

Sparkle F/ Cynthia Jernigan

"You Live at Home With Your Mom"

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[Dr. Dooom]

Yeah.. New York City!

Dr. Dooom Pebblestone

I took the Batmobile out last night

Went to Tony Rhome's.. and I seen..

exaggeration

{you were perpetratin, you was fake}

Chorus: repeat 4X

Spottin fools frontin fly, girls act material

{You live at home with your mom!}

[Dr. Dooom]

I spot MC's on BET with the fake zirconia bezel Rolex

Lookin like virgin with the see-through back bought
from

the Indian kid off the rack -- sterling silver delivery

Y'all tryin to fool me actin bougie with the platinum
wannabe

It look real, stainless steel appeal, that's not the
Presidential

Let's keep it confidential; you ordered that fuckin kit
in the ad in The Source boss -- step up your rep up
in genuine fashion I caught your ass in;

with your name on the rented car lease

Feathered top hat, zoot suits with vinyl alligator boots

Extreme dream with no apartment space

You frontin in the fly ride and empty place

with your rent due on the first of the month

Your second month you exit, portrayin to girls
like you everything in the world

Fuck master, prepare to face disaster as I pass ya

Movin Galactica with no capacity

You ain't got enough to buy a small soda in Johnny
Rocket's, B

Posin with baldhead black girls with a Florida tan

tryin to act like you the man

Starstruck with one buck, your girl look like Donald
Duck

Party-figure perpetrator, undercover hater
Smell your cheap cologne in the elevator
Dope you smoke, half of y'all can't never touch the
mink coat
with your four carat white gold you look like you're
pantomiming
Tryin to rhyme off of unflexible facial bone structure
I crush ya, down to the paso
like spicy foods burnin through your asshole
Remember I did the damage to your lasso
then threw your Pampers in a manhole; your engineer
walked away
with ponytails like Annie Mae, laughin and talkin the
other way
You was the first rapper to pull out grease
and turn your butt the other way
Your girl think you're tough, big buff and rough

{90 percent of these rappers are very soft}

Chorus

[Dr. Dooom]

I look at your audience and fanbase
Nuttin but a bunch of men tappin each other on the
back again
Fools with backpacks tryin to show me they asscrack
Cigarette lighters blowin smoke on my Polo shirt
and you're bound to get hurt
With one leg, tryin to walk to work on the mic you rap
hard
and overexert, Material Girls catch diarrhea
Won't make it to my concert
It don't have to be 4th of July for your rectum to see
fireworks
While you buy clothes at Ross sew in the weaves tryin to
floss
Walkin in large resteraunts, orderin a small bowl of
chicken broth
Water and napkins, you ain't tryin to be a captain
Put down this wack actin skills from movies
send you to Niko lobbies like a groupie
Stagefright out of sight cover your ass up
Prepare I pull my mask up

{Watch your custom jewelry kid!}

Chorus

{That's right kid, clean up your room}
{Go clean up your room}

{Clean your room otherwise you'll be on punishment}
{for two weeks}

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