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Arcade Fire "What's Up Doc?"

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What's Up Doc? (Can We Rock)

[Chorus] Can we rock? Yeah, what's up doc? Can we rock? What's up doc?

[Moc]

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Cha cha cha cha cha What's up pa, yo who poop? Your ma dukes or pa dukes? There's two scoops a raisin in the sun Brothers try to rally up, then dilly dally for some room Bird peckin', doulbe deckin', rubber neckin' in my tomb Check it out yo, I smile like Groucho Marx I make a joke, hokey pokey, and slide by like egg yolk Play me like a punk like Penguin and the Joker Snoopin' in my biz like Tom and Roxie Roker So bust the freaky freaky freaky ways The brothers with the Asian guise making G's And now we're sellin' records overseas Holy smokes, oops, your whole plan goofed up Now you get kicks, 'nough licks, plus cuffed up 'cause you can catch a quick drop for tryin' to take the Schnicks' props So tick tock around the clock and shock while we lick shots (Boom!) for goodness sakes the stakes are high I'm out (you out?) ABC-ya, bye

[Chorus]

[Chip] I thought I saw a putty cat, I did I did the humpty dumpty bashful grumpy quaker nabisco crisco kid 'cause my style's figaro figaro figaro like Pinochio's Big Digital Underground humpty dumpty camel hump nose

So play dosey doe, sufferin' sucotash my mistletoe is aone Snow White is after my seven dwarves, my styles, and after me Lucky Charms So leapin' leprechauns, be glad I'm pushin' my pedal to the metal I'm rugged and rough for Cocoa Puffs, and yes, I love my Fruity Pebbles So howdy, my partner, I starts to get meaner So ask Bob for hope, nope, not Mr. Bob Dobailina Oh were has my mic gone? Tell me, have you seen her? I stretch like a condom and gets plump like a weiner Or a sasuage, but of course it's, time for Chip to wreck it But before my intro I gots to check it So who is the nicest in your neighborhood? Lyrics are merry, merry, quite contrary, and Captain Crunch berry good So rah rah, sis boom bah Chip Fu is coming again, give thanks and praises to jah My lyrics are smooth like the head on Terry Savalas My tounge starts to quicken like Speedy Gonzales Take up your pen, your pad, your lyrical bag and run go whole a fresh Touche pussy cat, put down that mic 'cause you can't rap 'cause I'm dip-dip-divin', so socializin' Clean out your ears, yes, and open up your eyes and I kick like Bruce Lee and Jean Claude Van Damme So dunna nana nana nana nana nana, Batman! I hip-hop, hop-hop Don't-don't, stop-stop I'm harder than a Flinstone and much bigger than a Chub Rock Our types of lyrical styles? yes the Schnickens can pick 'em

I burp, stick 'em, ha ha ha, stick 'em

[Chorus]

[Poc]

Rippin' the program, slow man, hot damn I grand slam, swingin' things again and again (whoo) Golly ha-chooey, macho like Roscoe Randy Savage manwitch, swingin' the ding-a-ling with damage Pauish not antoinish nor monetego Spanish like que for the nine two lingo Next, a new hex, commentators stand aside Stringin' emcees like a bikini or panty line (ha ha) Nut you might bust, but you can't even come right Spite the strokin' or hopin' or pullin' a peace pipe Huff and puff so what the fuck is happening? On the lyrical, miracle, spirutal but everybody's rockin' Flip a new hit, catch wreck to the nine ship Equipped, never slip with tounge twister All my styles that's buckwild No fake rap, I push pounds I flip mad scripts and hips, I hit So bring the goya oh boy-ah, as I say hasta manana Soft and chewy Honky Kong fooey, reggae not rasta tough stuff Can I rock?

[Chorus]

[Shaq] I'm the hooper, the hyper Protected by Viper When I rock the hoop yo, you'd better decipher In other words you'd better make a funky decision (whoo) 'cause I'm a be a Shaq knife, and cut you with precision Forget Tony Danza, I'm the boss When it comes to money, I'm like Dick Butkas Now who's the first pick? me, word is born and Not a Christean Laettner, not Alonzo Mourning That's okay, not being bragadocious Supercalifragelistic, Shaq is alidocious Peace, I gotta go, I ain't no joke Now I slam it (what?) jam it (unh) And make sure it's broke

[Chorus]

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