
Cause I was just too damn old to m.c  
All that really mattered is if your rhymes was ill  
Girl, that's all that really mattered to me, oh baby Looks like it's gonna be a great day today  
To get some fresh air like a stray on a straightaway  
Hey you, got a light? nah, a Bud Light  
Early in the morning, face crud from like a mud fight  
Looky here, it's just the way the cookie tear  
Prepare to get hurt and mangled like Kurt Angle rookie year  
The rocket scientist, with a pocket wine list  
Some even say he might need some puss-psychiatrist  
Doom, are you pondering what I'm pondering?  
Yes, but why would the darn thing be wandering?  
She's like a foundling, barely worth fondling  
My posse's on raw really momma I want to sing  
Mad plays the bass like the race card  
Villain on the case to break shards and leave her face scarred  
Groovy dude, not to prove to be rude  
But this stuff is like what you might put on movie food  
Uh, what is jalapenos  
Get it like a whuppin' when you holla at your seniors  
Dolla he can overhear the hashish vena  
He just came from over there, the grass is greener  
Last wish, I wish I had two more wishes  
And I wish they fixed the door to the matrix's mad fridges  
Spit so many verses sometimes my jaw twitches  
One thing this party could use is more  
Booze, put yourself in your own shoes  
And stay away from all those pairs of busted Tims you don't use  
He only keep 'em to decorate  
If you wanna peep him select a date  
And bring a deep check like checkmate  
I kid you not, on the dotted line signed  
Ever since a minor, kids considered him some kind of Einstein  
On a diamond mine grind, she was dumb fine  
But not quite the type that you might want to wine and dine  
Couldn't find a pen, had to think of a new trick  
This one he wrote in cold blood with a toothpick  
On second thought it's too thick  
His assistant said "Doom, you sick" he said "True blue acoustics"  
Psycho, his flow is drowned in Lowry seasoning  
With micropower he's sound and right reasoning

Easy as Pi, three point one four  
One more one false move and they're done for

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>