

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**"Kevorkian"**

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Start a war on the poor gettin mad donations
Takin cheese out of poor nations
Got haitians still on sugar plantations
Wiped em out called it exotic vacations.
As you dig it they set up regulations
Turn the rest of the world into cancer patients.
What's the diff no buts ands or ifs...
Now i need a place to hide away.
Are you ready are you ready

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Killer man atomic b-boys in japan.
Another brother dies up in sudan
Kevorkian got the heads lookin for that kill em
Dead from the feds shit man
Contaminated in sad predicaments
Blood threats, blastin continents
Kings, queens dead presidents
Can't tell me where my chiza went.
Take em down blow the house down blaw
The evils got you wobblin like weebles
Thinking you equal, killin lost peoples
No sequal remember biko

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Whose the real docs of death
Killin millions til they're last breath
Got no right to be dead ass wrong
Killin me softly with your songs

Bring the noise
But surrounded by cowboys
Indigenous but wiped out
Diggin new ditches
Can you dig it
Turnin tricks at the tip of politics
The devils slick, gettin their head split

I spit at those hypocrites
So i sticks to the music
Think about it it's god
You better get with the scene
Keep you and i from being human beings
You deserve what you deserve,
If you believe what he believes
And into everything you leave.
Oh what a tangled web you weave,
When destroyed by the disease by 33 degrees
Bringing satan down to his knees

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