

Dr. Doom

"I Run Rap"

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Yeah, number one MC in the world, a.k.a. Dr. Doom
Straight out of solitary, I got the block locked down
Transfer me to conquer in the Pelican Bay
You don't wanna step in my cell, I eat your ass for real
Even veterans go out with tight pants and lipstick

Most rappers flex up, they vexed up, they actin' hard
Attendin' Catholic school at mom's house, they soft as
lard
They roll in packs, carryin' yo-yo's and balls and jacks
That kid you peeped it, his boys wearin' Victoria's
Secret

Mean mugs get crushed up, your bra's showin', pickin'
dust up
You light your trees up, I'm just the man to skin yo'
knees up
Walk behind you, tuck your stomach in, I redesign you
Urgent emergency, your girl is cryin', they can't find
you

I move with bowling ball bags, you try to ask for Zig-
Zags
You got your panties on with wigs on, y'all playin' tag
Walkin' in tough kid, your girdle's showin', watch your
doo-rag
G-strings get touched, watch your skid marks like
Starsky and Hutch

Y'all scope erections, while rappers run to different
sections
I ride in limos pull your thongs in, from here to
Wisconsin
Droppin' this A-bomb make, tough MC's, put on Avon
Eject your wigs in Hunts Point, your pumps in truckers
rigs

I'm the man of the hour
Watchin' girls takin' a shower
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

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Rappers with panty-liners, rent cars, with no recliners
I get ill, serve the best MC's with Massengil
While crowds chill, take your haltertops, down to Big
Bill
Right on your mic stand, your flower shorts, you've
been hurt

Male with a dildo, your ass is low, call policemen
Three million rappers on labels, sportin' skirts release
men
I teach men, pull my pants down, piss on each men

Frustrate the rectums on the night flight, I cruise on
East
And look at your contracts, while Vaseline, smears your
buttcrack
I counteract tracks, while you ate rhymes smokin' crack
Skinny kid two pounds, with phony legs, bustin' two
rounds

That man is slinky, jacks off and rappers host his
Twinkie
Underarm smell, keep the mics warm, y'all shirts is
stinky
Panties look great on you with wedding rings around
your pinkie

Now stop BS then cut your weight down, you'd be like
Vester
Facin' your whole crew, with cardinals on like Uncle
Fester
Lo-lo-lo-Lopez, your moms call me Frankie Sanchez
On deck with penis out, pine tar like Tony Perez
Big battin' average, send your girlfriend out, tossin'
salad
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

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Rappers get maxi-pads and O.B., their time of the month
No time for phone calls from tough guys, y'all puff them blunts
Some serious stretch marks, cock-diesel MC's end up pregnant
Nine months in time stuck, you rhyme, grabbin' inmates jock

Sportin' your white dress, with Timberlands, you try to impress
Petrol with bulletproof vest, your man is havin' incest
Knock up your celldon, your big group, they roll with Alvin

Drag queen on Front Street, program, all your SP-12 beats
Y'all roll up dust, smokin PCP, I come with big heat
Y'all run y'all knowledge down, send your Rolex down to Big Pete

Lipstick is smeared on, your Pele shirt, get your fear on
Hard rappers with stockings and tunafish, smell like Starkist
I call him Miss, rappers tampons, I bought it for Christmas

I call you Anna make you sniff balls, back to Atlanta
Change all your grammar and have you call home, bleedin' to grandma
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

I'm the man of the hour
Watchin' girls takin' a shower
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That's right, when you see in the mess hall
All new jacks, even if you're old, give me that respect
Youknowwhat!msayin'? You might get neglected
That's right, send me all the commissary
Battlin' me ain't necessary

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