

## **Dr. Doom**

### **"Run For Your Life"**

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Yeah, I'm first, they wanna sue me  
Why? Because I'm Doc Doomie

I'm the first, they mad 'cause they don't sound like  
Tupacky  
Shakur beat 'em out with the sales  
That's why I came with the John aka Dr. Doom kabocky  
Now I got the work and guns we gotta get rid of ocky

I'm usin harder pins, watchin' the Backyardigans  
With the gasoline on my eggs, sippin' gin  
The Son of Frankenstein's friend  
The scriptwriter in Hollywood who wrote the movie Ben

Dodgin' the cocaine that make stars look thin  
Been in magazines with Liz Taylor boots  
With the skinny legs and bad skin  
They all meet up at the Mansion

To get skeed up with Herman Munster and grandpa  
See if that's his grandfa'  
Two machines with Laundromat clothes  
My dog in the oven with his legs froze

In refrigerator mode in a Butterball turkey pose  
I put the Wolfman on the guest list for one of my shows  
Watch the Invisible Man pluck boogers out his nose  
The mummy get out and sleep with Smack-ola's hoes

With gangrene between his toes  
Frankenberry meeting all the kids with they bows

Word is bond, I'm turning those forest lights on  
Run for your life, they eating people  
Word is bond, I'm turning those forest lights on  
Pronto to the church steeple

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Radioactive Sasquatch, North American gorilla  
Midnight stroll, graveyard patrol  
24 hours, infinite power, pirate boots  
Reading The Onion, barbecue feet, I like a crunchy  
bunion

Zombie riddles, ten times worsen than Dr. Giggles  
I'm just the assistant, Dr. D will be with you in a minute  
Hold the skull of a mummy with the blood of Elvira  
You're soaking in it

I get loose in the waiting room from Beetle juice  
Hopping to the mausoleum  
Uprocking with the zombie stiff like I'm Korean  
Stressing you out like two Persian  
Dudes in doo rags and camouflage jumpsuits

At the Westside Pavillion, sticking out like a sore thumb  
You's a civilian, best to steer clear when I'm building  
Detonate the whole building  
Skeed in my spaceship dolo  
(I'll give you five hundred for the Wookie and Solo)

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Pronto to the church steeple

Who's that guy that look like Dracula with fangs in the  
back of ya?  
The long coat and the black boat  
Blood on my hand from chewin' the intestines of the  
billygoat  
The leftovers from the lamb opposite to taste of ham

Throw out better than the fingers in the frying pan  
The goop's under the meat to strip the first French  
Fries  
I can't stand frying man  
I just left the scene wit'cha spine in my hand  
I'm movin your schedule run over your body like MTA  
motor man

Remove your esophagus off your shoulder  
Over the music equipment behind the band  
No place to come feed, you're where the monster  
stand  
Rip your face off, your face with the monster hand

Then breakaway from them doin' the monster dance  
Woo, Southside cha-cha

The fluids of the blood leak in the cabinets  
The damage of the peanuts and the raisinets

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