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 whassupNow 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 onsetGo 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 implantsYo, 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 intolerantSmoke 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 mouthThis 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 reasonThis be a list of hip-hop's diseases
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Head's too big, stab you up for no reasonYou 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 frostbiteGo 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 envyRhymin' 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-tosisStartin' rumors, check the tabloids
Caught a Blaze haze, maybe source hemorrhoids
Wack on stage, with off-beat ailment
At a show catch a microphone impalementThis 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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