

## Dr. Dog

### "Call The Cops"

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Lyrics and music by Kool Keith, a.k.a. Dr. Doom  
Additional lyrics by Jackie Jasper

Jackie, you keep them rollers in ya hair with that plastic  
all on ya head, huh  
Man, Hey, Keith, who did ya gerry curls, man, look  
good  
I seen ya'll this mornin on 'Cops,' man, they had ya'll  
pictures  
And all ya profiles and everything, ya'll should stay low.  
Gene called.  
He need five dollas.

(Dr. Doom)

Ultimate focus behind ya neck can't reflex with text on  
your lyrical index  
Stop the masses rotate the fastest  
Afro gerry curl world, get ignited re-invited on your  
main sources like the  
Enforcers  
Sub-machines spray your Liberace pianos  
Free-style ambulances ring out your new dances  
While ya'll can't rap we took your ampex, we have  
protective custody  
Got your face disgustin' me  
Wit' animal-like instincts I left a dead gorilla in the  
skatin' rink  
Penetrated your Gap jeans with Black & Decker  
machines  
Alternate your Scullies, catch dead rats in Saran Wrap  
Put used diapers on your windshield wipers  
Make you eat your own feces, ?sell  
yourleardrumbelices?  
Pull out your colon leave your glands swollen  
Uncircumcised between your mom's thighs  
That's right, wit a face like Michael Myers  
I clip the ears off your body guards with some bloody  
pliers  
Bound to eat a German Shepard in the Mohave Desert  
While ya'll talk gangsta I push body carts in shopping  
carts

Leave wigs on streets on Melrose so coroners can  
smell those  
Arms for three days, with three legs in the back seat  
ya'll get the back heat?  
With the police department scared to look at my  
apartment  
Three weeks ago I dumped a bag of legs with beer  
kegs  
Went to Ralph's and bought a six pack and some eggs  
Seen my face in the paper wit a beard, went home and  
shaved  
Took out ya bodies in the pickup truck back to the grave  
Drinkin' Yoo-Hoos and doughnuts, ya'll punks think I'm  
so nuts  
Walkin' in hospital rooms like the black Dr. Doom  
Push you in the wheelchair out the window down the  
steps like lancide(sic.)  
You run and hide  
Handicap wit no maps I'm after you throw gas at you.  
(The projects called the cops)

The F.B.I. got our fingerprints  
Heavy big weights, we move in alternate states  
(The projects called the cops.)  
(Muthafucka')

(Jackie Jasper)  
Jackie Jasper wit illegal drugs, sell for the thugs:  
A bag of penises and twenty butt plugs, Persian rugs  
Wit dead bodies on it, call Colombo, who dunnit, solve  
it  
And I'll revolve it  
And hold it, to the war to the hogs to the dogs?  
A vagina with bugs, rubs, cubs, getting fellatio  
Ratio fa sho'. Positive why I die I live comatose tomato  
juice and  
Cherry Ho's and toast  
Santa Barbara at the Barbie coast most?  
Chicks licks black holes French expose  
Wastin' my children on her clothes that went up her  
nose, suppose?  
I penetrated ya neck wit a Bic pen  
Wit a belt around my waist like Bookmen?  
Don't ask my neighbors, bodies dead, sixty-nine  
flavors, behaviors  
Smokin' glass wit coleslaw hangin' out ya ass  
Take a blast, I'm travelin' fast, pass a nymphomaniac  
Diggin' up corpse I'm a necrophiliac getting my chick  
back  
In an up-smack  
Had that head bobbin,' joggin,' cyclin,' recyclin.'

Connivin,' arrivin,' hearse drivin' it's even.  
Seven heads, ten horns, believing. Evil demon  
As Stella Steven retreatin' you're beatin'  
Eatin' dead puss. Sardine can smell from here to hell.  
A gladiator wit tights under disco lights.  
Blowin' a harmonica, yo, in Santa Monica in a Honda  
Name dazzle night fall the press cross dressed your  
name Rhonda?  
Call Macero? Call Dan-O, call Cello?  
Five-O rollin' in a Pinto from Ohio, Toledo, down to San  
Pedro  
Believe me, ho, I sold Curtis the blow.

The F.B.I. got our fingerprints  
Heavy big weights, we move to alternate states  
(The projects called the cops)

(Book em')

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