

All American Rejects

"Wild and Crazy"

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{DJ Q-Bert scratches "right, now here we go"}

[Dr. Octagon]

A lot of rappers are wack, they cold booty from the
buttcrack

Swingin skills to chill, that's how I pay the bills
Funk blaster, tweakin bass like I'm Jimmy Castor
Model H-3-oh-C, plus another thousand
Kickin lyrics for ASCAP, brothers that be housin
Splittin publishin, gainin points, rappin back again
My unique style, and certain words, watch me make em
blend

Manifest vanish, spread out, with computer data
Suckers don't know, acute intelligence, what's the
matter

Solo fiend, I cut your legs with the guillotine
Snap back, rip you to some props in your paperback
Gettin rectums, doin jobs like I'm Dr. Giggles
Servin em well, I stop their anals up with pickles
With operation to give, the room an atmosphere
Cyclops will walk, Frankenstein still standin here
Watch the hand out the ground, chill

Chorus: Dr. Octagon (repeat 2X)

It's wild and crazy..

The moon is out, tonight it's time for experiments

It's wild and crazy..

A fetus in the jar, I got the little baby

[Dr. Octagon]

Two o'clock, still dark, my flashlight, huntin suit
Right in front of your building with live bear every year
Takin horns, from moose and wild bulls and capricorns
I got your face in the frame, inside the living room
While kids watch 13, I'm in the back smokin zoom
Sesame Street, you play that beat, I'ma step to Pete
with nuclear bombs, and word to mom, I'ma blow his
arms

Six shot rhyme, my forty-four is made by ? arms

I put some diss in the steps, and damage all your reps

Get off the hooks in project style like Bernard Goetz
What's the matter, kid you scared, come and do the
bid
Inmates'll damage your tapes, you're nervous liftin
weights
I open cell block C, go battle Mr. Silly
I don't see nothin, I think, they raped the rapper really

Chorus

{DJ Q-Bert scratches "I'm the ultimate.." "..emcee!"}

[Dr. Octagon]

Walkin streets with shopping carts, a live alligator
Hold your pitbull back, let's spend some money on the
elevator
Your dog is bound to loose and have a funeral
You can call landlords, injects on my rent checks
Bug Man is back, you project people better watch their
necks
Spittin flim-flam, rappers still smokin crack
Suckers get pantylined, and spots on the hiney crack
I do much work, on heavy stomachs like Levert
Put up some money, I bet my tools'll make your rectum
hurt
Black exposed em, for you don't want to mess with me
I seek in your girl's box, and cover your publicity
Sequence first, and drop the facts on DAT

Chorus

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