

Dr Doom Kool Keith

"Body Bag"

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Dr. Doom]

Yeah.. Dr. Doom

Beware when I walk in your room

That's right

a.k.a. Kool Keith

I'm washin pots and pans fried gorillas with tortilla chips

and clam dips my pants ripped playin Gladys Knight on Fright Night

with buffalo meat in your ass vomit

Gastric juice with french toast balls from a moose

Heavy convulsion construction in your stomach tucked in

Leave you with Maalox and castor oil of toxic waste

Your area's vacant with warehouse aroma

Cat turds and horse drops your face went into a coma

Exterminating houses, with fifty mice, diapers and kids

Drivin trucks for the roach business

Twelve to nine I move body bags to Cedar Sinai

Eatin co-workers food I'm rude

Walk in the beverage center with a jockstrap dude

Approach security with a delivery

Never stating a major, cut cables in elevators

Make the rush hour stop draggin dead elephants in
department stores

while people shop, with a briefcase from Spelmen

I have to tell men, get off my back

I'm workin overtime like a janitor with stamina

Buried the last bodies in Canada

In Toronto, I used to jerk off in a ten room condo

with serious surgery Dr. Dooom workin in the office
building

Drivin some Bronco like O.J. Simpson

Nervous smokin a pack of Winston's

With twenty-seven dead people in Pontiac, Michigan

Twenty-eight in Denver, twenty-eight I can't remember

Walkin through a town called Gatesville

You suckers out there know how Norman Bates feel

"Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight!"

"Hey what's that smell down there?"

"Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight!"

"Hey what's that smell down there?"

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From a little town, that's right a tore down house

with some real estate in Peatskill

I ran a meat market behind Johnny Rocket's

Paid truckers to haul body pieces from the East to the West

with the devil branded on your chest

I had to step up and the judge wrote confess

Watch the whole Arkansas Kansas City testify

against my lies and my alibis, I was suprised

My lawyers dressed in black

and a Rolls Royce buried in the back

Arms missing, knees cut down to the knubs

All I had was people to grub

Stories to tell to the Enquirer

how I set a bunch of people in the nightclub on fire

My intention was to get even like Spielberg

Throw like Stephen King, Children of the Corn on a swing

I stuck needles in your face like Pinhead

You been dead for eighty hours in a college dorm

with a thunderstorm, lightning with big bolts

I used to hang with Jim Jones before he started the cults

The SSA, the Sacrifice and Serve-it Angle

I'm the next strangler

"Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight!"

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