

SIC ILL

"Ima Doctor"

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Uh huh, uh huh
I'm a doctor, uh huh yea a paramedic
Lets get it. Let's go

Livin through my life is so crazy mane
Like Alaskan state patrol in the snow and rain
Hopefully you feel my pain
Are you seein the same shit like window pane
Crucial as ever, in these streets in any weather
Out making connections, all everywhere call it teather
Yea my rivals hot, you know that I'm better
Heavenly flows up in the clouds
Call me Mario feather
Bitches named heather
Wearin striped shirts a trendsetter
Got the Paris france mimes against me in vendetta
And these letters form to words like scrabble
Call my tracks rock music crack, formin outta the
gravel
This aint no gravel pit and I aint Rza
Got me smoking on the dubies rappin, there aint no
Smoke Dza
You're kinda active but I'm busier
DJ spin, you'll get dizzier
Chicago Bears, I'm grizzlier
Singin, Iggy Azalea
Scare you like Freddy
Then you wanna hug my ass like Teddy
Larger than Life figure
Know my goals aint petty
On these roads on foot
But my wife aint Betty
I'm Dino on the flintstones
That's why my bark so gritty

(Chorus)

I'm a doctor, bring you back to life like Reagan
You convulsing shakin', have your eyes awaken
I'm a doctor, you might see god or satan
I don't have no patience, and your family's waitin

You're rollin in a wheelchair and need your medication
Just got out intensive care, thanks to my respiration
And preparation. It equals our separation
Of the do-wills - have-nots that fill up our nation
While I got the dime they be masturbatin
Lookin at vids, thinkin I'm fine
With all of the hatin, even the kids
Haven't you heard of dope rap
Or some lyrics on a beat that slap
It's some crap that my vocals shit
They be punchin in. I was makin hits
New drumkits, on a beat machine
Or fruity loops
Digital beats be on the USB
The itunes loops
And I be on the stage like Rage Against the Machine
Screamin in a rage to sell em tickets, cash-n-ca ching
Rather go to school for doctorin they get paid
And with the riches come the bitches and the mansion
I'm laid
For me to make it you say no way
Drinkin on that koolaid
Sweat tea and minute-maid
But my fuel is more like propane
Got me in a office talkin to Hank Hill
Barbequein Texas style cuz my flows sic I'll
And I go Kill Bill, put em a trunk no limbs
I be like hush just chill
Then I dunk they ass in a rim

(Chorus)

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