

## **Dr Octagon Kool Keith**

### **"Wild and Crazy"**

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DJ Q Bert scratches "right now here we go"}

[Dr. Octagon]

A lot of rappers are wack they cold booty from the  
buttcrack

Swingin skills to chill that's how I pay the bills

Funk blaster tweakin bass like I'm Jimmy Castor

Model H 3 oh C plus another thousand

Kickin lyrics for ASCAP brothers that be housin

Splittin publishin gainin points rappin back again

My unique style and certain words, watch me make em  
blend

Manifest vanish, spread out, with computer data

Suckers don't know, acute intelligence, what's the  
matter

Solo fiend, I cut your legs with the guillotine

Snap back, rip you to some props in your paperback

Gettin rectums, doin jobs like I'm Dr. Giggles

Servin em well, I stop their anals up with pickles

With operation to give, the room an atmosphere

Cyclops will walk, Frankenstein still standin here

Watch the hand out the ground, chill

Chorus: Dr. Octagon (repeat 2X)

It's wild and crazy..

The moon is out, tonight it's time for experiments

It's wild and crazy..

A fetus in the jar, I got the little baby

[Dr. Octagon]

Two o'clock, still dark, my flashlight, huntin suit

Right in front of your building with live bear every year

Takin horns, from moose and wild bulls and capricorns

I got your face in the frame, inside the living room

While kids watch 13, I'm in the back scopin zoom

Sesame Street, you play that beat, I'ma step to Pete

with nuclear bombs, and word to mom, I'ma blow his  
arms

Six shot rhyme, my forty-four is made by ? arms

I put some diss in the steps, and damage all your reps

Get off the hooks in project style like Bernard Goetz

What's the matter, kid you scared, come and do the  
bid

Inmates'll damage your tapes, you're nervous liftin  
weights

I open cell block C, go battle Mr. Silly

I don't see nothin, I think, they raped the rapper really

Chorus

{DJ Q-Bert scratches "I'm the ultimate.." "..emcee!"}

[Dr. Octagon]

Walkin streets with shopping carts, a live alligator

Hold your pitbull back, let's spend some money on the  
elevator

Your dog is bound to loose and have a funeral

You can call landlords, injects on my rent checks

Bug Man is back, you project people better watch their necks

Spittin flim-flam, rappers still smokin crack

Suckers get pantylined, and spots on the hiney crack

I do much work, on heavy stomachs like Levert

Put up some money, I bet my tools'll make your rectum hurt

Black exposed em, for you don't want to mess with me

I seek in your girl's box, and cover your publicity

Sequence first, and drop the facts on DAT

Chorus

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