

Dr. Doom, Dr. Doom's in the Room

Yeah, for the motherfuckin 2000
in this mother
Straight from Houston, Tex
The motherfuckin Dr. Doom

I'm shuttin rappers down like Guiliani shut down strip clubs
Turnin your fake gangster hardcore stories
into some Mickey Mouse, Teletubbies shit
Y'all niggaz need to quit, stop pullin your silicone tits
And this city is my town
Don't even fuckin tryin to say a fly rhyme
I'm holdin possessions you don't own
And your cellular phone don't even fuckin roam
Y'all got the nerve to be standin in the hot rap zone
against somethin you can't afford
Rappers be soundin bored at the show
I need to start pullin your bitch-ass fuckin extension cord
Suckers be fakers, ATM pullin frauds
I'm sendin two men, out to boo men
Quick to get to y'all niggaz like Western Union
I'm comin like the fax machine
I pour it on your whole team
Y'all niggaz ain't got time to scheme
I'm out to shatter your fuckin rap dreams
Top to bottom, any angle, whatever your bullshit mind think
Your words gon' tangle
Sound like shit on a Tascam mix
A bunch of y'all tracks need to be fixed
Professionally, you sound like the dog Toto
When I see Flex, I'ma ask him
why he playin a lot of records from a bunch of homos
with feminine vocals
I catch niggaz when clubs are packed, rubbin elbows
Tryin to whisper shit in ugly bitches earlobes
Dr. Doom callin wack niggaz houses from the Radisson hotel room
Penthouse suites, bitch niggaz get 911 beeps
I'm always hearin more softest MC's talk shit about the streets
Fuck your seedy impression of pain
Ninety-nine percent of your shit was normal,
one percent sound strange
A&R's be suckin a lot of dick
and spreadin they ass cheeks to get the hits