

Plastic Surgery

Xzibit

Doctor, Doctor, I need help Doctor
Sit down and wait your turn
Sit your ass down

You have, scars in your mask like Seal
That ain't for real
We'll have to fix that, yo nigga sit back

Your flow remind me of a nigga that I just don't feel
Same style and delivery
Might as well have his grill
Pass the scaple, the alcohol, plants
25 hundered get you style enhanced
It's like...

This, mask right will lift your grill
It'll put height in your mack
Don't take to much off
If you want a nose like Michael Jackson

If you want it done right, nigga come see this
maybe even send your bitch
We can fix them tits
From a C cup to a double D cup
Make them big shits, doctor lick em, yeah

I like to, axe em, jack em for their financial
need a facial I'll change the skin tone in the inner racial
After I'm done, you might have a little pouch tone
Nothin' my scaple can't fix
What kind of face you want

I want the kind that make me look like I can rhyme

It'll cost you

But I can find the skrilla, if I can have that nigga face named Saafir!

That's inposterous, plus I never cloned a microphone
What type of shit you on, I hope you got insurance
Before I sit you on my gurney
And lead you to an anesthetic breather
If ya not broke, I'll save your face like dope and make it right
Casue being fake ain't tight
You need plastic surgery

I hear the same ole rhymes, the same ole style
(It seems you need plastic surgery) (5x)

I'm located, at, the bottom of the black list
I like to malpractice, complicate a surgery
Intoxicated, smoke cigaretts, drop ass in your gases
feel the utencil, knife is dull like a pencil
And what?
When a nigga place pussy get fucked
Without a kiss or a hug, like contaminated blood,
Transfused from a junkie

With the hair of Jones, I reconstruct the bones
Of all hip hop clones

I date fat girls that weight 215
With low self esteem, cause it's easier to get the pussy
I'm performing vinyl liposuctions

Phat MC

Phat production, motherfuckin' facial reconstruction
Needles injected 33 RPM of anesthetic for ? to require cosmetic
sex changes from bitch niggas to ra ra niggas
the only cure for sick lyrics is to implant a hit gimmick

This shit is full blown, you better head to the clinic
After Captain Save A Hoe, we had the luitenit
Operate get straight, we hear to separate the fake from the classic
niggas get blasted if they plastic

I hear the same ole rhymes, the same ole style
(It seems you need plastic surgery) (5x)

I'm like Dougie Howser MD with a desert eagle
Criminal Genius
operation, seperatin' them siamese twins hangin' beneath them niggas penis
Take it to your face like a skin graph
rappers, I specialize in talent transplants (word?)
You want (phat) fat lips nurse get to college
And ten tons of stomach pumps from all the cum you and Richard Gere be
swallowin'
Now followin' aks Vanna to buy you flowers
so you can C (see) I A (aye) E-Swift O (Oh) U (you) know Y (why)
We remain uncontested to the contender, we can
Million Man March all the way to December
January, Feburary 28th

I, never, wash my hands
The only rubber gloves I wear is on my dick
But I'll split you quick
Like Jackie Chan, the way I switch my wristband
I make ya sick, but I'm a doctor, don't trip
Hopefully, in surgery, I won't slip
on a tile that file and twist ya lips
Like Collin Powell
Descriptions I'm overwrite
For the ones thats over bitin' on dental records
bitin', to God, send your blessings
I'll put your mask on, fast like Romidon minks
and bitches, I have, ? half blind in the paper, they named me
A Large Professor, a Mad Scientist, with a long line of clients
BITCH! GET OUT OF MY OFFICE
You don't have an appointment or an application
For me to attack your face in my practice
Never lackin' when I'm insurting these plastic patches
Seems like you need plastic surgery