

Dr. Doom

"Dr. Doom's In The Room"

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Yeah, for the motherfuckin' 2000
In this mother
Straight from Houston, Tex
The motherfuckin' Dr. Doom

I'm shuttin' rappers down like guiliani shut down strip
clubs
Turnin' your fake gangster hardcore stories
Into some Mickey Mouse, Teletubbies shit
Y'all niggaz need to quit, stop pullin' your silicone tits

And this city is my town
Don't even fuckin' tryin' to say a fly rhyme
I'm holdin' possessions you don't own
And your cellular phone don't even fuckin' roam

Y'all got the nerve to be standin' in the hot rap zone
Against somethin' you can't afford
Rappers be soundin' bored at the show
I need to start pullin' your bitch-ass fuckin' extension
cord

Suckers be fakers, ATM pullin' frauds
I'm sendin' two men, out to boo men
Quick to get to y'all niggaz like Western Union
I'm comin' like the fax machine

I pour it on your whole team
Y'all niggaz ain't got time to scheme
I'm out to shatter your fuckin' rap dreams
Top to bottom, any angle, whatever your bullshit mind
think

Your words gon' tangle
Sound like shit on a tascam mix
A bunch of y'all tracks need to be fixed
Professionally, you sound like the dog toto

When I see Flex, I'ma ask him
Why he playin' a lot of records from a bunch of homos
With feminine vocals
I catch niggaz when clubs are packed, rubbin' elbows

Tryin' to whisper shit in ugly bitches earlobes
Dr. Doom callin' wack niggaz houses from the
Radisson hotel room
Penthouse suites, bitch niggaz get 911 beeps
I'm always hearin' more softest MC's talk shit about the
streets

Fuck your seedy impression of pain
Ninety-nine percent of your shit was normal
One percent sound strange
A&R's be suckin' a lot of dick
And spreadin' they ass cheeks to get the hits

Dr. Doom is in the room
Walkin' up the street, with bare feet, eatin' raw steak
meat
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Dr. Doom is in the room
Walkin up

You couldn't rap with me if we was twins stuck together
You be the deformed one, catchin' the warm one
I pay a crack head five dollars
To fuck up your million dollar marketing plan

With a brand new sub-machine gun
And a hot dog, on a Yankee stadium bun
First class rates, hire wall street messengers
To move your antique rap styles in milk crates

Special delivery for all you motherfuckers
Sportin' hard boots with ashey faces tryin' to get with
me
Y'all suckers is amateurs, gettin' fucked up the
assholes
By the top worst managers

On the publishin' deal, wipe my condoms off your
Ampex reels
No games to be played, you lookin' fuckin' jiggy
MC's with collared shirts and shoes tryin' to duplicate
biggie
No matter where, you only got one pair

Alligators don't match with them fuckin' flares
Who's doin' your dress code, some old stank bitch
With mascara touchin' up your face on the road
You feelin' healthier, your rap audience

Is only New Pork to Philadelphia
Baltimore never even heard your fuckin' metaphor
Shut the fuck up, put your buck up, look at the dicks you
suck up
Maximum ass thoughts, you fuckin' get crushed

Like the five o'clock train rush, sweaty as a
motherfucker
The best rapper can lick my ass
I make your girl pick me up lick my sperm in your E-
class
Leave my diapers moist in the back seat of your rolls
Royce
Stop your whole organization on park avenue and start
laughin' at you

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You ain't the top rap in the country
New jacks, you shoulda knew that
From experience, you couldn't write from the beginnin'
Bookin' studio time, with some scramblin' concert shit
on your mind

Who's crowd, the blues feel my news
Accurately in New York City
There's a thousand motherfuckers tryin' to rap and
look pretty
Save it for David

Take that motherfuckin' rented ride back to Avis
When it come to rap I'm the big motherfucker on the
pay list
Ridin' the Amtrak, lookin' at Billboard

You need to be hung on a steel cord

Sittin' next to a Doberman, shit in Harlem
Any poodles on the mic, we gon' stop 'em
I'm in the dressin' room with the average bitch
Lookin' like halle berry, rubbin' my nuts

My fingers all up in her guts
Watchin' Monday night football with my dick all up in
her butt
MC's stand away when I pull out my mitt put your hand
away
Most of these fake hard rappers never seen the
projects

Live in fuckin' pesquateway
Scared, palm that away
Why don't you bastards move back in the metro area
The Marriott is the spot

Where the prostitutes lick your Rolex watch
Left you naked out with your stomach out
Hangin' out with cocaine on the dresser
With a Puerto Rican girl with HIV from park chester

You sniffin' that shit again
Souped up from the neck up from the butt crack up
You need a fuckin' checkup

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