

Dr. Doom, Call The Cops

lyrics and music by Kool Keith, a.k.a. Dr. Doom
Additional lyrics by Jackie Jasper

Jackie, you keep them rollers in ya hair with that plastic all on ya head, huh
Man, Hey, Keith, who did ya gerry curls, man, look good
I seen ya'll this mornin on Cops,' man, they had ya'll pictures
and all ya profiles and everything, ya'll should stay low.
Gene called.
He need five dollas.

(Dr. Doom)

Ultimate focus behind ya neck can't reflex with text on your lyrical index
Stop the masses rotate the fastest
Afro gerry curl world, get ignited re-invited on your main sources like the
Enforcers
Sub-machines spray your Liberace pianos
Free-style ambulances ring out your new dances
While ya'll can't rap we took your ampex, we have protective custody
Got your face disgustin' me
Wit' animal-like instincts I left a dead gorilla in the skatin' rink
Penetrated your Gap jeans with Black & Decker machines
Alternate your Scullies, catch dead rats in Saran Wrap
Put used diapers on your windshield wipers
Make you eat your own feces, ?sell yourleardrumbelices?
Pull out your colon leave your glands swollen
Uncircumcised between your mom's thighs
That's right, wit a face like Michael Myers
I clip the ears off your body guards with some bloody pliers
Bound to eat a German Shepard in the Mohave Desert
While ya'll talk gangsta I push body carts in shopping carts
Leave wigs on streets on Melrose so coroners can smell those
Arms for three days, with three legs in the back seat ya'll get the back heat?
With the police department scared to look at my apartment
Three weeks ago I dumped a bag of legs with beer kegs
Went to Ralph's and bought a six pack and some eggs
Seen my face in the paper wit a beard, went home and shaved
Took out ya bodies in the pickup truck back to the grave
Drinkin' Yoo-Hoos and doughnuts, ya'll punks think I'm so nuts
Walkin' in hospital rooms like the black Dr. Doom
Push you in the wheelchair out the window down the steps like lancide(sic.)
You run and hide
Handicap wit no maps I'm after you throw gas at you.
(The projects called the cops)

The F.B.I. got our fingerprints
Heavy big weights, we move in alternate states
(The projects called the cops.)
(Muthaf**ka')

(Jackie Jasper)

Jackie Jasper wit illegal drugs, sell for the thugs:
A bag of penises and twenty butt plugs, Persian rugs
Wit dead bodies on it, call Colombo, who dunnit, solve it
And I'll revolve it
And hold it, to the war to the hogs to the dogs?
A vagina with bugs, rubs, cubs, getting fellatio
Ratio fa sho'. Positive why I die I live comatose tomato juice and
Cherry Ho's and toast
Santa Barbara at the Barbie coast most?
Chicks licks black holes French expose
Wastin' my children on her clothes that went up her nose, suppose?
I penetrated ya neck wit a Bic pen
Wit a belt around my waist like Bookmen?
Don't ask my neighbors, bodies dead, sixty-nine flavors, behaviors

Smokin' glass wit coleslaw hangin' out ya ass
Take a blast, I'm travelin' fast, pass a nymphomaniac
Diggin' up corpse I'm a necrophiliac getting my chick back
In an up-smack
Had that head bobbin,' joggin,' cyclin,' recyclin.'
Connivin,' arrivin,' hearse drivin' it's even.
Seven heads, ten horns, believing. Evil demon
As Stella Steven retreatin' you're beatin'
Eatin' dead puss. Sardine can smell from here to hell.
A gladiator wit tights under disco lights.
Blowin' a harmonica, yo, in Santa Monica in a Honda
Name dazzle night fall the press cross dressed your name Rhonda?
Call Macero? Call Dan-O, call Cello?
Five-O rollin' in a Pinto from Ohio, Toledo, down to San Pedro
Believe me, ho, I sold Curtis the blow.

The F.B.I. got our fingerprints
Heavy big weights, we move to alternate states
(The projects called the cops)

(Book em')