

Elvis Costello

"True Fuschnick"

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I don't wanna grow up cuz I'm a True Fuschnick
We got a million styles that we compile
That we can play with

I'm a True, what? I am a True Fushnick
Repeat 3X
So sit, Buddah, sit what lyrical styles should we kick?

I'm a rowdy roddy piper I flash my dread sherlock
Holmes
The thicker the richer the bigger the dread
So I don't need no honeycomb
So eeney, meeney, miney, mo good goobelly goo I
bumped my toe
Oh-oh, "oh-oh better get Maoco" chocolate Chip's about
to flow
The super the cola the fraja the listic expialadope Chip
When the mic is gripped in ridobidobip bip da be bong
de dang, Bo!
Cuz worries and boderations when i raps it up again
and again But not
with the same FU style I'm wicked and wild and
versatile
When the mic is gripped by Chip you better believe it's
worth your while
Pause for the cause stop make way hurry up
Here I come come come
My lyrical styles are not to ifos nos in other words
They're not soft son rocks it rigade raggamuffin say it
backwards
Aggarniffum so abra Fu alacazam run come follow me
man
Put it by one phenomenon huminahumina I'm not done
Me-oh-me oh my hello hello hi
I'm not Huckleberry Finn I'm still speaking, shoo, fly
Don't bother i
So Fe hello hifi Fu fo, i make shapes with Pay-dough re
me
Near far then I will stitch sew Lipton Tea bo Tae Kwon
Do
Lyrics are bubbling, bubbling, bubbling, bubbling,

bubbling,
bubbling,*bubbling,*bubbling,*bubbling,*bubbling,*bubbling,*bubbling,
bubbling til' they're boiled
So don't drink the milk, Why? Cause it's rotten in other
words it's
spoiled
So don't say drats, drats double or triple or quadruple
drats
Me big and me black and me hot up de spot G jumping
Jehosphats
Some mic's rhymes ain't saying jack nor Jill
and of my styles they peak-a-boo o what I
doo wa diddy diddy dum diddy FU
So peace to his FU, peace to the FU
And a true FU, Poc Fu, is what I dub you

I'm a True, what I am a True Fuschnick
Repeat 3X
So sit, Buddah, sit what lyrical styles should we kick?

Rock n' roll, rock'n roll!
What's up with hip-hop, reggae, let's kick some soul
I'll be a braveman like Captain Caveman
Unga bunga, yapple-dapple
oh, snap! Holy batfu, it's an apple
The capital P.O.C. is on a fliptop so hip, hip hooray
Move out my way
Check out what I cockadoodle doo
See it's true I needed psychiatric help
When I was small I had "Poc-Fu" on my nameplate belt
Then at last suffering succotash I waste no more time
Used my noodle yankee doodle came up with a rhyme
That was wild, bugged, delirious, looney
Damn! it's hittin' hard
That's word to Jerry Cooney
Knocking heads off shoulders rippin' em clean
you can even ask iddy (why?) he know what I mean
Cuz I'm a

I'm a True, what? I am a True Fuschnick
Repeat 3X
So sit, Buddah sit what lyrical styles should we kick?

Moc's on wax grip, this ain't no demo
Don't even try to flex or uck-fay with my
Mental contender, Apollo
Time for training, jack
Agenda. The M.O. also the Asian Mack
In fact I will attract, shock shit, a True Fuschnick
Classified as I crop to the crip
Not a gimmick to the limit, upset, confused,

you gotta want
From the excess food called waste
But a taste of oriental True Fu
No haste as I pace
Gogoo gogoo, nanoo-nanoo
Styles that'll have you becomin' a Fuschnick too
Psyche!
Wait a minute, you thought that I was finished
Beginnin' in a hum endin' in a beat drum
Beat?
You like it, it's comin' from the Tribe, side by side
Third stage is the Moc
Unifying lyrics until my tongue drops
Considered as an mc klepto
Techniques could be beat, you think so?
Hell, no!
Romp and rage upon the scene like a lyrical
Ninja master
Crazy zany voiced out styles
that had ya in a dimension as I mentioned
A True Fu steppin'
All attention to the Micken
Styles that I am kickin', whippin', flexin, never flippin
Asian that is hittin' hard until my cup runneth over
Like a boulder never told ya
The M.O. was in control of
Oriental styles to compile or get with
Fiend as I hold the mic with a tight grip
Slipped!
Ha, ha, ha!
That's what you get when you mess around with a True
Fuschnick

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Repeat 3X
So sit, Buddah, sit what lyrical styles should we kick?

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