

Dr. Doom

"Call The Cops"

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Jack, Jackie, you keep them rollers in ya hair
With that plastic on ya head, huh
Man, hey, Keith, who did ya jerry curls, man?
Look good

I seen ya?ll this mornin' on cops, man
They had ya?ll pictures, all ya profiles and everythin'
Ya?ll should stay low
Gene called, he need five dollars

Ultimate focus behind ya neck
Can?t reflex with text on your lyrical index
Stop the masses, rotate the fastest
Afro jerry 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

With 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 your
[Incomprehensible]

Pull out your colon, leave your glands swollen
Uncircumcised between your mom?s thighs
That?s right, with a face like Michael Myers
I clip the ears off your bodyguards with some bloody
pliers

Bound to eat a German Shepard in the Mojave Desert
While ya?ll talk gangsta, I push body parts in shoppin'
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 with a beard, went home
and shaved
Took out ya bodies in the pickup truck back to the grave

Drinkin? yoo-hoos and dough nuts, 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
You run and hide, handicap with 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

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Jackie Jasper with illegal drugs, sellin' for the thugs
A bag of penises and twenty butt plugs, Persian rugs
Wit dead bodies on it, call Colombo, who done it?
Solve it and I?ll revolve it and hold it
To the war, to the hogs, to the dogs

Vagina with bugs, rubs, cubs, gettin' fellatio
Ratio fa sho?, positive why I die
I live comatose tomato juice and Cherry Ho?s and toast
Santa and Barbara at the Barbie Coast

Most chicks licks black holes, French expose
Wastin? my children on her clothes somewhere up her
nose

Suppose I penetrated ya neck with a Bic pen
With 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

Gettin' 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, believin' 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 you're
named Rhonda

Call Macero, call Dan-O, call Cello
Five-O rollin? in a Pinto from Ohio, Toledo, down to San
Pedro
Believe me, hoe, I sold Curtis the blow

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Heavy big weights, we move to alternate states
(Let's book 'em)

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