

Bern Dan

"Yabadabadoo"

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Verse One: Red Hot Lover Lover Tone

Diggedy da-di-la-di-da-di, baby there's a party
But you can't have a party without a large Bacardu
You got to keep the hottie moving like a Maserati
A hundred million women wanna Tone up their body
And I can never pass up a chance to romance them
Don't call me soft just because I'm handsome
So money take a tip if you flip and you slip
You'll be using all your teeth for poker chips
So wiggedy word wiggedy word I don't smoke the herb
And if my hottie smokes the shit I'll kick her to the curb
Every morning breakfast in bed is served
Cause on women I haev an affect like a quadra verb
So can I whip yes what yes like buddha sess yes
Shot em all dead when they try to test
So keep me in like Flynn this year I'm gonna win
If my balls are on your chin then you got the D.I.Y.M.
So can I get a shout
Peace to Chubb Rock, TrakMasters, the Gigalos and I'm
out
Yabadabadoo

Verse Two: Chubb Rock

Wow look at the size of his chest
Never the less I jump upon ET list and then phone my
home
Before the little kitten throws a stone
The holder of the Rock, one two and ya don't stop
Rhythm to the dism while the ism forms a prism
Suck the dism stand like a Chisolm dimension prison
and is he
The One, The One, he says he's the one, the only one
Take the two subtract the one and uh-hhuh
He's handsome ya see, big strong and sturdy
Watch the birdy I'm nerdy on the IQ set
Caught nuff wreck
The grim reappear what said Charlier Brown's damn
teacher
Wa wah wah wa wa wah, damn

I cram to understand the plan ma'am
I mean I've been hitting the books for a long time now
Real long time now, look at the furrowed brow
Drink Slim Faster, delete the chow
For a strong sequel word up to the people
The people; you mean power to them
While Eastwood Clint plays misty for the buddha
He's buzzing, cummin at cha
And you know we had to watcha, time for some lyrics
While I kick it and you hear it
Even Helen Keller word up can hear it
From the rustler lyrical hustler
The fat lady sand I crusher her, word up the Chubbster
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Verse Three: Rob Swinga

Rob Swinga loves jazz so I'ma swing this like a cool cat
Down with A.T.E.E.M., Trakmasterz got a dope rap
Humongous vocals; I'm quick to flick a jab
I'm not Michael Jackson or the Chubbs but I'm bad
Chew up a sucker like a stick of gum
And then I spit out the bum once the flavor's done
I'm nifty powerful like an M-60
And I'll pop your girl like Jiffy popped Dippy
Well I swing a lyric like a swinga would
And I swing a hoe in bed like a swinga should
When it comes to getting hoes I'm rated quadruple X
Just like Dr. Ruth my mind is strictly on the sex
And style or position is my selection
But I won't play without my contraception
Like Ramsey's or Trojan's oh yes that's chill
If worse comes to worse then I use no frills
So check it check it check it check it check it one two
Yabadabadoo

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