

Elvis Costello

"Sneaking Up On Ya"

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* Chip Fu's verse is a strictly a best guess

(in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 4X)
[Chip Fu] Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya
(4X)

[Poc Fu]

Check the shit that I flips scuba dip doobie dippin
It's groovy; slammin like my man Scottie Pippen
Sly like a fox, I kick the shit that rocks
I'm +Golden+ with the +Gloves+, but nice with the
shots
Don't try to put me down, I don't feel pain and sorrow
(The sun will come out!) Yeah tomorrow, tomorrow
I bet ya bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be sun
Showin grati-TUDE, my atti-TUDE is kind of RUDE
I walk with a frown while I puff my cigar an'
sit back and stare while I'm cha-cha-cha-charrin
Watchin Boogie Down, when they used to put me down
Now your mom give me skins and your pop push me
pounds
Sparkin like a welder, punch ya like I'm Elmer
Embarass your ass like Gigi does to Thelma
Quick to cut your throat, hey boy don't touch the mic
(*whoosh whoosh whoosh*) Yeah I'm out like three
strikes

(in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 4X)
[Chip Fu] Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya
(4X)

[Chip Fu]

My lovely lengthy dreadlocks, be roastin on an open
fire
Twisted tongue that's slippin and lyrically limp
at your PEE-nocci-nose
I'm budda-ba-bad, budda-ba-bad,
budda-ba-bad to the bone and crafty
Sssufferin sssucotash, I let lyricsss fly like DEE Daffy
So pass, the mug so Mike can try to ?? figure
when learnin this foolish, foolish lyrical style I deliver

Maybe way, down upon a swampy river!
Far far away (hooray!) yippie-kay-yo-kay-yay
Whoa, the dish ran away with the spoon
andddd-dddain't-dddat-ddddsomethin-
dddindddinddin?
And thennnn-liiiiiii found-
five-fy-a-fuck-five-feet-of-linnennenn
I Pop-eye's, like Bluto, ah-how you like judo?
Not Hong Kong, Foey, I +chop+ like, some +suey+
Like the Bruce, Banner, I gots a programma
So don't don't you cry cry for me oh Susannah
Tell your grandma, grandpa, pops and, your mamma
that you got, the right one, baby, eh-heh!
I'm freakin the stuttering style like just for one reason:
I think it's wabbit season, nah-uh duck season
Wabbit season, duck season
Wabbit season, duck season
Wabbit season.. AWWWWW SHUT UP!
Hey button your lip it's MC season dagnabbit
And ohhwowowowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww (whattup Chip?)
I hate rabbits!
(shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh) Be vevy vevy quiet, a hunting we
will go
Hi-ho, the merry-o cheerio Chip's about to drop a hot
potato!
'Yumpin 'Yimminy, Jimminy Crickets-kicks-kicks
some rugged and rough shit like this
Silly wabbit ain't got 'nuff Trix to pick
but I'll chill instead, cause for the big kid,
for the big kid, for the big kid's how I uhh, kicks it
Yo ahh, rrrrugabugit, rrrrugabugit, where's was the
mic?
It's in the freezer *cough* freezin like like a Raider
cough My flow's very, ridiculous
Like Frosted Lucky Charms my shit is magically
delishwish
I'm a Chattanooga choo was funkier uh Punky Brewster
When I'm a FEE-farmer, PEE-plumber ??????????
So ??, roll up, rewind selector
I huh huh, huh huh huh, like Woodddy-Woodpecker
Peace to Victor Bramble, too hot to handle
Catch me same bbbabbbbat time and bbabbabbat
channel

(in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 4X)
[Chip Fu] Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya
(4X)

[Moc Fu]
Arriba arriba! Pass the boom to M-O smokes the cheeba
A new type of flow and I toast the hoe, see-ya

Flipper type hitter, quicker to get bigger
Don't believe in guns so the fist become the trigger
I roll in the hood with my Fu-Schnicken niggaz
(Your niggaz?) Yeah, my motherfuckin niggaz!
The M-O throws blows (blows) obnoxious type flows
(flows)
No one knows Bo's but the emery scrolls
Kick dogg pound sounds, from miles around
when I AIYYYYYYYY AIYYYYYYYY it vibrates your town
Peace to Diamond D, Flavor U-N-I-T
We sneakin up on ya, watch your ass for nine-three

(in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 8X)
[Chip Fu] Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya
(8X)

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