

## Dr. Dog

### "Mental Case"

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[dr. doom]

Yo, fuck octagon!

Don't ask me about that fuckin shit

Fuckin ask me about that fuckin shit again!!

I ain't doin that type of shit (I ain't doin that shit)

You motherfuckers think I'm crazy right? (yeah you  
crazy)

I know, but I am..

I have to show niggaz, word g, I have to blow niggaz

Tech 9's, carbines, pointin in your fuckin faces

Thirty-eight magnum butcher knife man, watch me stab  
em

Q his kid left there, with ambulances, by the wheelchair

Dangerous action, I'm the movie, I'm the main  
attraction

Fuck up your front lawn with m&m's, jiffy popcorn

Piss in your mailbox, throw shitty pampers every two  
blocks

Cut up your great dane, with charcoal out, leavin great  
flame

You fuckin bastard, don't fuck with me, you gettin  
blasted

Niggaz get fucked up, you black niggaz are actin white

Your rolex gone, my project's on your airplane flights

First time you check out, baggage claim will throw your  
neck out

Cut off your bodyguards, fast start with razor scars

Come grab the submachines, joe step to seminars

Niggaz with diamonds, armed crackheads, clock y'all  
rhymin

Take your girl's necklace, stare at the cops, lookin  
reckless

Ass on the corner, think you safe workin at warner  
brothers?

Polygram building heard some shots, they want me to  
chill then

Security ran, russell simmons saw me in a black van

I ran the tight intersection, and caught a big erection

Spinnin on 3rd, lexington, through the fuckin red

I'm in manhattan, naked wigs, on my fuckin head

Streets full of traffic, drive on sidewalks, that's my habits

Chorus: dr. dooom and {unknown guest help}

Mental case, mental case  
{man, he be likin campbell's soup, apple jacks  
Double xl diapers}  
Mental case, mental case  
{chocolate milk, porno films  
Flintstone tablets}  
Mental case, mental case  
{roscoe waffles and make them extra soft oh-kay? }  
+1  
{roscoe waffles.. and make them extra soft dude!} +2  
{make sure he gets a girl ohkay? } +3

[dr. dooom]

Your style is bitch kid, you fucked up, sound like a woman  
I'm not impressed when you sport mics and touch your breast  
You transvest with small flows, you can't, proper digest  
You open mic stands, you catch one, with sperm in your hand  
I leave you thinkin in your hotels, with pussy stinkin  
Massengil thrills flow through new york, to hollywood hills  
Your male flow, I'm wipin asscracks like mop-n-glo  
Mc's get inserts, thrash style selectin bad words  
Move with your silk suits, I stomp your mics with combat boots  
Make up your rap that's feeble, small you think it's major  
I pull your rectum out, erase your girl, off my pager  
International feedback, I make you twist your knee back  
I got your crew on camcorders, tryin to rhyme in teaback's  
Garter belts on dj's, sportin tryin to spin on felts  
I see that rugged kid comin through, gimme that screwface  
He's wearin girdles, your back-up man, sportin pink lace  
..hey man you better watch your back up in here man  
They rapin little boys!

Chorus

[dr. dooom]

I stop your intro, move your mic at your birthday party  
Your group set up, takin turns, y'all shut the fuck up

Walk, grab your nuts, leave the kangol's and scratch  
your butts  
Stage shows get messed up, you're hardcore, zippin  
your dress up  
Move on your projects, new shit, that's how I do shit  
Word up g, y'all niggaz sound puss, lick my pee-pee  
veteran nasty  
Don't even try to fuckin ask me, fax you my phone  
number  
I beat you down with steel cans and wood lumber  
Open your face up, dress you with makeup  
Have your bitch-made, makin kool-aid with your ass out  
In a glass house, where convicts wear big dicks  
Strong niggaz, got your assholes in the mix  
You need protection for that tight infection

Chorus

[dr. dooom]

You boys comin in hard, I'm the warden  
You go out soft

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