

Dr. Doom, Mental Case

(Dr. Doom)

Yo, fuck Octagon!

Don't ask me about that fuckin' shit

Fuckin' ask me about that fuckin' shit again

I ain't doin' that type of shit (I ain't doin' that shit)

You motherfuckers think I'm crazy right? (Yeah you crazy)

I know, but I am

I have to show niggas, word G, I have to blow niggas
Tech 9's, Carbines, pointin' in your fuckin faces
Thirty-eight Magnum butcher knife man, watch me stab em
Jewish kid left there, with ambulances, by the wheelchair
Dangerous action, I'm the movie, I'm the main attraction
Fuck up your front lawn with M&M's, Jiffy Popcorn
Piss in your mailbox, throw shitty Pampers every two blocks
Cut up your great dane, with charcoal out, leavin great flame
You fuckin' bastard, don't fuck with me, you gettin' blasted
Niggas get fucked up, you black niggas are actin white
Your Rolex gone, my project's on your airplane flights
First time you check out, baggage claim will throw your neck out
Cut off your bodyguards, fast start with razor scars
Come grab the submachines, Joe step to seminars
Niggas with diamonds, armed crackheads, clock y'all rhymin
Take your girl's necklace, stare at the cops, lookin reckless
Ass on the corner, think you safe workin' at Warner Brothers?
Polygram building heard some shots, they want me to chill then
security ran, Russell Simmons saw me in a black van
I ran the tight intersection, and caught a big erection
Spinnin on 3rd, Lexington, through the fuckin' red
I'm in Manhattan naked, wigs on my fuckin' head
Streets full of traffic, drive on sidewalks, that's my habits

Chorus: Dr. Doom and {unknown guest help}

Mental case, mental case

{Man, he be likin' Campbell's soup, Apple Jacks Double XL diapers}

Mental case, mental case

{Chocolate milk, porno films Flintstone tablets}

Mental case, mental case

{Roscoe waffles and make them extra soft Oh-KAY?} +1

{Roscoe waffles.. and make them extra soft DUDE!} +2

{Make sure he gets a girl ohkay?} +3

(Dr. Doom)

Your style is bitch kid, you fucked up, sound like a woman
I'm not impressed when you sport mics and touch your breast
You transvest with small flows, you can't proper digest
You open mic stands, you catch one, with sperm in your hand
I leave you thinkin' in your hotels, with pussy stinkin'
Massengil thrills flow through New York, to Hollywood hills
Your male flow, I'm wipin asscracks like Mop-N-Glo
MC's get inserts, thrash style selectin bad words
Move with your silk suits, I stomp your mics with combat boots
Make up your rap that's feeble, small you think it's major
I pull your rectum out, erase your girl, off my pager
International feedback, I make you twist your knee back
I got your crew on camcorders, tryin' to rhyme in Teaback's
Garter belts on DJ's, sportin' tryin' to spin on felts
I see that rugged kid comin' through, gimme that screwface
He's wearin' girdles, your back-up man, sportin' pink lace

Hey man you better watch your back up in here man
They're raping little boys

Chorus

(Dr. Doom)

I stop your intro, move your mic at your birthday party
Your group set up, takin' turns, y'all shut the fuck up
Walk, grab your nuts, leave the Kangols and scratch your butts
Stage shows get messed up, you're hardcore, zippin' your dress up
Move on your projects, new shit, that's how I do shit
Word up G, y'all niggas sound pussy, lick my pee-pee veteran nasty
Don't even try to fuckin' ask me, fax you my phone number
I beat you down with steel cans and wood lumber
Open your face up, dress you with makeup
Have your bitch-made, makin' Kool-Aid with your ass out
in a glass house, where convicts wear big dicks
Strong niggas, got your assholes in the mix
You need protection for that tight infection

Chorus

(Dr. Doom)

You boys comin' in hard, I'm the warden
You go out soft