

# Call the Cops (feat. Jacky Jasper)

## Dr. Doom

Jack, Jackie, you keep them rollers in ya hair  
With that plastic on ya head, huh  
Man, hey, Keith, who did ya jerry curls, man?  
Look good I seen yall this mornin' on cops, man  
They had yall pictures, all ya profiles and everythin'  
Yall should stay low  
Gene called, he need five dollars Ultimate focus behind ya neck  
Cant reflex with text on your lyrical index  
Stop the masses, rotate the fastest  
Afro jerry curl world, get ignited re-invited  
On your main sources like the Enforcers Sub-machines spray your Liberace pianos  
Free style ambulances ring out your new dances  
While yall cant rap we took your Ampex  
We have protective custody, got your face disgustin me With animal like instincts, I left a dead gorilla in the  
skatin rink  
Penetrated your Gap jeans with Black & Decker machines  
Alternate your scullies, catch dead rats in Saran Wrap  
Put used diapers on your windshield wipers  
Make you eat your own feces, sell your [Incomprehensible] Pull out your colon, leave your glands swollen  
Uncircumcised between your moms thighs  
Thats right, with a face like Michael Myers  
I clip the ears off your bodyguards with some bloody pliers Bound to eat a German Shepard in the Mojave Desert  
While yall talk gangsta, I push body parts in shoppin' carts  
Leave wigs on streets on Melrose so coroners can smell those Arms for three days, with three legs  
In the back seat yall get the back heat  
With the police department scared to look at my apartment Three weeks ago I dumped a bag of legs with beer  
kegs  
Went to Ralphs and bought a six pack and some eggs  
Seen my face in the paper with a beard, went home and shaved  
Took out ya bodies in the pickup truck back to the grave Drinkin yoo-hoos and dough nuts, yall punks think Im  
so nuts  
Walkin in hospital rooms like the black Dr. Doom  
Push you in the wheelchair out the window down the steps like Iancide  
You run and hide, handicap with no maps, Im after you, throw gas at you (The projects called the cops)  
The F.B.I. got our fingerprints  
Heavy big weights, we move in alternate states (The projects called the cops)  
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Heavy big weights, we move in alternate states(The projects called the cops)  
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 Heavy big weights, we move in alternate statesJackie Jasper with illegal drugs, sellin' for the thugs  
 A bag of penises and twenty butt plugs, Persian rugs  
 Wit dead bodies on it, call Colombo, who done it?  
 Solve it and Ill revolve it and hold it  
 To the war, to the hogs, to the dogsVagina with bugs, rubs, cubs, gettin' fellatio  
 Ratio fa sho, positive why I die  
 I live comatose tomato juice and Cherry Hos and toast  
 Santa and Barbara at the Barbie CoastMost chicks licks black holes, French expose  
 Wastin my children on her clothes somewhere up her nose  
 Suppose I penetrated ya neck with a Bic pen  
 With a belt around my waist like Bookmen, dont ask my neighborsBodies dead, sixty-nine flavors, behaviors  
 Smokin glass wit coleslaw hangin out ya ass  
 Take a blast, Im travelin fast, pass a nymphomaniac  
 Diggin up corpse, Im a necrophiliacGettin' my chick back in an up-smack  
 Had that head bobbin', joggin', cyclin', recyclin'  
 Connivin', arrivin', hearse drivin its even  
 Seven heads, ten horns, believin' evil demonAs Stella Steven retreatin youre beatin, eatin dead puss  
 Sardine can smell from here to hell  
 A gladiator wit tights under disco lights  
 Blowin a harmonica, yo, in Santa Monica in a Honda  
 Name dazzle night fall the press cross, dressed you're named RhondaCall Macero, call Dan-O, call Cello  
 Five-O rollin in a Pinto from Ohio, Toledo, down to San Pedro  
 Believe me, hoe, I sold Curtis the blowThe F.B.I. got our fingerprints  
 Heavy big weights, we move to alternate states(The projects called the cops)  
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 The F.B.I. got our fingerprints  
 Heavy big weights, we move to alternate states  
 (Let's book 'em)

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