

Sparkle F/ Cynthia Jernigan**"Dr. Doom's in the Room"**

Visit "[Dr. Doom's in the Room](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 Tascan 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

Dr. Dooom is in the room!
Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat
Dr. Dooom is in the room!
Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat
Dr. Dooom is in the room!
Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat
Dr. Dooom is in the room!
Walkin up ..

You couldn't rap with me if we was twins stuck together
You be the deformed one, catchin the warm one
I pay a crackhead five dollars
to fuck up your million dollar marketing plan
with a brand new sub-machine gun
and a hot dog, on a Yankee Stadium bun
First class rates, hire Wall Street messengers
to move your antique rap styles in milk crates
Special delivery for all you motherfuckers
sportin hard boots with ashey faces tryin to get with me
Y'all suckers is amateurs, gettin fucked up the
assholes
by the top worst managers
On the publishin deal, wipe my condoms off your
Ampex reels
No games to be played, you lookin fuckin jiggy
MC's with collared shirts and shoes tryin to duplicate
Biggie
No matter where, you only got one pair
Alligators don't match with them fuckin flares
Who's doin your dress code, some old stank bitch
with mascara touchin up your face on the road
You feelin healthier, your rap audience
is only New York to Philadelphia
Baltimore never even heard your fuckin metaphor
Shut the fuck up, put your buck up, look at the dicks you
suck up
Maximum ass thoughts, you fuckin get crushed
like the five o'clock train rush, sweaty as a
motherfucker
The best rapper can lick my ass
I make your girl pick me up lick my sperm in your E-

class

Leave my diapers moist in the back seat of your Rolls

Royce

Stop your whole organization on Park Avenue and start

laughin at you

Dr. Dooom is in the room!

Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat

Dr. Dooom is in the room!

Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat

Dr. Dooom is in the room!

Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat

Dr. Dooom is in the room!

Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat

You ain't the top rap in the country

New jacks, you shoulda knew that

From experience, you couldn't write from the beginnin

Bookin studio time, with some scramblin concert shit
on your mind

Who's crowd, the Blues feel my news

Accurately in New York City

There's a thousand motherfuckers tryin to rap and look
pretty

Save it for David

Take that motherfuckin rented ride back to Avis

When it come to rap I'm the big motherfucker on the
playlist

Ridin the Amtrak, lookin at Billboard

You need to be hung on a steel cord

Sittin next to a Doberman, shit in Harlem

Any poodles on the mic, we gon' stop em

I'm in the dressin room with the average bitch

lookin like Halle Berry, rubbin my nuts

My fingers all up in her guts

Watchin Monday Night Football with my dick all up in
her butt

MC's stand away when I pull out my mitt put your hand
away

Most of these fake hard rappers never seen the
projects

live in fuckin Pesquateway

Scared, palm that away

Why don't you bastards move back in the metro area

The Marriott is the spot

where the prostitutes lick your Rolex watch

Left you naked out with your stomach out

Hangin out with cocaine on the dresser
With a Puerto Rican girl with HIV from Parkchester
You sniffin that shit again
Souped up from the neck up from the buttcrack up
You need a fuckin checkup

Dr. Doom is in the room!
Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat
Dr. Doom is in the room!
Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat
Dr. Doom is in the room!
Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat
Dr. Doom is in the room!
Walkin up the street, with bare feet, eatin raw steak
meat

Visit [Sparkle F/ Cynthia Jernigan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.