

Body Bag

Dr. Doom

Yeah, Dr. Doom, beware when I walk in your room
That's right, A K A, Kool Keith I'm washin' pots and pans, fried gorillas with tortilla chips
And clam dips, my pants ripped, playin' 'Gladys Knight'
On Fright night, with buffalo meat in your ass vomit
Gastric juice with French toast, balls from a moose Heavy convulsion construction in your stomach tucked in
Leave you with Maalox and Castor oil of toxic waste
Your area's vacant with where house aroma
Cat turds and horse drops your face went into a coma Exterminating houses, with fifty mouses, diapers and kids
Drivin' trucks for the roach business
Twelve to nine, I move body bags to Cedar Sinai
Eatin' co-workers food, I'm rude
Walk in the beverage center with a jockstrap dude Approach security with a delivery
Never stating a major, cut cables in elevators
Make the rush hour stop draggin' dead elephants in department stores
While, people shop, with a briefcase from Spelman I have to tell men, get off my back
I'm workin' overtime like a janitor with stamina
Buried the last bodies in Canada
In Toronto, I used to jerk off in a ten room condo
With serious surgery Dr. Doom workin' in the office building Drivin' some Bronco like O.J. Simpson
Nervous smokin' a pack of Winston's
With twenty-seven dead people in Pontiac, Michigan
Twenty-eight in Denver, twenty-eight, I can't remember
Walkin' through a town called, Gatesville
You suckers out there, know how Norman Bates feel Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight
Hey what's that smell down there?
Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight
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Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight From a little town, that's right a tore down house
With some real estate in Peat skill
I ran a meat market behind Johnny Rocket's
Paid truckers to haul body pieces from the East to the West
With 'The Devil' branded on your chest I had to step up and the judge wrote 'Confess'
Watch the whole Arkansas Kansas City testify
Against my lies and my alibis, I was surprised
My lawyers dressed in black and a Rolls Royce buried in the back Arms missing, knees cut down to the knubs

All I had was people to grub, stories to tell to the Enquirer
How I set a bunch of people in the nightclub on fire
My intention was to get even like Spielberg
Throw like Stephen King, 'Children of the Corn' on a swing I stuck needles in your face like Pinhead
You been dead for eighty hours in a college dorm
With a thunderstorm, lightning with big bolts
I used to hang with Jim Jones before he started the cults
The SSA, the Sacrifice and Serve-it Angle, I'm the next strangler Take that body and bag it, then I'm outta sight
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