

# Dr. Octagon, Real Raw

\* these lyrics appear on the Bulk Recordings reissue on Dreamworks

{Kool Keith samples are scratched and repeated}

(Dr. Octagon)

With yellow eyes, my green face, my pink and white afro  
I'm no toy kid, your style is made by Hasbro  
G'niff gnapp, you think you got that real hip-hop  
I saw the chart so quickly, watched your album flop  
I'm Doctor Octo, curlin waste, tourin rhinos  
Liftin horses, throwin cows at your fake forces  
You know my gold style, rabbit fur coat style  
You be freezin with the flu watch you keep sneezin  
Like Breezly Brewin, your style I'ma have to ruin  
Chop up your tactics, you gimmick groups need to practice  
You be there, like Michael Jackson in my atmosphere  
Gerbils for rectums, I break you off like Richard Gere  
I'm so fantastic, your metal fist is still plastic  
Compelled with no threats, your rhymes bounce off my shield  
New York City, California, roll my Ampex reel  
No corny loops and assemble with Timberland boots  
I'm strictly monster with turtlenecks like Frankenstein  
Drop that mic kid, you lost, so that ass is mine

Chorus: Dr. Octagon

I get real raw -- change arrangements on your face (3X)  
Superspeed... flowin!

{Kool Keith samples are scratched and repeated}

(Dr. Octagon)

Doctor Octo, mental disorder, person in alias  
Fifty-five-six computer tracks on your ass cracks  
Therapy patient ignored your rhymes in the train station  
You don't want none, the vomit's on your cinnamon bun  
You still rappin in the city talkin pig latin  
In fact you no test, you tired man, won't you rest?  
Take that sleep with NoDoz, that common style is cheap  
You bought your mic cord, payola scams the Billboard  
Slots that's not hot you settle for the nuts you got  
Record releases, your crew is wack like chocolate Reese's  
Urine stains are spread out, fly colours on your brains  
You beware, orangutangs tappin on your window  
Bulls and coyotes, while roaches walk around your poodle  
Like Shakespeare, genius thoughts pumpin every year  
MC's know, retire quick rap like ?? ??  
Josie Merriweather with blocks on your skin is clever  
Upright direction, I battle any yeast infection  
Put missiles to work, my needles in your midsection  
Hold upright, I burn your anus with the purple light  
Use up your power, make phone calls for an hour

Chorus: Dr. Octagon

I get real raw -- change arrangements on your face (4X)

{double tempo and fast scratching}

{scratching slows and continues to over Keith samples}

{Keith samples end song}