

# Leave Me Alone (Peanut Butter Wolf)

Dr. Doom

Yeah, to all my fans, for people who don't know  
What I've been going through to make my own, yeah Now it's time to hurt your feelings as I upset music  
industry fans  
Hey yo my man, look at my hands, they look human, right?  
You think I'm a monster, ill circus clown, I'm not a specimen  
Don't look at me funny when I come around  
And y'all been trying to figure me out for years  
Trying to reduplicate me, but they can't, so they hate me  
While white boys rub the heads of black music with a Japanese assistant What does a Chinese kid know about  
the rap game, it's a shame  
As I see 'em watching bet  
There's a million of creative rappers tryin' to be me  
I'm starting to feel like Jimi Hendrix  
When they cover the story who started rock  
Magazines put blankets over my interviews  
They don't want to see me on channel 7 news  
Tellin the truth of the project group  
Which they always have secret spies in with eyes  
Watchin me record my album, sending producers with wack tracks  
And dats, messin' up my whole format  
Can you imagine doing something that would need more to function  
With an alternative hippy kid from the record label watchin your back  
Talkin about Mariah Carey's honky  
Makin' an average group buck dance like a barrel full of monkeys  
While I break out to do the shopping, boy  
You're makin' a quick phone call  
About my sound is too new and different  
I need to be a regular like Dru Hill, a little more ill  
Hey Keith we want you to be ill Yeah, leave me alone  
Hey Keith, we want you to be ill Of course I'm hard to work with, cos you're hard to work with  
I don't wanna be the insane clown posse and collaborate  
I'm tryin' to innovate and think quick at a fast rate  
Why you mad? cos I'm original?  
You can't do the material  
When I sit back and watch you act big  
Spend your budget on your video  
I'm in one of my 3 luxury apartments eating raisin bran cereal  
While you front, 'lo I'll take my white rhyme down to world's Fargo  
How long's it gonna take?

900 Thousand and clear, talkin' with a clerk  
I don't need a binge this year Took care of my paperwork  
Take the united taxi out to Vegas  
While the average RNB group is doing a promo concert  
Ignoring your phone calls from broke labels  
Who try to put out underground mc's  
Try to get me to rap on a wacky-ass track with one g  
How dare you try to insult me?  
I got 40 grand for 3 minutes to write a song with prodigy  
Other crews don't get, but you got the nerve to call me ??welcome to the business?  
Stand as a witness, work on your stomach, use physical fitness  
I ain't playin' all this African stuff, all look the same I don't need a Joe neck bone puttin' his artwork on my cd  
Enjoyin' apple jacks and honeycomb, with me sittin' on the throne  
No, I'm takin the regular picture by the hotel saint bonaventure  
Besides I do wear a cold blue winter  
And eat at beautiful restaurants yeah Yeah, leave me alone  
Hey Keith, we want you to be ill Why you think I should wear a motorcycle helmet?  
Why don't you wear it?  
Put on some wings like a parrot  
Let's discuss this contract  
Why are you hyping' up a normal female group with fat cellulite that sound wack  
Most of y'all goin' out like uncle toms, like Louis Armstrong's  
Wearin' a tattoo and born on stage like Tracy Chapman  
I canceled a big tour 'cos I was prepared  
You're on the roll with your damn money and you're all scared  
Why y'all walkin, look hard like your manager got your name  
All over your versatile card  
And plus, this video treatment sucks  
The fish lens effect  
The lens to the camera only costs 100 bucks  
Look at the director trying to tell me what to do  
I've done this before 14 Degrees freezing cold doin' poppa large with a cage over my head, that's dead  
Don't get your imagination too messed up  
I'm wearing a Yankee hat and a starter  
I'm not dressing up  
How you gonna tell me what to wear?  
I don't need mascara and a stylist  
Save that for a big rock group like Pantera  
Experience, next plateau, mercury, wild pitch, emi, capitol, DreamWorks  
Never got robbed, put my lyrics away and stuffed  
Too many people with hands in my projects  
Havin' fantasies of me being superman, you actin' stupid man  
I'm like prince  
You might see me once every 5 years at the record company  
While most of you live at the label beggin for your rent and car notes to be paid

Under the table doing routine dances for advances  
Oooh you've been involved Yeah, leave me alone  
Hey Keith, we want you to be ill

Songwriters

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