

# Diseases

## Peter Ram

Yo, whattup E?  
Yo, whattup Starbuck, what's goin' on?  
Yeah, how you livin'?  
Yeah, you know just smokin' every day, whassup? Yeah let me tell you hip-hop's wack man  
Yeah I know, say word  
All these MC's got diseases  
Yeah, they got like frostbite, there's a bad plague, baby  
MC's got delusions of grandeur and such  
Yeah, man, yo we gotta tell 'em whassup Now go make a record and go rob a bank  
Now you got Cool C-itis to thank  
Copped that advance but lost that check  
Must be due to Alzheimer's onset Go up in the label, when honies start feelin' ya  
Hobbes you better catch some R felia  
And female rappers don't have a chance  
Need flow augmentation and mic implants Yo, you went to bed with that hoochie redhead?  
Caught half-steppin' 'cause she got a peg leg  
Shot your milk, she didn't swallow it?  
That's 'cause, girl, was lactose intolerant Smoke with E, you gonna have fun  
Oh, but by the way, leave with collapsed lungs  
Try and spit but nothin' comes out  
Braindead MC's all got cotton mouth This be a list of hip-hop's diseases  
Too much ice gon' have shorty sneezin'  
Too much 'dro will leave a kid wheezin'  
Head's too big, stab you up for no reason This be a list of hip-hop's diseases  
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Too much 'dro will leave a kid wheezin'  
Head's too big, stab you up for no reason You with wifey dog, get a car from Sonya  
It's likely you'll catch Nokia phobia  
You shiverin' from ice, hold a mic device  
It's most certainly some rappers frostbite Go up in the club, in moderation  
'Cause online you be catchin' Peter Geisha'n impatient  
Ha ha, rollin' trees, only got seeds  
Man's puffin' crystals, green with envy Rhymin' for the loot, to get some mass  
You a prime candidate for a heart bypass  
You online, think you the dopest  
Geek caught a case of wack Internet-a-tosis Startin' rumors, check the tabloids  
Caught a Blaze haze, maybe source hemorrhoids  
Wack on stage, with off-beat ailment  
At a show catch a microphone impalement This be a list of hip-hop's diseases

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Head's too big, stab you up for no reasonScrub your hands fifty times and wash the smut odor  
Obvious obsessive compulsive disorder  
Up I got downers, down I got uppers  
Now chuggin' Pedia, sure for fuckin' suppperStep to E, no microphone contest  
Soon learn about inferiority complex  
I'm stuck on hip-hop, can't get a fix  
Till Mighty Mi deals me a dope remixNow I'll supply prescriptions  
Come to the motherfuckin' spot, if you havin' wack visions  
Writers block? Just can't flow?  
Hit you off with a double mic hydroYou goin' gold if you got the patience  
Son, check in you got rap hallucinations  
The surgeon, wack MC's I carve up  
Hip-Hop med school, Dr. StarbucksThis be a list of hip-hop's diseases  
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Head's too big, stab you up for no reasonYeah, E, I don't know  
I still don't think they know  
Smut Peddlers, Cage, in the house  
Mighty Mi, in the houseYes, indeed all the dirty people, in the house  
Yo, you better go get checked  
Go to the clinic, 'cause you got somethin'  
Don't say you got nothin'  
'Cause we're all diseased, right

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