

## **The Great Divide**

### **"Livin' Like Thanksgivin'"**

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Well shaggy was a pot head he used to dig them  
scooby snacks  
I don't think he was seeing ghosts he was havin  
flashbacks  
And he loved to ride around in that mystery machine  
Wore the same shirt every day it was a desmohomed  
green  
One of those medlin kids always gettin into everything.

Well ham boogy in a big red working in the sauce like a  
rib  
I'm the boss with the hot sauce mama roll it on back to  
my crib  
I'm bustin them funky rhmes bow wow yo yippe ti yi ya  
You know I got it goin on back on up get out the way  
hey.

Well I'm just livin like thanksgivin gon't go messin with  
my dressin  
We get it on like donkey kong, keep it cool like  
smith&wesson;  
I'm gonna take you down town get on up and turn  
around

Well wam bam alacazam make ya wanna holler hi di ho  
Throw it back like a cracker jack down at the local  
stop&go;  
I'm just chillin like bob dylan hangin loose like an ole  
mongoose  
You know I got it goin on get it on turn it loose

I'm just livin like thanksgivin don't you come messin  
with my dressin

We get it on like a neckbone keep it cool like smith &  
wesson  
We gonna take you down town get on up lets throw it  
down

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