

Call the Cops (feat. Jacky Jasper)

Dr. Dooom

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. Dooom
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 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

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(Let's book 'em)

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