

Octagon Dr.

"3000"

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3000...

3000...

I crank up lyrical flows,
spit spats, whats that,
the pattern record, dont touch the DATs, yo
check out the proskills, medical fulfillls,
contact, react to style, im back you lack,
channels and handels with automaters on the panels,
turnin knobs, u slob suckers like baskin robs,
carvel dont tell, your whole crew is ice cream, fudge,
rappers that budge, making moves stepping grooves,
and ride the place at like 33 dark shades,
now your seeing me,
rap moves onto the year 3000...

...3000...

...3000...

...3000...

let me shuffle red red red, see the black card it aint
hard,
pick n choose you loose, oops you lost,
check out the boss on broadway down the walkway,
suckers with MICs that end up with tooth decay,
I, the Doctor, stop ya,
end your world, rock ya,
heads bop forever tunes,
and they wont stop,
like hip-hop keeps growing,
sick-of sick-of showin
scratches in matches business money reattaches,
world wide deep inside stocks and diamond rocks,
in a million world, billion world, quatrillion world,
rap moves onto the year 3000...

...3000...

...3000...

...3000...

...3000...

As space ive shown particiaptor acts,
walk up, clog up, n mess up water down the sound,
that comes from the ghetto,
in the middle, the core you tour, explore experience
what is really you feel,
changing ways commercial raps in the grave,
stuff on disk thats very whack that you saved,
you think it's good it won't go platinum or even turn
wood,
sell a cassette, your homies tape deck is wet,
your my pet, my poodle-chicken noodles on the rise,
open your eyes and see my life,
rap moves onto the year 3000...

...3000...

...3000...

...3000...

...3000...

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