

Gorillaz "Doyathang"

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I'm a pale imitator of a boy in the sky
With a cap in his head and a knot in his tie
I'm the light in the mall when the power is gone
A shadow in a corner
Just playin' along!
I'm gonna lay in my bed, I'm rolling aside
But if I get a car
A moment to ride
Because I know if I ever tear living with you

You've got a holding chain
And you don't know what to do!
You'd stop!

You wanna do it
But you don't know what you doin' baby
A-a-a-a-aha
You wanna feel it,
But you don't know what you're feeling tonight!
And if you're thinking
And I don't know what you're thinking baby
A-a-a-a-aha
You go on thinking
And you gonna make it alright!

I'm in Prada boy...
I'm a late... not a heart in...
I got Saturday night, enough's been said
If I ever had to do it,
Well, you know I wouldn't care
I'd just get down, I'm loving the feat
And if I wanna talk back, the message is free
I never found a ray and...
And if you can't partake, you get 'em alive
You get a heart

You wanna do it
But you don't know what you doin' baby
A-a-a-a-aha
You wanna feel it,
But you don't know what you're feeling tonight!
And if you're thinking

And I don't know what you're thinking baby
A-a-a-a-aha
You go on thinking
And you gonna make it alright!

Every time we try, we get nowhere
But wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people,
yeah
Trying so hard to act like we don't care
But it's true, you do, nothing is left
So I guess I'm right!

New word, onomatopoeia... boom
Quit acting like you don't wanna be here.
Fuck around and get jumped like Lee
Get glocced in the club, make ya really wanna leave
me-a-lone.
Get off and gone, gone
OK, OK, OK back to the happy song
Rap ain't nuttin' but the art talking ish
My girl look pretty up there, right here
My plaid pants, my solid future ...
Asinine ass, and a glorious cooch-er
I'm an outcast, but you're into me
Summer got mad cause Winter blew me
That juicy fruit, that shplooshy-shploosh
Generation X on bloop de bloop
Get duked, got get duked, duked
Everybody hit the floor, we through the roof, Ha!
Like a chimney, I commend me
How come it be
Some lame man, we can talk about
"Oh, he don't rap enough"
But yeah I rap a lot and I'mma wrap it up, ho
Ye ain' Scarface, ye ain' Willie D, Ye ain' Bushwick, ye
ain' killing me
Better play wit' yo momitcha mama,
Bet you can't stay wi' yo momitchka mama
Keep sleeping on, I'mma rock my pajamas
In the daytime I swear, I promise
Dare a nigger say som', tear a nigga face off
How come blacks don't play baseball,
Y'all right, know y'all replace all this fly ish. Our state
finn'ta take off.

Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Need fresh booty juice, given you that tang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang

Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
But is ya really Slick Rick? No you Dana Dane

Bet it up, head-er up, a lava language, and the vocals
volcanic

If it ain't fix, don't broke it, don't panic
If it ain't hits, it ain't shit, it's shit damn it
If it ain't this, it ain't dope, it don't flush
If it ain't hip, it don't hop, well then hush
Man, they sound like...
Man, they stole yo...
Man, they look like...
Nope it ain't us.

Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Is ya really Slick Rick? No you Dana Dane
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang
Need fresh booty juice, given you that tang

Every time we try, we get nowhere
But wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people,
yeah
Trying so hard to act like we don't care (I don't care)
But it's true, you do, nothing is left
So I guess I'm right!

[Submitted by alchemy420]

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