

## Das Efx "They Want"

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Bum stiggedy bum stiggedy bum, hon  
I got the old pa-rum-pum-pum-pum  
But I can fe-fi-fo-fum, diddly-bum, here I come  
So Peter piper, IÃ¢Ä™ m hyper than  
PinocchioÃ¢Ä™ s nose

IÃ¢Ä™ m the supercalafragilistic tic-tac pro  
I gave my oopsy, daisy, now youÃ¢Ä™ ve got the  
crazy  
Crazy with the books, googley-goo whereÃ¢Ä™ s the  
gravy  
So one two, unbuckle my, um shoe

Yabba doo, hippity-hoo, crack a brew  
So trick or treat, smell my feet, yup I drippedy-dropped  
a hit  
So books get on your mark and spark that old  
censorship  
Drats and double drats, I smiggedy-smacked some  
whiz kids

The boogedy-woogedly Brooklyn boyÃ¢Ä™ s about  
to get his dig  
My waist boneÃ¢Ä™ s connected to my hip bone  
My hip boneÃ¢Ä™ s connected to my thigh bone  
My thigh boneÃ¢Ä™ s connected to my knee bone

My knee boneÃ¢Ä™ s connected to my hardy-har-  
har-har  
The jibbedy-jabber jaw ja-jabbing at your funny bone,  
um  
Skip the ovaltine, IÃ¢Ä™ d rather have a honeycomb  
or preferably the sesame  
LetÃ¢Ä™ s spiggedy-spark the blunts, um dun dun  
dun dun dun, dun dun

They want EFX, some live EFX  
They want EFX, some live EFX  
They want EFX, some live EFX  
Snap a neck for some live EFX

Well IÃ¢Ä™ ll be darned, shiver me timbers, yo head

for the hills

I picked a weeping willow and a daffodil

So back up bucko or I'll pulverize mcgruff

'Cause this little piggy gets busy and stuff

Arrivederci, heavens to mercy, honky tonk I get swift

I caught a snuffleufagus and smoked a boogaloo spliff

I got the nooks, the cranies, the nitty gritty fodey-doe

All aboard, cast away, hey where's my

boogaloo?

Oh I'm steaming, agony

Why's everybody always picking on me?

They call me puddin' tane and rap's

my game

You ask me again and I'll tell you the same

'Cause I'm the vulgar vegemintarian,

so stick 'em up freeze

So no park sausages, mom, please

A-blitz shoots the breeze, twiddly-dee shoots his lip

Crazy dazy shot the sheriff, yup and I shot the gift

And that's pretty sneaky, sis oh yep

I got my socks off, my rocks off, my nestle's

cup of cocoa

Holly hobby tried to slob me, tried to rob me silly stunt

Diggedy-dun dun dun dun, dun dun

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Yahoo, hidee-ho yup I'm coming around the stretch

So here Fido boy, fetch, boy, fetch

I got the rope-a-dope a slippery choker, look at me get raw

And I'm the hickory-dickory top of morning

boogoloo big jaw

With the yippedy zippedy Winnie The Pooh, bad boy blue

Yo crazy got the gusto, what up, I swing that too

So nincompoop give a hoot and stomp a troop

Without a strain like Roscoe B. Coltrane

I spiggedy-spark a spiff and give a twist like chubby checker

I take my froot loops with two scoops, make it double

decker

Oh vince, the baby come to Papa Duke  
A babaloo, ooh, a babaloo boogedy boo

I went from Gucci to Stussy, to fliggedy-flam a groupie  
To Zsa Zsa, to yibbedy-yabba dabba hoochie koochie  
Tally ho IÃ¢Ä€Â™ ll take my stove top instead of  
potatoes, so  
Maybe IÃ¢Ä€Â™ ll shoot Ã¢Ä€Â™ em now, nope maybe  
IÃ¢Ä€Â™ ll shoot Ã¢Ä€Â™ em later, yep

I used to have a dog and Bingo was his name oh, so uh  
B I N G O  
You do the hokey pokey and you turn yourself around  
Hon, so uh, dun dun dun dun dun, dun dun

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