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Dr. Octagon

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3000 I crank up lyrical flows, spit spats, whats that

The pattern records, dont touch the dats, yo

Check out the pro skills, medic fulfills

Contact react to style Im back you lackChannels and handles, automators on the panels

Turnin' knobs you slobs suckers like baskin' robs

Caravel dont tell your whole crew is ice cream fudge

Rappers that budge, makin' moves step in groovesAnd ride the pace

Like at thirty-three dark shades

Now you seein' me

Rap moves on to the year three thousand3000

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3000 Let me shuffle red red red

See the black heart it aint hard

Pick and choose you lose oops you lost

Check out the boss on Broadway down to walkwaysSuckers with mics that end up with tooth decay

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

Heads bop, forever tunes and they wont stop like hip-hop

Keeps growing, sick of sick of showingScratches in mattress business money reattaches worldwide

Deep inside stops the diamond rocks

In a million world, billion world, quitrillion world

Rap moves on to the year three thousand3000

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3000 As space Ive 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 waysCommercial raps in the grave

Stuff on disc thats very wack

That you saved, you think its good wont go platinum

Or even turn wood, sell the cassetteYour homeys tape deck gets wet

You my pet, my poodle chicken noodles on the rise

Open your eyes and see my life

Rap moves on to the year three thousand3000

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Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>