

Dr. Octagon "Waiting List"

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You enter, step in the room, four, five
My overcompressed thoughts and ways make you get
live
You are the patient, and I, your black doctor
Medical bills, insurance, cash in the ceiling

Dioxalyn fingerprints here ever since
I got my white suit pressed, out the cleaners
X-ray shades, with hard shoes and some razor blades
Who's the brother that's sick and needs the operation?

Bullets removed from your head, grand central station
I gotta cut off your ear, first behind your neck
Rip out the stomach, and open rectum's to dissect
Shine the light, inside, roaches crawling in your throat
I have no tools, my hammer's done, my drill is broked

I'm the doctor
You wait on the waiting list
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss
This is octagon, this is octagon, this is octagon

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Watching people vomit green, my po-lig is lizard pills
My office in berbick, I had the bodies in Beverley hills
Seeking Kimbles and bits, a girl with small tits
Talking to herself, her dog, and having rabid fits

Green fly soup in on the way from the kitchen, troop
Looking at TB, tuberculous on the window post
Ten dead dogs, a brown fox in the comatose
With no reps, I put more needles in they kneecaps

Some primitive screws, and my, yes and perhaps
A little sprinkle of Clorox, in their vocal box
Some pepto-bismol, Pepsi-Cola, pack of pop rocks
Mix it all together with bugs, to change the weather
You be coughing blue, with eyes like Mr. Magoo

Straight up cartoon, you're bound to fall out real soon

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As you come in the bright, you ride the orange
ambulance
Look at widows of hell see the mental patients dance
Doin' six and seven, steps ladies yells dance
Upside downside with walls flyin' through the
[Incomprehensible]

Mr. [Incomprehensible] with yellow bees they fly, sting
your face
You out there bumps, caught up with a acne case
Plastic surgery, your lawyer now refer to me
Giving you sketches, exquisite pictures of the gill man

What's the matter, are you happy? Na, you're ill man
Standin' back, you choose a ticket
My spiritual laws of vitamins will turn your face wicked
You're invited to ride the glide to your homicide

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