

Dr Doom Kool Keith

"No Chorus"

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Yeah..

You motherfuckers oughta let me go and finish this motherfuckin album

Dr. Doom..

Name of this track is called "I Don't Want the Motherfuckin Chorus"

Whatever all the arrangements are we gon' go through

Fuck all the laws..

What the fuck was in your mind when you rapped on that track?

Who posessed you to do that? Who programmed that shit sound wack

Unplug your mic

You motherfuckers rap under a bunch of fuckin hype

Programmed by the company, makin somethin cheap

Vocals sound like a nigga with no dough and a promo;

makin asses out of yourselves, tryin to rap solo

Suck my dick when you see me; avoid because you wanna be me

Y'all niggaz write like slouches puffin blunts on studio couches

What's up you fuckin amateur?

Your engineer'll cue in your bullshit cadence

That shit sounds simple; look at this nigga rhymin to

hissself

Wack as fuck, smell like shit for one buck

Big crews don't want it -- y'all get it worse

Which one of y'all motherfuckers is waitin for the mic first?

I hope your bitch is in the audience

Your wife too, that's your fanbase -- plus your DJ's in the place

I'm about to boo you, let it be fair; when you come off-stage

ninety percent of the people that came on your guest list

ain't gon' be there

A big dissapointment when I rub your asshole with a verbal ointment

Rappers actin hard, nervous in the dressin room

with a security guard

Groupies standin round with they fuckin face frowned

Lookin like fuckin Homey the Clown

Put that Spring Water down man, you ain't sweatin

You motherfuckers did a ten minute weak show and you jettin;

your fans are mad - your performance was garbage bag

Look at these videotapes

Walkin back and forth grabbin your nuts like the Planet of the Apes

Supervise it, criticize it, y'all don't realize it

where the real guys at

Who's administrating your budget when you takin

that high picture for Right On with your ballroom light
on

You know the night is kind of special like Lauryn bro

when I escort you to your car, you breakout bastards

Leave the premises and reminisce on your rookie
season

after you first started

You try to work hard and you never paid no dues

like Cold Crush and Afrika Bambaata

You wack nigga, tryin to act large in the video in
Nevada

You fuckin pink maggot; I'll take your mic, you can't
have it

You niggaz be runnin around with ears open like fuckin
bunny rabbits

That's right, Dr. Dooom

All you motherfuckers around the world sittin in studios
with your boys

Hypin your shit up

Motherfuckers don't wanna tell you that your shit is
wack

because they all yes men

Sittin around, carryin your roadie cases

Bein your fuckin cheerleaders

I'ma tell you straight, look in the fuckin mirror, you
wack

That shit don't sound right, your mixdown ain't right

Your vocals are too low.. your fuckin cadence is off

Stage show's weak.. fuck you

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