

# No Chorus

## Dr. Doom

Yeah, you motherfuckers oughta let me go  
And finish this motherfuckin album, Dr. Doom  
Name of this track is called 'I Don't Want the Motherfuckin Chorus'  
Whatever all the arrangements are we gon' go through  
Fuck all the laws What the fuck was in your mind when you rapped on that track?  
Who possessed you to do that? Who programmed that shit sound wack  
Unplug your mic, you motherfuckers rap under a bunch of fuckin' hype  
Programmed by the company, makin' somethin' cheap Vocals sound like a nigga with no dough and a promo  
Makin' asses out of yourselves, tryin' to rap solo  
Suck my dick when you see me, avoid because you wanna be me  
Y'all niggaz write like slouches puffin' blunts on studio couches  
What's up you fuckin' amateur? Your engineer'll cue in your bullshit cadence  
That shit sounds simple, look at this nigga rhymin' to hisself  
Wack as fuck, smell like shit for one buck  
Big crews don't want it, y'all get it worse  
Which one of y'all motherfuckers is waitin' for the mic first? I hope your bitch is in the audience  
Your wife too, that's your fanbase, plus your DJ's in the place  
I'm about to boo you, let it be fair, when you come off-stage  
Ninety percent of the people that came on your guest list  
Ain't gon' be there A big disappointment when I rub your asshole with a verbal ointment  
Rappers actin' hard, nervous in the dressin' room with a security guard  
Groupies standin' 'round with they fuckin' face frowned  
Lookin' like fuckin' Homey the Clown Put that Spring Water down man, you ain't sweatin'  
You motherfuckers did a ten minute weak show and you jettin'  
Your fans are mad, your performance was garbage bag  
Look at these videotapes  
Walkin' back and forth grabbin' your nuts like the Planet of the Apes Supervise it, criticize it, y'all don't realize  
it, where the real guys at  
Who's administrating your budget when you takin'  
That high picture for Right On, with your ballroom light on  
You know the night is kind of special like Lowenbrau  
When I escort you to your car, you breakout bastards Leave the premises and reminisce on your rookie season  
After you first started, you try to work hard  
And you never paid no dues like Cold Crush and Afrika Bambaata  
You wack nigga, tryin' to act large in the video in Nevada  
You fuckin' pink maggot, I'll take your mic, you can't have it  
You niggaz be runnin' around with ears open like fuckin' bunny rabbits That's right, Dr. Doom, all you  
motherfuckers around the world  
Sittin' in studios with your boys, hypin' your shit up

Motherfuckers don't wanna tell you that your shit is wack  
Because they all yes menSittin' around, carryin' your roadie cases  
Bein' your fuckin' cheerleaders, I'ma tell you straight  
Look in the fuckin' mirror, you wack, that shit don't sound right  
Your mixdown ain't right, your vocals are too low  
Your fuckin' cadence is off, stage show's weak, fuck you

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