

C-Murder F/ Master P "Diseases"

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Yo whattup E?
Yo whattup Starbuck, what's goin on?
Yeah how you livin?
Yeah you know just smokin every day, whassup?
Yeah let me tell you hip-hop's WACK man
Yeah I know, say word
All these MC's got diseases
Yeah they got like frostbite, there's a bad plague baby
MC's got delusions of grandeur and such {*brrrr,
brrrr!*}
Yeah man, yo we gotta tell 'em whassup

[Eon]
Now go make a record, and go rob a bank
Now you got Cool C-itis to thank
Copped that advance, but lost that check
Must be due to Alzheimer's onset
Go up in the label, when honies start feelin ya
Hobbes you better catch some A&R felia(?)
And female rappers don't have a chance
Need flow augmentation and mic implants
Yo, you went to bed with that hoochie redhead?
Caught half-steppin cause she got a peg leg
Shot your milk, she didn't swallow it?
That's cause girl was lactose intolerant
Smoke with E, you gonna have fun
Oh, but by the way, leave with collapsed lungs
Try and spit, but nothin comes out
Braindead MC's all got cotton mouth

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
This be a list of hip-hop's diseases
Too much ice gon' have shorty sneezin
Too much 'dro will leave a kid wheezin
Head's too big, stab you up for no reason

[Eon]
You with wifey dog, get a car from Sonya
It's likely you'll catch Nokia phobia
You shiverin from ice, hold a mic device
It's most certainly some rappers frostbite

Go up in the club, in moderation
Cause online you be catchin Peter Geisha'n impatient
Ha ha, rollin trees, only got seeds
Man's puffin crystals, green with envy
Rhymin for the loot, to get some mass
You a prime candidate for a heart bypass (clear!
clear!)
You online, think you the dopest
Geek caught a case of wack internet-a-tosis
Startin rumors, check the tabloids
Caught a Blaze haze, maybe Source hemerrhoids
(ouch)
Wack on stage, with off-beat ailment
At a show catch a microphone impalement

[Chorus]

[Eon]
Scrub your hands fifty times, and wash the smut odor
Obvious obsessive compulsive disorder
Up I got downers, down I got uppers
Now chuggin Pedia Sure for fuckin supper (glug glug
glug)
Step to E, no microphone contest
Soon learn about inferiority complex
I'm stuck on hip-hop, can't get a fix
'til Mighty Mi deals me a dope remix
Now I'll supply prescriptions
Come to the motherfuckin spot, if you havin wack
visions
Writers block? Just can't flow?
Hit you off with a double mic hydro
You goin gold if you got the patience
Son check in you got rap hallucinations
The surgeon, wack MC's I carve up
Hip-Hop med school, Dr. Starbucks

[Chorus]

Yeah E, I don't know
I still don't think they know
Smut Peddlers, Cage, in the house
Mighty Mi, in the house
Yes indeed all the dirty people, in the house
Yo, you better go get checked
Go to the clinic, cause you got somethin
Don't say you got nothin
Cause we're all diseased, right

