

Grenn Day

"What's Up Doc?"

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[Chorus]

Can we rock?
Yeah, what's up doc?
Can we rock?
What's up doc?

[Moc]

Cha cha cha cha cha
What's up pa, yo who poop?
Your ma dukes or pa dukes?
There's two scoops a raisin in the sun
Brothers try to rally up, then dilly dally for some room
Bird peckin', doulbe deckin', rubber neckin' in my tomb
Check it out yo, I smile like Groucho Marx
I make a joke, hokey pokey, and slide by like egg yolk
Play me like a punk like Penguin and the Joker
Snoopin' in my biz like Tom and Roxie Roker
So bust the freaky freaky freaky ways
The brothers with the Asian guise making G's
And now we're sellin' records overseas
Holy smokes, oops, your whole plan goofed up
Now you get kicks, 'nough licks, plus cuffed up
'cause you can catch a quick drop for tryin' to take the
Schnicks' props
So tick tock around the clock and shock while we lick
shots
(Boom!) for goodness sakes the stakes are high
I'm out (you out?)
ABC-ya, bye

[Chorus]

[Chip]

I thought I saw a putty cat, I did
I did the humpty dumpty bashful grumpy quaker
nabisco crisco kid
'cause my style's figaro figaro figaro figaro like
Pinochio's
Big Digital Underground humpty dumpty camel hump
nose
So play dosey doe, sufferin' sucotash my mistletoe is

gone
Snow White is after my seven dwarves, my styles, and
after me Lucky Charms
So leapin' leprechauns, be glad I'm pushin' my pedal to
the metal
I'm rugged and rough for Cocoa Puffs, and yes, I love
my Fruity Pebbles
So howdy, my partner, I starts to get meaner
So ask Bob for hope, nope, not Mr. Bob Dobailina
Oh were has my mic gone? Tell me, have you seen her?
I stretch like a condom and gets plump like a weiner
Or a sasuage, but of course it's, time for Chip to wreck
it
But before my intro I gots to check it
So who is the nicest in your neighborhood?
Lyrics are merry, merry, quite contrary, and Captain
Crunch berry good
So rah rah, sis boom bah
Chip Fu is coming again, give thanks and praises to jah
My lyrics are smooth like the head on Terry Savalas
My tounge starts to quicken like Speedy Gonzales
Take up your pen, your pad, your lyrical bag and run go
whole a fresh
Touche pussy cat, put down that mic 'cause you can't
rap
'cause I'm dip-dip-divin', so socializin'
Clean out your ears, yes, and open up your eyes and
I kick like Bruce Lee and Jean Claude Van Damme
So dunna nana nana nana nana nana, Batman!
I hip-hop, hop-hop
Don't-don't, stop-stop
I'm harder than a Flinstone and much bigger than a
Chub Rock
Our types of lyrical styles? yes the Schnickens can pick
'em
I burp, stick 'em, ha ha ha, stick 'em

[Chorus]

[Poc]

Rippin' the program, slow man, hot damn
I grand slam, swingin' things again and again (whoo)
Golly ha-chooey, macho like Roscoe
Randy Savage manwitch, swingin' the ding-a-ling with
damage
Pauish not antoinish nor monetego
Spanish like que for the nine two lingo
Next, a new hex, commentators stand aside
Stringin' emcees like a bikini or panty line (ha ha)
Nut you might bust, but you can't even come right
Spite the strokin' or hopin' or pullin' a peace pipe

Huff and puff so what the fuck is happening?
On the lyrical, miracle, spirital
but everybody's rockin'
Flip a new hit, catch wreck to the nine ship
Equipped, never slip with tounge twister
All my styles that's buckwild
No fake rap, I push pounds
I flip mad scripts and hips, I hit
So bring the goya oh boy-ah, as I say hasta manana
Soft and chewy Honky Kong fooey, reggae not rasta
tough stuff
Can I rock?

[Chorus]

[Shaq]
I'm the hooper, the hyper
Protected by Viper
When I rock the hoop yo, you'd better decipher
In other words you'd better make a funky decision
(whoo)
'cause I'm a be a Shaq knife, and cut you with precision
Forget Tony Danza, I'm the boss
When it comes to money, I'm like Dick Butkas
Now who's the first pick? me, word is born and
Not a Christean Laettner, not Alonzo Mourning
That's okay, not being bragadocious
Supercalifragelistic, Shaq is alidocious
Peace, I gotta go, I ain't no joke
Now I slam it (what?) jam it (unh)
And make sure it's broke

[Chorus]

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