

# You Live at Home with Your Mom

## Dr. Doom

Yeah, to all my fans, the people, who don't know  
What I been goin' through to make my own Now it's time to hurt your feelings as I upsets music industry fan  
Hey, yo my man, look at my hand, they look human right?  
You think I'm a monster, ill circus clown  
Not a specimen, don't look at me funny when I come around A and R been tryin' to figure me out for years  
Tryin' to re-duplicate me but they can't so they hate me  
While white boys run the head of black music  
With a Japanese assistant What does a Chinese kid know about the rap game?  
That's a shame as I see and watch on BET  
There's a million uncreative rappers tryin' to be me  
I'm startin' to feel like Jimi Hendrix When they covered the story who started rock  
Magazines put blankets over my interviews  
They don't wanna see me on channel 7 news, tellin' the truth  
Off the project roof, they always have secret spies with eyes Watchin' me recordin' my album, send in producers  
with wack tracks  
And DAT's, messin' up my whole format  
Can you imagine somethin' on the kneeboard with Con-Funk-Shun?  
With an alternative hippie kid from the record label watchin' your back Talkin' about, Mariah Carey's funky  
Makin' the average group buckdance like a barrel full of monkys  
While I break out to shoppin' mall he's makin' a quick phone call  
About my sound is too new and different  
I need to be regular like Dru Hill and a little more ill  
(Hey Keith, we want you to be ill) Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics) Of course I'm hard to work with 'cause you hard to work with  
I don't wanna meet Insane Clown Posse and collaborate  
I'm tryin' to innovate and think quick at a fast rate  
Why you mad 'cause I'm original, you can't do the material When I sit back and watch you act big  
Spend your budget on your video  
I'm in one of my three luxury apartments eatin' Raisin Bran cereal  
While you front low, I take my bike ride down to Wells Fargo How long is it gon' take, nine-hundred-thousand  
in clear  
Takin' with a clear, I don't need a Benz this year  
Took care of my paperwork, takin' United Taxi out to Vegas

While the average R and B group is doin' a promo concert  
Ignorin' your phone calls from broke labels  
Who try to put out underground MC's  
Tryin' to get me to rap on a wack jazz track for one G  
How dare you try to insult me? I got 40 grand for three minutes to write a song with Prodigy  
Other crews don't get budget, got the nerve to call me  
Welcome to the business, stand as a witness  
Work on your stomach, do physical fitness I ain't playin', all this African stuff all look the same  
I don't need a Joey Neckbone puttin his artwork on my CD  
Drawin' Apple Jacks and Honeycomb with me sittin' on the throne  
No I'm takin' a regular picture by the hotel  
St. Bonaventure  
Besides I do wear a coat in the winter  
And eat at beautiful resteraunts  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)  
Why you think I should wear a motorcycle helmet?  
Why don't you wear it? Put on some wings like a parrot  
Let's discuss this contract  
Why are you hypin' up a normal female group  
With fat cellulite that sound wack?  
Most of y'all goin' out like Uncle Tom's, like Louis Armstrong  
Wearin' a tattoo and goin' onstage like Tracy Chapman  
I cancelled a big tour 'cause I was prepared  
Y'all on the road with per diem money and y'all scared  
While y'all walk and look hard  
Your manager got his name all over your Versatile card  
And plus this video treatment sucks, the fish lens effects  
The lens to the camera only cost a hundred bucks  
Look at the director, tryin' to tell me what to do  
I done this before, 14 degrees freezin' cold  
Doin' 'Poppa Large' with a cage on my head, that's dead  
Don't get your imagination too messed up  
I'm wearin' a Yankee hat and a Starter I'm not dressin' up  
How you gonna tell me what to wear?  
I don't need mascara and a stylist  
Save that for a big rock group like Pantera, Experience  
Next Plateau, Mercury, Wild Pitch, EMI, Capitol, DreamWorks  
Never got dropped, put my lyrics away and stopped  
Too many people with hands in my projects  
Havin' fantasies of me bein' Superman you bein' stupid man  
I'm like Prince, you might see me once every five  
years  
At the record company, while most of y'all live at the label  
Beggin' for your rent and car notes to be paid  
Under the table, doin' routine dances for advances  
(Ooh, you get involved)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
(Politics, politics)

Leave me alone, leave me alone

(Politics, politics)

Leave me alone, leave me alone

(Politics, politics)

Leave me alone, leave me alone

(Politics, politics)

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