

Dr. Doom "I'm Creepin"

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Okay, it's about 7:30
People gettin' dressed to go out

I'm ready to use my Home Depot equipment
To chop into your shipment
I'm the super of your building
With the hand comin' out the ceiling

The original Wolfman of rap
With Lily Monster on my lap
Hittin' you in the face with four rollers
Microwave up your Big Mac with a dead rat

You think you construction?
I got tools that'll cut through your hard hat
Follow your blackout with a hard back
Run over your face with four black tires
Now you crushed up under a Mack

With special victim units snappin' shots of your
buttock
You sippin' poison to this track
Bones sent down South to North Cakalak
Wit'cha face cut off in the trunk in the back of a
Cadillac

Messin' with the cousin of Leatherface
You shoulda known that
Skuller version now your hair won't grow back

I'm creepin', cuttin' up tonight
I'm creepin' at your party, that's right
I'm creepin', cuttin' up tonight
I'm creepin' at your party, that's right

You try not to be there in the area
When I come out the basement to present the bull's ass
award
You see the spotted truck with dingy wheels
You keep walkin' and movin' forward

Imagine Halloween, Michael Myers

Rakin' the hammer and bangin' the nails in your
Bentley Coupe tires
Wrappin' your face up with jumper cable wires
Tie you up in the backseat of the car and set your
motor on fire

Nonchalant talkin' to police officers, I'm calm, standin'
right by ya
Lovin' the siren sounds, volume higher
With custom work boots, puffin' durable
To walk on top of the back of your neck, you know they
work duke
When I get to chewin' them bones they make you puke

Non stop, send 'em to big chop syndrome
Your fingers, I hot dog vend 'em
With barbecue sauce, you see that barbecue toss

Your legs soak in a pot for a full cost
Too much for a full horse
Three rhinoceros, Mr. Snuffleupagus
She weighs about as much as all of us

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I'm workin double shift with my lamp and pumpkin
Lookin' over there, don't you see somethin'?
That's some forensic investigation research
The feds love to invade my turf

I'm eatin' my peanut butter sandwiches with three
different shirts
One pinstripe, one plaid, one that makes me wake up
with scissors mad
Leave with your ears in the department store shopping
bag
Put the roach spray in your stomach
Stash your pelvis in the back of the Jag

Now you packed up with pants in the back
With the spare tire with the blue bag
Hangin' in the plastic with a new tag

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