

## **Dr. Dog**

### **"Sideline"**

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Yeah what's up what's up money  
It's kool keith  
You ever go to some girl's house  
And they act like they livin lavish  
Two-thousand extreme with space chandeliers (space  
chandeliers)  
I mean rugs  
I mean just everything all over the carpet (yeah)  
With updated nineteen seventy-five music playing  
I pulling all your programs (all programs)  
That's right all you materialistic robots (robots)  
Prepare

Verse one:

Yo I seen ya girl last night  
Flat butt is wack, skinny hips  
Bald head weave with the ashy lips  
Wig in the back seat  
With pay-less shoes on her feet  
Dirty jeans  
With mildew spots in the washing machine  
Roommates with no place, babies crying, pissy  
pampers  
Roaches and flies funky panties hanging out the  
hamper  
Three big head boys, but one's got to go to school  
Her youngest daughter hair braided, lookin like a fool  
Empty refrigerator  
Family chew up now an later  
No tv, just me there and the mc  
No gas, electric work  
The house smell make my head hurt  
Spots on the carpet,  
Station wagon at the supermarket  
With stamps on deck  
With beads around this girl's neck  
I crack a forty ounce  
Watch the ants, mouses bounces

Yeah yeah

Chorus: (x4)

I bring the ruckus straight from the sideline  
The year two-thousand

Verse two:

Daisy dukes with stretch marks  
Her hair back in a bun  
Cookin pork and beans  
Some stale franks in the sun  
Kids ain't listenin  
Little danny's got a hard head  
Bugs are crawlin  
Cables all smell like pee in the bed  
Old clothes ain't clean  
The bathroom scent is all toes  
Athlete's feet  
No door mats with water off the street  
Spraying the fungus  
The living room is humongus  
School lunch on the floor  
Baby vomit atomic, raviolis  
With an old bowl of guacamole, cap'n crunch  
No milk, chase it with some fruit punch  
Dishwashing liquid  
Cups of grease  
I ain't tryin to get whipped  
Straightening combs, I think  
Hair is all over the sink  
Tampons in the garbage can  
The house is hot  
Rent no fan  
Air condition is doomed  
With blunt smoke is in the room  
Fix all your nose snot rags  
Pouring cheerios  
No toilet tissue  
Baby wipe, your mom left a missile  
Acting fly I scoped a monkey  
With my human eye  
Dead up I'm serious  
The meatloaf ain't got me curious  
Dry turkey wings on the couch  
The cat ate everything  
You think you livin  
Tryin to dress up like robin givens

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Chorus: (x4)

Verse three:  
No bills are paid  
Just cabinets packed full with kool-aid  
Wonder bread I throw back  
Just missed over ya head  
Sardines with old shrimp  
Tuna fish is ludicrous  
Idaho potatoes  
A bag full of spoilt tomatoes  
Neighbors borrow, send the kids over need sugar  
Little tonika's at the door her face full of boogers  
Colt forty-five on the table  
A six pack of miller  
Fake barbecues  
Honeys walk around like gorillas  
Stretch marks in action  
Stomach bumps look like mumps  
Popeye's chicken on the stove  
With the puppy lickin  
Everybody watching black and white tube tonight  
No color intentions  
Plastic bag hair extensions  
I grab a record from rick  
Play the fifth dimensions

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Chorus:(x4)

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