

## **Dr. Dog**

### **"No Chorus"**

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Yeah..

You motherfuckers oughta let me go and finish this motherfuckin album

Dr. doom..

Name of this track is called "i don't want the motherfuckin chorus"

Whatever all the arrangements are we gon' go through  
Fuck all the laws..

What the fuck was in your mind when you rapped on that track?

Who possessed you to do that? who programmed - that shit sound wack

Unplug your mic

You motherfuckers rap under a bunch of fuckin hype  
Programmed by the company, makin somethin cheap  
Vocals sound like a nigga with no dough and a promo;  
Makin asses out of yourselves, tryin to rap solo  
Suck my dick when you see me; avoid because you wanna be me

Y'all niggaz write like slouches puffin blunts on studio couches

What's up you fuckin amateur?

Your engineer'll cue in your bullshit cadence

That shit sounds simple; look at this nigga rhymin to hisself

Wack as fuck, smell like shit for one buck

Big crews don't want it -- y'all get it worse

Which one of y'all motherfuckers is waitin for the mic first?

I hope your bitch is in the audience

Your wife too, that's your fanbase -- plus your dj's in the place

I'm about to boo you, let it be fair; when you come off-stage

Ninety percent of the people that came on your guest list

Ain't gon' be there

A big dissapointment when I rub your asshole with a verbal ointment

Rappers actin hard, nervous in the dressin room

With a security guard  
Groupies standin round with they fuckin face frowned  
Lookin like fuckin homey the clown  
Put that spring water down man, you ain't sweatin  
You motherfuckers did a ten minute weak show and  
you jettin;  
Your fans are mad - your performance was garbage  
bag  
Look at these videotapes  
Walkin back and forth grabbin your nuts like the planet  
of the apes  
Supervise it, criticize it, y'all don't realize it  
Where the real guys at  
Who's administrating your budget when you takin  
That high picture for right on with your ballroom light  
on  
You know the night is kind of special like lauryn bro  
When I escort you to your car, you breakout bastards  
Leave the premises and reminisce on your rookie  
season  
After you first started  
You try to work hard and you never paid no dues  
Like cold crush and afrika bambaata  
You wack nigga, tryin to act large in the video in  
nevada  
You fuckin pink maggot; I'll take your mic, you can't  
have it  
You niggaz be runnin around with ears open like fuckin  
bunny rabbits

That's right, dr. dooom  
All you motherfuckers around the world sittin in studios  
with your boys  
Hypin your shit up  
Motherfuckers don't wanna tell you that your shit is  
wack  
Because they all yes men  
Sittin around, carryin your roadie cases  
Bein your fuckin cheerleaders  
I'ma tell you straight, look in the fuckin mirror, you  
wack  
That shit don't sound right, your mixdown ain't right  
Your vocals are too low.. your fuckin cadence is off  
Stage show's weak.. fuck you!

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