

## **Dr. Octagon "3000"**

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I crank up lyrical flows, spit spats, what's that  
The pattern records, don't touch the dats, yo  
Check out the pro skills, medic fulfill  
Contact react to style I'm back you lack

Channels and handles, automator's on the panels  
Turnin' knobs you slob suckers like baskin' robs  
Caravel don't tell your whole crew is ice cream fudge  
Rappers that budge, makin' moves step in grooves

And ride the pace  
Like at thirty-three dark shades  
Now you seein' me  
Rap moves on to the year three thousand

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Let me shuffle red red red  
See the black heart it ain't hard  
Pick and choose you lose oops you lost  
Check out the boss on Broadway down to walkways

Suckers with mics that end up with tooth decay  
I, the doctor, stop ya, in your world rock ya  
Heads bop, forever tunes and they won't stop like hip-  
hop  
Keeps growing, sick of sick of showing

Scratches in mattress business money reattaches  
worldwide  
Deep inside stops the diamond rocks  
In a million world, billion world, quintrillion world  
Rap moves on to the year three thousand

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As space I've shown participator acts walk up clog up  
and mess up

Water down the sound, that comes from the ghetto  
In the middle the core you tour explore experience  
What is real you feel, changing ways

Commercial rap's in the grave  
Stuff on disc that's very wack  
That you saved, you think it's good won't go platinum  
Or even turn wood, sell the cassette

Your homey's tape deck gets wet  
You my pet, my poodle chicken noodle's on the rise  
Open your eyes and see my life  
Rap moves on to the year three thousand

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