

Dr. Doom

"Always Talkin Out Your Ass"

Visit "[Always Talkin Out Your Ass](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, I've been around the motherfuckin' world
The fuck you know?

Yo everybody wanna talk shit
When you make a new album
It's not good as the last one
How many have sold?

See all them cheap-ass niggaz that review your record
Them suckers with fancy iPods, like a bitch they
download
And go on the internet like a booking agent asking you
for a free show
They destroyed the goodness like somebody pissin' in
the snow

A bunch of underground groups, fuckin' up the game
Goin' out with they ass out and a cheap-ass band
For five hundred a night, that's the reason why hip-hop
is dead
Your venue is booked up, with circus clown acts

That perform cheaply, in your local paper
I see the same lame niggaz in the Village Voice and the
L.A. Weekly
Doin' them same bullshit gigs repeatedly
These cats performin' for cold cuts and juice
backstage
Need to stop immediately

People that can't find your record, stop lyin' and go to
Virgin
Otherwise you should cut yourself in the face like a
surgeon
Always searchin' on the web, like you spend money
When the merchandise show up you got thin money

Always talkin' out your ass
(Shut the fuck up)

I remember when chicks used to fuck a superstar
Now they want you to meet they boyfriend

And go home with them and meet they brother in the
car
And play some rapper who's tryin' to be Kool Keith, that
shit is bizarre

They gettin' sick on the floor on drugs like Anna Nicole
Smith
Vomitin' every night; they takin' it too far
After I get off stage they wanna hop to another bar
C'mon man, I got one night in your town

You're gonna play a bullshit guy on your CD that sound
like I sound
Promoters wanna talk shit and pull me down
Pick me up from the airport in a bullshit truck and drop
me off
Bitch you ain't gotta take me around

I find the mall, any way to rejuvenate
Is Keith gonna show up? Oh you can hate
Hippie Euro savin' bastard, I was there live
Right in London for two weeks with my fuckin' outfit

All these rumors how the fuck they get in your head?
Where you hear this shit? I'm in Paris tonight
I did, I quick and split

Always talkin' out your ass
(Shut the fuck up)
Always talkin' out your ass
(Shut the fuck up)

All them acts, y'all call them niggaz
Ain't no real showmen like bullshit rock bands
With black t-shirts, what's creative about this? You tell
me first
These people supportin' 'em wear tight-ass pants

Skulls on they belt buckles be the worst
I've been in three hundred million ten magazines
What the fuck you gon' wait for me to die like James
Brown
To put me on the cover of Spin magazine?

Pages out here that's full of untalented motherfuckers
I've never seen
Young editors with a dick in they mouth on the scene
I'm your fuckin' kid's dream, jewelry and a lot of pussy
Already I feel like I play on a basketball team

Whatever you don't like you can hate

I know you a guy that just got the job cause you fuckin'
fake
I take your chick out for dinner for a milkshake
You name a rapper you like, I'm not funny at all duke
I'll take a piss in his face

Always talkin' out your ass
(Shut the fuck up)
Always talkin' out your ass
(Shut the fuck up)

Always talkin' out your ass
(Shut the fuck up)
Always talkin' out your ass
(Shut the fuck up)

Visit [Dr. Doom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.