

Dr. Octagon "Real Raw"

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* these lyrics appear on the bulk recordings reissue on dreamworks

{kool keith samples are scratched and repeated}

[dr. octagon]

With yellow eyes, my green face, my pink and white afro

I'm no toy kid, your style is made by hasbro

G'niff gnapp, you think you got that real hip-hop

I saw the chart so quickly, watched your album flop

I'm doctor octo, curlin waste, tourin rhinos

Liftin horses, throwin cows at your fake forces

You know my gold style, rabbit fur coat style

You be freezin with the flu watch you keep sneezin

Like breezly brewin, your style i'ma have to ruin

Chop up your tactics, you gimmick groups need to practice

You be there, like michael jackson in my atmosphere

Gerbils for rectums, I break you off like richard gere

I'm so fantastic, your metal fist is still plastic

Compelled with no threats, your rhymes bounce off my shield

New york city, california, roll my ampex reel

No corny loops and assemble with timberland boots

I'm strictly monster with turtlenecks like frankenstein

Drop that mic kid, you lost, so that ass is mine

Chorus: dr. octagon

I get real raw -- change arrangements on your face (3x)

Superspeed... flowin!

{kool keith samples are scratched and repeated}

[dr. octagon]

Doctor octo, mental disorder, person in alias

Fifty-five-six computer tracks on your ass cracks

Therapy patient ignored your rhymes in the train station

You don't want none, the vomit's on your cinnamon bun

You still rappin in the city talkin pig latin

In fact you no test, you tired man, won't you rest?
Take that sleep with nodoz, that common style is cheap
You bought your mic cord, payola scams the billboard
Slots that's not hot you settle for the nuts you got
Record releases, your crew is wack like chocolate
reese's
Urine stains are spread out, fly colours on your brains
You beware, orangutangs tappin on your window
Bulls and coyotes, while roaches walk around your
poodle
Like shakespeare, genius thoughts pumpin every year
Mc's know, retire quick rap like ? ? ? ?
Josie merriweather with blocks on your skin is clever
Upright direction, I battle any yeast infection
Put missiles to work, my needles in your midsection
Hold upright, I burn your anus with the purple light
Use up your power, make phone calls for an hour

Chorus: dr. octagon

I get real raw -- change arrangements on your face (4x)

{double tempo and fast scratching}
{scratching slows and continues to over keith
samples}
{keith samples end song}

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