

## Arcade Fire, The "What's Up Doc?"

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What's Up Doc? (Can We Rock)

[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 fooley, 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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