

Smut Peddlers, Diseases

Yo whattup E?

Yo whattup Starbuck, what's goin on?

Yeah how you livin'?

Yeah you know just smokin every day, whassup?

Yeah let me tell you hip-hop's WACK man

Yeah I know, say word

All these MC's got diseases

Yeah they got like frostbite, there's a bad plague baby

MC's got delusions of grandeur and such {*brrrr, brrrr!*

Yeah man, yo we gotta tell 'em whassup

(Eon)

Now go make a record, and go rob a bank

Now you got Cool C-itis to thank

Copped that advance, but lost that check

Must be due to Alzheimer's onset

Go up in the label, when honies start feelin ya

Hobbes you better catch some A&R felia(?)

And female rappers don't have a chance

Need flow augmentation and mic implants

Yo, you went to bed with that hoochie redhead?

Caught half-steppin cause she got a peg leg

Shot your milk, she didn't swallow it?

That's cause girl was lactose intolerant

Smoke with E, you gonna have fun

Oh, but by the way, leave with collapsed lungs

Try and spit, but nothin comes out

Braindead MC's all got cotton mouth

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

This be a list of hip-hop's diseases

Too much ice gon' have shorty sneezin

Too much 'dro will leave a kid wheezin

Head's too big, stab you up for no reason

(Eon)

You with wifey dog, get a car from Sonya

It's likely you'll catch Nokia phobia

You shiverin from ice, hold a mic device

It's most certainly some rappers frostbite

Go up in the club, in moderation

Cause online you be catchin Peter Geisha'n impatient

Ha ha, rollin trees, only got seeds

Man's puffin crystals, green with envy

Rhymin for the loot, to get some mass

You a prime candidate for a heart bypass (clear! clear!)

You online, think you the dopest

Geek caught a case of wack internet-a-tosis

Startin rumors, check the tabloids

Caught a Blaze haze, maybe Source hemerrhoids (ouch)

Wack on stage, with off-beat ailment

At a show catch a microphone impalement

(Chorus)

(Eon)

Scrub your hands fifty times, and wash the smut odor

Obvious obsessive compulsive disorder

Up I got downers, down I got uppers

Now chuggin Pedia Sure for fuckin supper (glug glug glug)

Step to E, no microphone contest

Soon learn about inferiority complex

I'm stuck on hip-hop, can't get a fix

'til Mighty Mi deals me a dope remix

Now I'll supply prescriptions
Come to the motherfuckin spot, if you havin wack visions
Writers block? Just can't flow?
Hit you off with a double mic hydro
You goin gold if you got the patience
Son check in you got rap hallucinations
The surgeon, wack MC's I carve up
Hip-Hop med school, Dr. Starbucks

(Chorus)

Yeah E, I don't know
I still don't think they know
Smut Peddlers, Cage, in the house
Mighty Mi, in the house
Yes indeed all the dirty people, in the house
Yo, you better go get checked
Go to the clinic, cause you got somethin
Don't say you got nothin
Cause we're all diseased, right