

Sparkle F/ Cynthia Jernigan**"Body Bag"**

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[Dr. Dooom]

Yeah.. Dr. Dooom

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 mice, 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 Spelman

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. Dooom 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

"Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight!"
"Hey what's that smell down there?"
"Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight!"
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"Hey what's that smell down there?"
"Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight!"

From a little town, that's right a tore down house
with some real estate in Peatskill
I ran a meat market behind Johnny Rocket's
Paid truckers to haul body pieces from the East to the
West
with the devil branded on your chest
I had to step up and the judge wrote confess
Watch the whole Arkansas Kansas City testify
against my lies and my alibis, I was suprised
My lawyers dressed in black
and a Rolls Royce buried in the back
Arms missing, knees cut down to the knubs
All I had was people to grub
Stories to tell to the Enquirer
how I set a bunch of people in the nightclub on fire
My intention was to get even like Spielberg
Throw like Stephen King, Children of the Corn on a
swing
I stuck needles in your face like Pinhead
You been dead for eighty hours in a college dorm
with a thunderstorm, lightning with big bolts
I used to hang with Jim Jones before he started the cults
The SSA, the Sacrifice and Serve-it Angle
I'm the next strangler

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