

Dr. Doom, Body Bag

(Dr. Doom)

Yeah.. Dr. Doom

Beware when I walk in your room

That's right

a.k.a. Kool Keith

I'm washin pots and pans, fried gorillas with tortilla chips
and clam dips, my pants ripped, playin Gladys Knight on Fright Night
with buffalo meat in your ass vomit
Gastric juice with french toast, balls from a moose
Heavy convulsion construction in your stomach tucked in
Leave you with Maalox and castor oil of toxic waste
Your area's vacant with warehouse aroma
Cat turds and horse drops your face went into a coma
Exterminating houses, with fifty mouses, diapers and kids
Drivin trucks for the roach business
Twelve to nine I move body bags to Cedar Sinai
Eatin co-workers food I'm rude
Walk in the beverage center with a jockstrap dude
Approach security with a delivery
Never stating a major, cut cables in elevators
Make the rush hour stop draggin dead elephants in department stores
while people shop, with a briefcase from Spelmen
I have to tell men, get off my back
I'm workin overtime like a janitor with stamina
Buried the last bodies in Canada
In Toronto, I used to jerk off in a ten room condo
with serious surgery Dr. Doom workin in the office building
Drivin some Bronco like O.J. Simpson
Nervous smokin a pack of Winston's
With twenty-seven dead people in Pontiac, Michigan
Twenty-eight in Denver, twenty-eight I can't remember
Walkin through a town called Gatesville
You suckers out there know how Norman Bates feel