

Dr. Doom "Mopped Up"

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Yeah, Doc, late nights

I'm Dr. Doom on the moonlight
Cut your fucking head in Night Flight
The cravin for the crocodile
Snap at the legs on your bike

I'm under the dim lights, standing like Norman Bates
Recording the facts on normal tapes
Cut off pieces of your feet one by one now
You got the blood on your bapes

I see you step in the ambulance with the shakes
Piss on your front disc brakes
Box you out like a linebacker, you miss the fakes
The complimentary drinks you taste

The weights weigh one thousand, I drop 'em on your
face
(Oh)
Watch your teeth and brace
Now you ass out, a guy on the mic with peace lace
I do this when I step to each place
With the hand that grips on the pliers you admire

All hands you throw up, get chopped up
Janitors come out with detergent buckets
(Working overtime)
You get mopped up

First thing you gon' do as a journalist
Is compare this to the first Dr. Doom
Fuck you, I come and find you
And slice your kneecaps into coldcuts in the room

You criticize these raps
So advertisers and watch me pour some gas on your
face
And set your hair on fire
Move your nose off your body with hammers and
workman tires

Texas Chainsaw Massacre liars
Punch you in the face like Aaron Pryor
Go up to the hardware store
And grab some donuts for the flow, donuts for the go
Muscle shirt that say, keep up the good work

All hands you throw up, get chopped up
Janitors come out with detergent buckets
(Working overtime)
You get mopped up

Shove your head in a Macy's bag, with the Macy's tag
Go head I drop birds on the shoulders
You feel the pigeon release shit on top of your head
when I brag
That's the skull head in the front window of the Jag

I'm edgy, giving the competition a wedgie
Lizard and croc for lunch
Cruise 400 miles, just to get my hands on some peanut
brunch

Brittle, I chop between two eyes, bulls eye, right up the
middle
Let's get down to the griddle
The fats move, dance around
And fly around my face while I play the fiddle

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