

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