

Quindon Tarver

"halfsharkalligatorhalfman"

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Intro One: (only on Dr. Octagon "hidden track" original version)

I would have been completely dead had it not been for the Shark Man.

Shark Man? *chuckling*

Judging from his appearance, that's the most appropriate

name I could come up with for him.

I hate this kid.

This uhh... THING you're talking about.

It had the body of a shark, and the arms and face of a man?

That's the chap.

Holy jumping jackfish!

Intro Two: Mr. Gerbik

moaning, growling

Yes, you have met the dangerous 208 year-old Uncle of Dr. Octagon.

I myself Mr. Gerbik. Half-shark, half-man, skin like alligator.

Carrying a dead walrus. Check it.

Verse One: Mr. Gerbik

With my white eyes, gray hair, face is sky-blue yellow

Sideburns react, my skin is colored lilac

My skin turn orange and green in the limousine

People think I'm mixed with shark, drinking gasoline

Underwater I breathe and let loose on my sleeve

Walking down Hollywood Boulevard with a credit card

Three alligators behind me, feel my skin is hard

Transvestites, and people watch space parasites

I left his head in the store, legs in the street

Body in Wilcox, with blood dripping off my feet

L.A.P.D. through gray clouds couldn't see me

I first turned rainbow, closed my eyes, watch my brain glow

People got scared and ranned away they think I'm

weird

I was born this way, halfsharkalligator
Is he weird??

Chorus: Mr. Gerbik *singing*

half-shark-alligator-half-man

"Half man, half shark!"

half-shark-alligator-half-man

"Half man, half shark!"

Verse Two: Mr. Gerbik

My vomit fluctuates, covers your skull like protoplasm
Lightning bugs turn pink, on my tongue catches
spasms

Green elephants, I battle streets with a zebra

My mechanism is more than Dionne's psychic voodoo

African beads, snakeskins, cold script through you my
medical passes

You can't see, with greedy glasses

Carbon dioxide, pour right through em with gases

My description dinosaur

I was made half-shark-half-man, my skin is like razor
blades

Seven-oh-seven, Mr. Gerbik

Verbally no one change my thoughts, animals fly from
Philly

My appetites more big it's time for wildabeasts

Adjust my skulls, seven eyes switch hydraulic scribbles
and shrimps, mack gorillas like a pimp

Half-shark-alligator-man

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Mr. Gerbik

In my real world, orangutangs dance for Thanksgiving

With skeleton bones and skunk tails, is my mission

Holding backward raps to all my power packs

Baboons clap, and girl horses wanna hit the sack

We're too bold for ocean water, monkeys sniffin ice

Contact Jupiter pools Martians bring my rice

I'm out flyin with purple capes in the twilight

Ooh ooh ooh, tonight's the night

My oxygen region's, New York to California

Half shark alligator half man!

Outro: PBS "Nature"

It takes a supreme feat of strength to swim through

the water plows while dragging two hundred and fifty pounds on your back... the crocodile's teeth are designed to seize and hold, not to cut through skin. During all the hours the somber lay in the water, but are unable to penetrate the deer's tough hide. The crocodiles make a few token objections; but in the end, give up the struggle.

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