

Stevie Nicks % Rick Vito

"Walk Like a Duck"

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Ah yeah
It's the fat joint right here
Here we...
This joint right here is dedicated to
Well, I'm not malicious
But all those whose words vicious
Talkin behind the back
This shit is wack

Here we go
You need to walk like a duck (walk like a duck)
Walk like a duck (walk like a duck)
You need to walk like a duck (walk like a duck)
Say what? (Like a muthafuckin duck!)
You need to walk like a duck (walk like a duck)
Walk like a duck (walk like a duck)
You need to walk like a duck (walk like a duck)
Yo Jorge, how do ducks walk?

Check it
[VERSE 1]
Kurious was never one for ring around
The rosie, not Josey, but I mosey on down
To a meadow where the flowers stay wilted
So what I ain't hit as many skins as Wilt the Stilt did
It's like that, never labelled a wack
And yo, they choose behind my back to do the Duckville
quack
My style is cool, sweet like a ???
But still (what?) you gossip like a bitch
Mental stimulation when I'm rollin with the rat pack
If you're frontin rock, get the doodoo out your knap
sack
The fat track provided by the Beat' got you goin
'nuts kickin butts, underneath be when I'm flowin
I'm knowin, you frontin-ass ducks is gettin smeared
My crew rolls thick like a hillbilly's beard
Constipated Monkeys gettin to the point quick
Like my man Apache said: yo, get off (MY DICK!)

[VERSE 2]

It's like that and - ah
Didn't go to Georgia, took the train to Alabama
On the midnight tip like Gladys Knight and the Pips
My sole intention bein to move the marrow in your hips
Family confusion's what motivates the rhymer
Got an aunt named Tom, uncle named Jemima
Kurious Jorge on the welfare line
Plus American Airline never prepared mine
Ears for the poppin, hands for the clappin
If I sense turbulence, commence to see the captain
Two strikes, your motion got a notion of funk
I must prescribe a mint (why?) cause your breath stunk
(Ill) I paid the bills, sent a check to my mama
If you try to wreck my mind, there's mad drama
I'ma deliver one worm for the hawk
Eliminatin quacks on the duck walk

[VERSE 3]

I drop limes like you drop mescaline
Tabs on my tongue as I swung from the swing
And came up with that thing they call 'Walk Like a Duck'
Quite frankly don't give a fuck
Mama raised me humble, so I never ever label
Myself as the best, cause some of the rest got more
flavor
But that's okay, beyond a shadow of a doubt
I got skills, I ain't conceited, but still might take you out
Half Puertorican, half Cuban, not Fidel
Castro, like an astro you know I excel
Time to sell mad units, scratchin on my pubics
Complicate confusion like a ?Nick Kubrick? on a Rubik
Who kicks the bubbles that allow the truth to surface?
I never will delete, so I don't defeat the purpose
Slapshot the gift like a hockey puck
Ha-ha, you fuckin duck

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