

## **Dr Octagon Kool Keith**

### **"Waiting List"**

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You enter step in the room four five

My over compressed thoughts and ways make you get  
live

You are the patient and I your black doctor

Medical bills insurance cash in the ceiling.

Dioxalyn fingerprints here ever since

I got my white suit pressed out the cleaners

X Ray shades with hard shoes and some razor blades

Whos the brother thats sick and needs the operation?

Bullets removed from your head, grand central station

I gotta cut off your ear, first behind your neck

Rip out the stomach, and open rectums to dissect

Shine the light, inside, roaches crawling in your throat

I have no tools, my hammers done, my drill is broked

Im the doctor,

You wait on the waiting list,

Patients been here since this morning I dismiss.

\*scratched\* This is Octagon

(repeat twice.)

Watching people vomit green, my po-lig is lizard pills

My office in Berbick, I had the bodies in Beverley Hills.

Seeking Kimbles and bits, a girl with small tits  
Talking to herself, her dog, and having rabid fits  
Green fly soup in on the way from the kitchen, troop  
Looking at T.B tuberculous on the window post  
Ten dead dogs, a brown fox in the comatose  
With no reps, I put more needles in they kneecaps  
Some primitive screws, and my, yes and perhaps  
A little sprink of chloride in their vocal  
Pecto gizmo, pepsi cola, peke papa  
Mix it all together with bugs, to change the weather,  
You be coughing blue, with eyes like Mr. Magoo  
Straight up cartoon, youre bound to fall out real soon.

(Chorus)

As you come in the bright, you ride the orange  
ambulance  
Look at widows and pell see the mental patients dance.  
Doin six and seven, steps ladies yells dance  
Upside downside with walls flyin through the hall/whore  
Mr. Reeves/Mysteries with yellow bees they fly, sting  
your face  
You out there bumps, caught up with a acne case  
Plastic surgery, your lawyer now refer to me.  
Giving you sketches, exquisite pictures of the gill man.  
Whats the matter, are you happy? Na youre ill man.  
Standin back, you choose a ticket,  
My spiritual laws of vitamins will turn your face wicked  
Youre invited to ride the glide to your homicide.

(Chorus

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