

Gatecrasher

Czarface

This is Doc D, the one and only
I stay with the pen like I'm spicoli
...Stay high so they think I'm lowly
Sharon left me and I'm feeling lonely
Doc shut the fuck up
Logic here to tell you wrap it up like a chapelle skit
Made it out but doc stayed underground
Shut the fuck up logic you punk bitch
Nah I'd rather not
Esoteric, INS and 7 all ready to rock
Only fucking with their album cause you wanna be relevant
You far from Bruce Willis far from the 5th element
Ayo fuck you homie I signed you but you don't know me
Yeah we all know you, the half-black 1-800 guy
Bars so cringe I wanna cry, fuck you die
Hold up what you say? You heard me clearly
Fuck you dearly, I'm too driven to steer me
I know you muthafuckers hear me
I'm not sure if Doc is alive or inside of my head
I feel schizophrenic every time I grip the mic instead
Of feeling better like an angel and a devil on my shoulder
But the both of them holding semi-automatics
For drugs I'm an addict this category here: erratic
And the fact they let me out the asylum of rhymin' got me ecstatic
I'm fucking over it

Why the hell ya'll beefing up in our joint?
We trying to make the lab nice and ya'll trying to have fights
We grab mics, but only when we rocking live on stage
You don't grab the studio mic, you could damage it, act your age
And Logic listen, you really put me in an odd position
Nobody invited Doc D, he's acting all familiar
Deck so mad that he could kill ya, maybe kill me too
I told you no guests, but still you brought this dumbass through
Plus his shit stank, smelling like a fish tank
I bought him beer I got him food
I didn't hear good lookin out or give thanks
Or anything like that, Bobby...
I said I was down to do stuff
When Mike Rap introduced us but this shit is too much
Cause this guy's a dufus
Yeah you heard what I said, get him outta here
It'd make me happy like waking up in my bed
Next to Amanda Seyfried with eyes red
In a tight red ...well... I digress
I just want your guy dead
You can stay, INS up next to flex
Get on the mic but don't address this mess

I seen it all, done it all, I ain't feeling none of y'all
I become involved, when real money involved
Teach me how to fish I grab a rod and a net
Next thing you know I'm starring on the deadliest catch
I learned to feed myself, couldn't lie or try to cheat myself
Been so many things in this life, had to be myself
Street dreams are made of these
Hottest hoes, latest v's

Rumors say you cooperating with the agencies
Born king pass the crown off to my offspring
I show off on the whole thing, zone off of my own thing
Crack game to the rap game
The fame is making them act strange
Carried the load for so long I ended up having back pains
The deal is, you looking at one of the realest to ever reveal this
Deck's a cult, you better check your pulse if you don't feel this
I know you feel this