Dr. Octagon, Wild And Crazy

{DJ Q-Bert scratches "right, now here we go"}

(Dr. Octagon)

A lot of rappers are wack, they cold booty from the buttcrack Swingin skills to chill, that's how I pay the bills Funk blaster, tweakin bass like I'm Jimmy Castor Model H-3-oh-C, plus another thousand Kickin lyrics for ASCAP, brothers that be housin Splittin publishin, gainin points, rappin back again My unique style, and certain words, watch me make em blend Manifest vanish, spread out, with computer data Suckers don't know, acute intelligence, what's the matter Solo fiend, I cut your legs with the guillotine Snap back, rip you to some props in your paperback Gettin rectums, doin jobs like I'm Dr. Giggles Servin em well, I stop their anals up with pickles With operation to give, the room an atmosphere Cyclops will walk, Frankenstein still standin here Watch the hand out the ground, chill

Chorus: Dr. Octagon (repeat 2X)

It's wild and crazy..

The moon is out, tonight it's time for experiments It's wild and crazy..

A fetus in the jar, I got the little baby

(Dr. Octagon)

Two o'clock, still dark, my flashlight, huntin suit Right in front of your building with live bear every year Takin horns, from moose and wild bulls and capricorns I got your face in the frame, inside the living room While kids watch 13, I'm in the back smokin zoom Sesame Street, you play that beat, I'ma step to Pete with nuclear bombs, and word to mom, I'ma blow his arms Six shot rhyme, my forty-four is made by Charter arms I put some diss in the steps, and damage all your reps Get off the hooks in project style like Bernard Goetz What's the matter, kid you scared, come and do the bid Inmates'll damage your tapes, you're nervous liftin weights I open cell block C, go battle Mr. Silly I don't see nothin, I think, they raped the rapper really

Chorus

{DJ Q-Bert scratches "Ultra x 3 Ultramagnetic Mc

(Dr. Octagon)

Walkin streets with shopping carts, a live alligator
Hold your pitbull back, let's spend some money on the elevator
Your dog is bound to loose and have a funeral
You can call landlords, injects on my rent checks
Bug Man is back, you project people better watch their necks
Spittin flim-flam, rappers still smokin crack
Suckers get pantylined, and spots on the hiney crack
I do much work, on heavy stomachs like Levert
Put up some money, I bet my tools'll make your rectum hurt
Black exposed em, for you don't want to mess with me
I seek in your girl's box, and cover your publicity
Sequence first, and drop the facts on DAT

Chorus