Live

Dr. Dooom

South Bronx, New YorkIs it live, live, live, live, live?
Is it live, live, live, live, live?
Is it live, live, live, live, live?I heard your CD is wack, wasn't fucking impressed
Who's the nigga with the big mouth?
I live [Incomprehensible] and bit off with a lion's mouth
Your hype man sound like a bitch that switchY'all niggas need to be around when my dick itch
Yo, TNT these niggas acting wild like they homo
But they trying to see me fuck it, I'm a pull up in a Ford van
Let these niggas know I'm a give 'em a permanent suntanWalk in your studio session
Damage your crew in the vocal booth
With a thirty-inch Smith and Wesson
Dr. Dooom on your intercom pressing your girl
All night with a fucking bombI'm a move the tattoos off all these MCs
Let me make a sandwich first with government cheese
Uncle Black got a new sawed-off
When them booty kids show up we gone blast their ass offNiggas be mean mugging wide eyed smoking that dust
I'm a send Tony Lou with a bazooka
Blow smoke in a tour bus, in a yellow Caprice Classic
I got a wig on them, city boys ain't gon' recognize all four of usJay and John with fifty cousins from the Bolding family
We roll and amp G, what the fuck y'all talking about?
I'm moving a different route
Grab the carbines from under the couchSee you on the Ferris wheel at Coney Island
I'm not gon' be smiling
Magnum waiting for your ass
Y'all gon' see my face, fuck a maskIs it live, live, live, live, live?
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Is it live, live, live, live, live?
Is it live, live, live, live, live?Smearing your mailbox with peanut butter and jelly
With pickles from the deli
Black shoe polish on your glass table
I'm ready and ableGoing on the roof when the pay-per-view fight come on
Click off the cable, harass you to move
Leaving poisoned sick rat coleslaw around your toilet stool
While you scream "fuck you"I'm across the street eating Popeye's Cajun rice
In a station wagon with hot beans
Taking a coffee break back in the houseGiving your Chihuahuas
Ex-lax with a hot bowl of Quaker State

Leaving the front room, dropping bombs
On your fur coat with a box kaboomWatching the Mets putting shit
On your TV sets in the shower
You won't be able to watch a program
With remote controls for seventy hoursCheck out your sore ribs, the screen is gritty
Everybody's starting to look green on Rap City
Take your receipt, give your wallet with nine hundred bucks
Or your credit card to a retarded kid in a wheel-chairComing up the street walking by the main avenue
I'm passing you with a leather coat that looks similar to yours
Fuck you, you looking at me, I'm a start walking behind you
Act like I'm pantomiming youTalking to police men, chewing a arm
And joined by a black and white squad car
With binoculars watching you very far
What's up motherfuckers?Is it live, live, live, live, live?
Is it live, live, live, live, live?
Is it live, live, live, live, live?
Is it live, live, live, live, live?
Is it live, live, live, live, live?

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