

**Sparkle F/ Cynthia Jernigan****"I Run Rap"**

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[Dr. Dooom]

Yeah

Number one MC in the world, a.k.a. Dr. Dooom

Straight out of solitary

I got the block locked down

Transfer me to conquer in the Pelican Bay

You don't wanna step in my cell

I eat your ass for real

Even veterans go out with tight pants and lipstick

Most rappers flex up, they vexed up, they actin hard

Attendin Catholic school at mom's house, they soft as lard

They roll in packs, carryin yo-yo's, and balls and jacks

That kid you peeped it, his boys wearin Victoria's Secret

Mean mugs get crushed up, your bra's showin, pickin dust up

You light your trees up, I'm just the man to skin yo' knees up

Walk behind you, tuck your stomach in, I redesign you  
Urgent emergency, your girl is cryin, they can't find you

I move with bowling ball bags, you try to ask for Zig-Zags

You got your panties on with wigs on, y'all playin tag  
Walkin in tough kid, your girdle's showin, watch your doo-rag

G-strings get touched, watch your skid marks like Starsky and Hutch

Y'all scope erections, while rappers run to different sections

I ride in limos pull your thongs in, from here to Wisconsin

Droppin this A-bomb make, tough MC's, put on Avon  
Eject your wigs in Hunts Point, your pumps in truckers rigs

Chorus: repeat 4X

I'm the man of the hour

Watchin girls takin a shower  
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

[Dr. Dooom]

Rappers with panty-liners, rent cars, with no recliners  
I get ill, serve the best MC's with Massengil  
While crowds chill, take your haltertops, down to Big  
Bill  
Right on your mic stand, your flower shorts, you've  
been hurt  
Male with a dildo, your ass is low, call policemen  
Three million rappers on labels, sportin skirts release  
men  
I teach men, pull my pants down, piss on each men  
Frustrate the rectums on the night flight, I cruise on  
East and  
look at your contracts, while Vaseline, smears your  
buttcrack  
I counteract tracks, while you ate rhymes smokin crack  
Skinny kid two pounds, with phony legs, bustin two  
rounds  
That man is slinky, jacks off, and rappers host his  
Twinkie  
Underarm smell, keep the mics warm, y'all shirts is  
stinky  
Panties look great on you with wedding rings around  
your pinkie  
Now stop BS then cut your weight down, you'd be like  
Vester  
Facin your whole crew, with cardinals on like Uncle  
Fester  
Lo-lo-lo-Lopez, your moms call me Frankie Sanchez  
On deck with penis out, pine tar like Tony Perez  
Big battin average, send your girlfriend out, tossin  
salad  
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

Chorus

[Dr. Dooom]

Rappers get maxi-pads and O.B., their time of the  
month  
No time for phone calls from tough guys, y'all puff  
them blunts  
Some serious stretch marks, cock-diesel MC's end up  
pregnant  
Nine months in time stuck, you rhyme, grabbin inmates  
jock  
Sportin your white dress, with Timberlands, you try to  
impress  
Petrol with bulletproof vest, your man is havin incest

Knock up your celldon, your big group, they roll with  
Alvin  
Drag queen on Front Street, program, all your SP-12  
beats  
Y'all roll up dust, smokin PCP, I come with big heat  
Y'all run y'all knowledge down, send your Rolex down  
to Big Pete  
Lipstick is smeared on, your Pele shirt, get your fear on  
Hard rappers with stockings and tunafish, smell like  
Starkist  
I call him Miss, rappers tampons, I bought it for  
Christmas  
I call you Anna make you sniff balls, back to Atlanta  
Change all your grammar and have you call home,  
bleedin to Grandma  
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

Chorus

[Dr. Dooom]  
That's right  
When you see in the mess hall  
All new jacks, even if you're old, give me that respect  
Youknowhatl'msayin? You might get neglected  
That's right, send me all the commissary  
Battlin me ain't necessary

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