

Dr Doom Kool Keith

"I Run Rap"

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Dr. Doom]

Yeah

Number one MC in the world a.k.a. Dr. Doom

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

Youknowwhat!msayin? You might get neglected

That's right, send me all the commisary

Battlin me ain't necessary

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