

Dr Octagon Kool Keith

"3000"

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Three thousand!!!

Three thousand!!

I crank up lyrical flows spit spats what's that

The pattern records don't touch the DATs yo

Check out the pro skills medic fulfills

Contact react to style I'm back you lack

Channels and handles Automator's on the panels

Turnin knobs you slobs suckers like Baskin Robs

Carvel don't tell your whole crew is ice cream fudge

Rappers that budge makin moves step in grooves

And ride the pace like at thirty-three dark shades

Now you seein me

Rap moves on to the year three thousand

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Let me shuffle red red red see the black heart it ain't
hard

Pick and choose you lose oops you lost

Check out the boss on Broadway down to walkways

Suckers with mics that end up with tooth decay

I, the Doctor, stop ya, in your world rock ya

Heads bop, forever tunes and they won't stop like hip-hop

keeps growing, sick of sick of showing

Scratches in mattress business money reattaches worldwide

deep inside stops the diamond rocks

In a million world, billion world, quintrillion world

Rap moves on to the year three thousand

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

As space I've shown participator acts walk up clog up and mess up

water down the sound, that comes from the ghetto

In the middle the core you tour explore experience

what is real you feel, changing ways

Commercial rap's in the grave, stuff on disc that's very wack

that you saved, you think it's good won't go platinum

or even turn wood, sell the cassette

Your homey's tape deck gets wet

You my pet, my poodle chicken noodle's on the rise

Open your eyes and see my life

Rap moves on to the year three thousand!

Three thousand!!

Three thousand!!

Three thousand!!

Three thousand

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