

Kane And Able F/ Magic

"Call the Cops"

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[Dr. Doom]

Jacky you keep them rollers in your hair
with that plastic on your head huh?
Maaan, hey Keith who did your jheri curls man? They
look good
I seen y'all this morning on Cops man
They had y'all pictures, all your profiles and everything
Y'all should stay low... Gene called
He need five dollars

Ultimate focus behind your neck kid
We flex with tecs on your lyrical index
Stop the masses, rotate the fastest
Afro jheri curl world, get ignited
Reinvited on your Main Sources like the enforcers
Submachines spray your Liberace pianoes
Freestyle ambulances, bring out your new dancers
While y'all can't rap, we took your Ampex
We have protective custody
Got your face disgustin me - with animal like instincts
I left a dead gorilla in a skating rink
Penetrate your Gap jeans with Black & Decker
machines
Alternate your skullies, catch dead rats in Saran Wrap
Put used diapers on your windshield wipers
Make you eat your own feces, sell you {?}lindrum
elyses{?}
Pull out your colon, leave your gland swollen
Uncircumcised between your mom's thighs
That's right, with a face like Michael Myers
I clip the ears off your bodyguards with bloody pliers
Bound to eat a German shepherd in the Mojabe desert
While y'all talk gangster, I push body parts in shopping
carts
Leave wigs on streets on Melrose so coroners can
smell those
arms for three days, with three legs in the backseat
Y'all get the back heat - with the police department
scared to look in my apartment
Three weeks ago I dumped a bag of legs with beer
kegs

Went to Rouse and bought a six-pack and some eggs
Seen my face in the paper with a beard, went home
and shaved
Took out your bodies in the pickup truck, back to the
grave
Drinkin Yoohoo's and donuts, y'all punks think I'm so
nuts
Walkin in hospital rooms like the black Dr. Dooom
Push you in the wheelchair, out the window
Down the steps like Ironside, you run and hide
Handicapped with no maps, I'm after you, throw gas at
you

[Jacky] Projects call the cops

[Chorus: Dr. Dooom] + (Jacky Jasper)
The FBI got our fingerprints, heavy big weights
We move to alternate states (the projects call the cops)
The FBI got our fingerprints, heavy big weights
We move to alternate states (the projects call the cops)
The FBI got our fingerprints, heavy big weights
We move to alternate states (the projects call the cops)
The FBI got our fingerprints, heavy big weights
We move to alternate states...

[Jacky Jasper]
Jacky Jasper with illegal drugs, somethin for the thugs
A bag of penises with twenty butt plugs
Persian rugs, with dead bodies on it
call Columbo, who done it solve it, and I'll revolve it
And hold it, to the wolves, to the hawks, to the dogs
Vagina with bugs rubs cubs, getting fellatio
Way {?} fo' sho, positive why die live
Comatose tomato juice and cherry hose and toast
Santa Anna, Barbara at the Barberry coast, most
Chicks licks black holes, village exposed
Wastin my children on her clothes
Some went up her nose, suppose
I penetrated your neck with a Bic pen
With a belt around my waist like book me
Don't ask my neighbors, bodies dead, 69 flavors
Behavior's, smokin glass with coleslaw hangin out your
ass
Take a blast, I'm travellin fast, past
a nymphomaniac, diggin up corpse, I'm a necrophiliac
Gettin my chick back, hittin up smack
Had that head bobbin, joggin, cyclin, recycling
Conniving, arrive in hearse drivin it's even
Seven heads ten horns believe in, evil demon
Ask {?} Steven, retreatin, you're beaten, eaten
Dead puss, sardine can smell from here to Hell

A gladiator with tights under disco lights
Blowin a harmonica, yo in Santa Monica in a Honda
Named Bazzle, night fall the press crossdress your
name Wanda
Call McGerrit, call Dan-O, call Chino
Five-oh, rollin in a pinto
From Ohio, Toledo down to San Pedro
Believe me hoe, I sold Kurtis the Blow

[Chorus]

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