

Dr. Doom, Bald - Headed Girl

Hey baby
I don't want to be kind of direct, but
I like
I think I like that's your hair
If it is your hair
I don't want to sound kind of different, but
Are you bald-headed?
Yeah I like the way you got a lot of that stuff off the horse
And added to your dimension
To fool a lot of brothers out there

Chorus: x2
Bald-headed girl
Bald-headed girl
Bald-headed girl
For me

Verse one:
There are nine million girls with weaves
With bald heads, braids get sweaty in nine months
Punks start stinking
Activator becomes the lazy way
Face like alligator, acne pimples, vagina cream
Girl cover your dream
Look at maxi pads
On special I see in
Affection, bootyclappin
Left y'all tailwaggin
Like cats in heats
Rubbing against my knees
I smell fleas
Plucking roaches of your thongs
Y'all got the nerve to walk around naked playing a job b song
Six months pregnant and the baby you don't know who's the father
Why bother
It could be bill cosby or kevin johnson
You just came out the hotel
With shawn kemp and magic johnson
With ashy kneecaps
Your dress showing your butt crack
With no home training
You can't match the high class off doctor doom
You act more fake than pamelanda anderson
Getting rebuilt by oscar goldman
With contact lenses
Run with imbeciles who lease benzes
You valet park athletes cars
Buying blond wigs from k-mart

Chorus: x4

Verse two:

Fierce animal with horsehair down her back
With a stolen g-string, sporting a zirconia ring
Out the cracker jack box
Even though her private parts smell like an ox
Open a window
Fly rooms at the hyatt don't smell like this
Air condition can't fight the fish
Doctor doom pulling out vanilla wizard
Spraying the hairstyle worn by the exotic lizard
Who are you miss

Trying to be a material analyst
Liposuction refraction
You can't afford a pack of hair like toni braxton
It's a must
Doctor doom lost your trust
The beauty parlor souped you up
You start riding the bus
Always in a fly ride
You just a bald-headed loser
And I bet you ten packs of human hair the yankees ain't losing
Pinstripes'll penetrate your buttwipes
Y'all know the deal
Scratching your crutch by the hamburger grill
Wash your hands girl
Shampoo the feces out your classy curl

Chorus: x4

Verse three:

You got your wig on
At the front line of the guestlist
You a spectacular model
Wearing turtleneck and mohvada watch
Using a airtight full back panties is a turn off
Why don't you wipe the worms off
And all the germs off
With rubbing alcohol
I'm in the back of y'all
Looking at the naps under your hair weave
Standing next to your man steve
He don't believe
You got a process that ain't the best
With hair growing around your chins and chest
Bumps on your neck
Girl, you need to get some stuff from gillete
Shaving cream, clippers, vinegar, soap, shampoo it's all for you bu
Watch the oil, hair drop all over the sink man
Sew that weave in man that stuff gon' start to stink
Girl get your hair off my sink

Chorus: □x4

It's the bald-head 2000