No Chorus

Har Mar Superstar

Yeah, you motherfuckers oughta let me go
And finish this motherfuckin album, Dr. Dooom
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 lawsWhat 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' cheapVocals 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 thereA 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 ClownPut 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 ApesSupervise 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 bastardsLeave 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 rabbitsThat's right, Dr. Dooom, 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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