

Kevorkian

Public Enemy

Start a war on the poor gettin' mad donations
Takin' cheese out of poor nations
Got Haitians still on sugar plantations
Wiped 'em out called it exotic vacations

As you dig it they set up regulations
Turn the rest of the world into cancer patients
What's the difference no buts ands or ifs
Now I need a place to hide away

Are you ready, are you ready?
Who's the real docs of death
Oh no, it's doctor death

Killer man atomic B-Boys in Japan
Another brother dies up in Sudan
Kevorkian got the heads lookin' for that kill 'em
Dead from the feds shit man

Contaminated in sad predicaments
Blood threats, blastin' continents
Kings, queens dead presidents
Can't tell me where my chiza went

Take 'em down blow the house down blaw
The evils got you wobblin' like weebles
Thinking you equal, killin' lost people's
No sequel remember Biko

Who's the real docs of death
Oh no, it's doctor death

Whose the real docs of death
Killin' millions 'til they're last breath
Got no right to be dead ass wrong
Killin' me softly with your songs

Bring the noise but surrounded by cowboys
Indigenous but wiped out diggin' new ditches
Can you dig it turnin' tricks at the tip of politics?
The devils slick, gettin' their head split

I spit at those hypocrites
So, I sticks to the music
Think about it it's God
You better get with the scene

Keep you and I from being human beings
You deserve what you deserve
If you believe what he believes

And into everything you leave
Oh what a tangled web you weave
When destroyed by the disease by 33 degrees
Bringing Satan down to his knees