

# Waiting List

## DJ Shadow

You enter, step in the room, four, five  
My overcompressed 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  
Who's the brother that's 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 rectum's to dissect  
Shine the light, inside, roaches crawling in your throat  
I have no tools, my hammer's done, my drill is broke  
I'm the doctor  
You wait on the waiting list  
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss  
This is octagon, this is octagon, this is octagon  
I'm the doctor  
You wait on the waiting list  
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss  
This is octagon, this is octagon, this is octagon  
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 TB, 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 sprinkle of Clorox, in their vocal box  
Some pepto-bismol, Pepsi-Cola, pack of pop rocks  
Mix it all together with bugs, to change the weather  
You be coughing blue, with eyes like Mr. Magoo  
Straight up cartoon, you're bound to fall out real soon  
I'm the doctor  
You wait on the waiting list  
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss  
This is octagon, this is octagon, this is octagon  
I'm the doctor  
You wait on the waiting list  
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss  
This is octagon, this is octagon, this is octagon  
As you come in the bright, you ride the orange ambulance  
Look at widows of hell see the mental patients dance  
Doin' six and seven, steps ladies yells dance  
Upside downside with walls flyin' through the [Incomprehensible]  
Mr. [Incomprehensible] 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  
What's the matter, are you happy? Na, you're ill man  
Standin' back, you choose a ticket  
My spiritual laws of vitamins will turn your face wicked  
You're invited to ride the glide to your homicide  
I'm the doctor  
You wait on the waiting list  
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss  
This is octagon, this is octagon, this is octagon  
I'm the doctor  
You wait on the waiting list  
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss  
This is octagon, this is octagon, this is octagon

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