

Dr Doom Kool Keith

"Mental Case"

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Dr. Doom]

Yo fuck Octagon!

Don't ASK me about that FUCKIN shit

FUCKIN ask me about that fuckin shit again!!

I ain't doin that type of shit (I ain't doin that shit)

You motherfuckers think I'm crazy right? (Yeah you crazy)

I know but I am..

I have to show niggaz word G I have to blow niggaz

Tech 9's Carbines pointin in your fuckin faces

Thirty eight Magnum butcher knife man watch me stab em

Q his kid left there, with ambulances, by the wheelchair

Dangerous Action, I'm the movie, I'm the main attraction

Fuck up your front lawn with M&M's, Jiffy Popcorn

Piss in your mailbox, throw shitty Pampers every two blocks

Cut up your great dane, with charcoal out, leavin great flame

You fuckin bastard, don't fuck with me, you gettin blasted

Niggaz get fucked up, you black niggaz are actin white

Your Rolex gone, my project's on your airplane flights

First time you check out, baggage claim will throw your
neck out

Cut off your bodyguards, fast start with razor scars

Come grab the submachines, Joe step to seminars

Niggaz with diamonds, armed crackheads, clock y'all
rhymin

Take your girl's necklace, stare at the cops, lookin
reckless

Ass on the corner, think you safe workin at Warner
Brothers?

Polygram building heard some shots, they want me to
chill then

security ran, Russell Simmons saw me in a black van

I ran the tight intersection, and caught a big erection

Spinnin on 3rd, Lexington, through the fuckin red

I'm in Manhattan, naked wigs, on my fuckin head

Streets full of traffic, drive on sidewalks, that's my
habits

Chorus: Dr. Doom and {unknown guest help}

Mental case, mental case

{Man, he be likin Campbell's soup, Apple Jacks

Double XL diapers}

Mental case, mental case

{Chocolate milk, porno films

Flintstone tablets}

Mental case, mental case

{Roscoe waffles and make them extra soft Oh-KAY?}
+1

{Roscoe waffles.. and make them extra soft DUDE!} +2

{Make sure he gets a girl ohkay?} +3

[Dr. Doom]

Your style is bitch kid, you fucked up, sound like a woman

I'm not impressed when you sport mics and touch your breast

You transvest with small flows, you can't, proper digest

You open mic stands, you catch one, with sperm in your hand

I leave you thinkin in your hotels, with pussy stinkin

Massengil thrills flow through New York, to Hollywood hills

Your male flow, I'm wipin asscracks like Mop-N-Glo

MC's get inserts, thrash style selectin bad words

Move with your silk suits, I stomp your mics with combat boots

Make up your rap that's feeble, small you think it's major

I pull your rectum out, erase your girl, off my pager

International feedback, I make you twist your knee back

I got your crew on camcorders, tryin to rhyme in Teaback's

Garter belts on DJ's, sportin tryin to spin on felts

I see that rugged kid comin through, gimme that screwface

He's wearin girdles, your back-up man, sportin pink lace

..Hey man you better watch your back up in here man

They rapin little boys!

Chorus

[Dr. Dooom]

I stop your intro, move your mic at your birthday party

Your group set up, takin turns, Y'ALL SHUT THE FUCK UP

Walk, grab your nuts, leave the Kangol's and scratch your butts

Stage shows get messed up, you're hardcore, zippin your dress up

Move on your projects, new shit, that's how I do shit

Word up G, y'all niggaz sound PUSS, lick my pee-pee veteran nasty

Don't even try to fuckin ask me, fax you my phone number

I beat you down with steel cans and wood lumber

Open your face up, dress you with makeup

Have your bitch-made, makin Kool-Aid with your ass out

in a glass house, where convicts wear big dicks

Strong niggaz, got your assholes in the mix

You need protection for that tight infection

Chorus

[Dr. Dooom]

You boys comin in hard, I'm the warden

You go out soft

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