

Dr. Octagon "Wild and Crazy"

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A lot of rappers are wack they cold booty from the
buttcrack

Swingin' skills to chill that's how I pay the bills
Funk blaster tweakin' bass like I'm Jimmy Castor
Model H 3 oh C plus another thousand

Kickin' lyrics for ASCAP brothers that be housin'
Splittin' publishin' gainin' points rappin' back again
My unique style and certain words, watch me make em
blend

Manifest vanish, spread out, with computer data

Suckers don't know, acute intelligence, what's the
matter

Solo fiend, I cut your legs with the guillotine
Snap back, rip you to some props in your paperback
Gettin' rectums, doin' jobs like I'm Dr. Giggles

Servin' em well, I stop their anals up with pickles
With operation to give, the room an atmosphere
Cyclops will walk, Frankenstein still standin' here
Watch the hand out the ground, chill

It's wild and crazy

The moon is out, tonight it's time for experiments

It's wild and crazy

A fetus in the jar, I got the little baby

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Two o'clock, still dark, my flashlight, huntin' suit
Right in front of your building with live bear every year
Takin' horns, from moose and wild bulls and
Capricorns

I got your face in the frame, inside the living room

While kids watch 13, I'm in the back scopin' zoom
Sesame Street, you play that beat, I'ma step to Pete
With nuclear bombs, and word to mom, I'ma blow his

arms
Six shot rhyme, my forty-four is made by [unverified]
arms

I put some diss in the steps, and damage all your reps
Get off the hooks in project style like Bernard Goetz
What's the matter, kid you scared, come and do the
bid
Inmates'll damage your tapes, you're nervous liftin'
weights

I open cell block C, go battle Mr. Silly
I don't see nothin', I think, they raped the rapper really

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I'm the ultimate emcee

Walkin' streets with shopping carts, a live alligator
Hold your pitbull back, let's spend some money on the
elevator
Your dog is bound to loose and have a funeral
You can call landlords, injects on my rent checks

Bug Man is back, you project people better watch their
necks
Spittin' flim-flam, rappers still smokin' crack
Suckers get pantylined, and spots on the Hiney crack
I do much work, on heavy stomachs like Levert

Put up some money, I bet my tools'll make your rectum
hurt
Black exposed 'em, for you don't want to mess with me
I seek in your girl's box, and cover your publicity
Sequence first, and drop the facts on DAT

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