

Dr. Doom "Sideline"

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Yeah what's up what's up money
It's kool keith
You ever go to some girl's house
And they act like they livin lavish
Two-thousand extreme with space chandeliers (space
chandeliers)
I mean rugs
I mean just everything all over the carpet (yeah)
With updated nineteen seventy-five music playing
I pulling all your programs (all programs)
That's right all you materialistic robots (robots)
Prepare

Verse one:

Yo I seen ya girl last night
Flat butt is wack, skinny hips
Bald head weave with the ashy lips
Wig in the back seat
With pay-less shoes on her feet
Dirty jeans
With mildew spots in the washing machine
Roommates with no place, babies crying, pissy
pampers
Roaches and flies funky panties hanging out the
hamper
Three big head boys, but one's got to go to school
Her youngest daughter hair braided, lookin like a fool
Empty refrigerator
Family chew up now an laters
No tv, just me there and the mc
No gas, electric work
The house smell make my head hurt
Spots on the carpet,
Station wagon at the supermarket
With stamps on deck
With beads around this girl's neck
I crack a forty ounce
Watch the ants, mouses bounces

Yeah yeah

Chorus: (x4)

I bring the ruckus straight from the sideline
The year two-thousand

Verse two:

Daisy dukes with stretch marks
Her hair back in a bun
Cookin pork and beans
Some stale franks in the sun
Kids ain't listenin
Little danny's got a hard head
Bugs are crawlin
Cables all smell like pee in the bed
Old clothes ain't clean
The bathroom scent is all toes
Athlete's feet
No door mats with water off the street
Spraying the fungus
The living room is humongus
School lunch on the floor
Baby vomit atomic, raviolis
With an old bowl of guacamole, cap'n crunch
No milk, chase it with some fruit punch
Dishwashing liquid
Cups of grease
I ain't tryin to get whipped
Straightening combs, I think
Hair is all over the sink
Tampons in the garbage can
The house is hot
Rent no fan
Air condition is doomed
With blunt smoke is in the room
Fix all your nose snot rags
Pouring cheerios
No toilet tissue
Baby wipe, your mom left a missile
Acting fly I scoped a monkey
With my human eye
Dead up I'm serious
The meatloaf ain't got me curious
Dry turkey wings on the couch
The cat ate everything
You think you livin
Tryin to dress up like robin givens

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Chorus: (x4)

Verse three:

No bills are paid
Just cabinets packed full with kool-aid
Wonder bread I throw back
Just missed over ya head
Sardines with old shrimp
Tuna fish is ludicrous
Idaho potatoes
A bag full of spoilt tomatoes
Neighbors borrow, send the kids over need sugar
Little tonika's at the door her face full of boogers
Colt forty-five on the table
A six pack of miller
Fake barbecues
Honeys walk around like gorillas
Stretch marks in action
Stomach bumps look like mumps
Popeye's chicken on the stove
With the puppy lickin
Everybody watching black and white tube tonight
No color intentions
Plastic bag hair extensions
I grab a record from rick
Play the fifth dimensions

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Chorus:(x4)

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