

Beenie Man F/ Merciless**"I Run Rap"**

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[Dr. Dooom]

Yeah

Number one MC in the world, a.k.a. Dr. Dooom

Straight out of solitary

I got the block locked down

Transfer me to conquer in the Pelican Bay

You don't wanna step in my cell

I eat your ass for real

Even veterans go out with tight pants and lipstick

Most rappers flex up, they vexed up, they actin hard

Attendin Catholic school at mom's house, they soft as lard

They roll in packs, carryin yo-yo's, and balls and jacks

That kid you peeped it, his boys wearin Victoria's

Secret

Mean mugs get crushed up, your bra's showin, pickin dust up

You light your trees up, I'm just the man to skin yo' knees up

Walk behind you, tuck your stomach in, I redesign you
Urgent emergency, your girl is cryin, they can't find you

I move with bowling ball bags, you try to ask for Zig-Zags

You got your panties on with wigs on, y'all playin tag
Walkin in tough kid, your girdle's showin, watch your doo-rag

G-strings get touched, watch your skid marks like
Starsky and Hutch

Y'all scope erections, while rappers run to different sections

I ride in limos pull your thongs in, from here to Wisconsin

Droppin this A-bomb make, tough MC's, put on Avon
Eject your wigs in Hunts Point, your pumps in truckers rigs

Chorus: repeat 4X

I'm the man of the hour

Watchin girls takin a shower
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

[Dr. Dooom]

Rappers with panty-liners, rent cars, with no recliners
I get ill, serve the best MC's with Massengil
While crowds chill, take your haltertops, down to Big
Bill
Right on your mic stand, your flower shorts, you've
been hurt
Male with a dildo, your ass is low, call policemen
Three million rappers on labels, sportin skirts release
men
I teach men, pull my pants down, piss on each men
Frustrate the rectums on the night flight, I cruise on
East and
look at your contracts, while Vaseline, smears your
buttcrack
I counteract tracks, while you ate rhymes smokin crack
Skinny kid two pounds, with phony legs, bustin two
rounds
That man is slinky, jacks off, and rappers host his
Twinkie
Underarm smell, keep the mics warm, y'all shirts is
stinky
Panties look great on you with wedding rings around
your pinkie
Now stop BS then cut your weight down, you'd be like
Vester
Facin your whole crew, with cardinals on like Uncle
Fester
Lo-lo-lo-Lopez, your moms call me Frankie Sanchez
On deck with penis out, pine tar like Tony Perez
Big battin average, send your girlfriend out, tossin
salad
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

Chorus

[Dr. Dooom]

Rappers get maxi-pads and O.B., their time of the
month
No time for phone calls from tough guys, y'all puff
them blunts
Some serious stretch marks, cock-diesel MC's end up
pregnant
Nine months in time stuck, you rhyme, grabbin inmates
jock
Sportin your white dress, with Timberlands, you try to
impress
Petrol with bulletproof vest, your man is havin incest

Knock up your celldon, your big group, they roll with
Alvin
Drag queen on Front Street, program, all your SP-12
beats
Y'all roll up dust, smokin PCP, I come with big heat
Y'all run y'all knowledge down, send your Rolex down
to Big Pete
Lipstick is smeared on, your Pele shirt, get your fear on
Hard rappers with stockings and tunafish, smell like
Starkist
I call him Miss, rappers tampons, I bought it for
Christmas
I call you Anna make you sniff balls, back to Atlanta
Change all your grammar and have you call home,
bleedin to Grandma
I run rap, tell MC's to watch their back

Chorus

[Dr. Dooom]
That's right
When you see in the mess hall
All new jacks, even if you're old, give me that respect
Youknowhatl'msayin? You might get neglected
That's right, send me all the commissary
Battlin me ain't necessary

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