Yo its on! Crackers, crackers Niggaz, Niggaz (This is a test of the emergency smokecast system) Crackers, crackers Niggaz, niggaz Fuckers, fuckers (This is a test, This-this is a test of the emergency smokecast system) Crackers, crackers Niggaz, niggaz Yo yo yo Funk Doc is on a world tear jumpin' 15,000 feet out of plane in the air like where The next ghetto i'm gonna run I'm gonna shut them ear drums until you talkin' sign language There go son! Walls start to bleedin when my jaws is leakin' Doc do 200 first week your label call a meeting Yea i'm gonna let the gorrilas up in your building Kick your door, shoot up the ceiling Snatch the coke, kidnapp the children Don't start lying about your tire being flat Or catching a allergy attack I'll axe the battle and the bat Saddling them ho's like yeeehaw! Bitch enjoy the tour when you're fuckin the Doc 5 O'clock free ride Ambulance too late for them These paper thin niggaz robbin' at the ATM with a staple gun I'm a rookie scuba diver, Holler You rap scholars do the knowledge You wont make it through to college B the R I-C-K Never wore those, My lyrics to the mic Is like my hormones to pornos Bitches keep the door closed Mothafuckers be tryin to step in my zone I grab my chrome And be like yo its on (4x)Aiyo who fuckin' with us We bustin' your gut with lyrics You either feel it or fear it And smash the hardest artist regardless in steez I'm heartless with these (you ready) cock it and squeeze With precise precision you better listen Guaranteed to blow your vision if we engage in collision Talk slick and be laid out in chalk I still stay out in Newark And blaze my way into court

So nigga fuck what u thought