

## Incubus

### "Get Your Dreidle On"

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Yo, it's Hanukkah time right about now  
We be dreidlein'  
We 'bout to set it  
Baby go get your dreidle on

Get your dreidle on

(Chris)

All of my homies in Santa Monica celebrate Hanukkah  
And my peeps in the streets are shvitzing for every one  
of those  
8 nights of lights  
And a menorah of  
Muthafuckin' fantasy of fun, all rolled into one

See the thing is, I'm not really Jewish  
But Mike said, Kil, won't you come down  
So I hopped up to do this  
Through this time of 8 days  
We all come together and celebrate  
We grub lots of matzas and latkas, a.k.a. potato  
pancakes

Get Your Dreidle On

(Jose)

3, 2, 1  
Hanukkah, Hanukkah, Hanukkah  
Oh, what a lotta fun  
Here I go again, once again  
No I don't mean to offend  
I grub all my gefilte fish, mmm, as quick as I can  
Then I light a candle and, ouch!  
Whoops, I just burned my hand  
Don't really matter though, 'cause I gotta go  
And down some Manischewitz wine  
Yeah now I'm feelin just fine

(Mike)

Yo, Mikey in the temple, all up on the beamer, eatin  
Hallavah, hallavah

You know I'll be cleaner than a shiny silver platter of  
chocolate chip macaroons  
My afro leavin Mike shadows as I step in the room

You heard Hanukkah was comin and it's comin correct  
Lightin candles, open presents, giving family respect  
To the creator of the earth and of the fruit of the vine  
Manischewitz flowin large, like it ain't got the time, yo

'Cause we be eatin  
hallavah, hallavah  
With salt and butta'

That's right  
Hanukkah 2001, y'all  
We be dreidlein'  
We're outta here  
Shalom fo sheezy my neezy

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