

Antonio Banderas, Gary Brooker, Peter Polycarpou, "La Schmoove"

Visit "[La Schmoove](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

La Schmoove, yo we don't got nuttin to prove (4X)

[Poc Fu]

Yo, when I was small they used to tease me
because my hair was peasy, hard and greasy
But now I'm livin well like George and Wheezy
So easy (WHAT?) does it (YO!)
Is it, because I'm, rockin -- beats, beats, beats
Fu-Manchu'n cause I'm doin what just had to be done
Now we in there like swimwear, girls callin me hon
Give me hugs, little peck, mucho tongue, lots of sex
Nuff respects to my bros that live on five-six street
RIGHT
I'm smashin monster mashin boom bashin in a fashion
which is wild now I smile when I whip-lash MC's with my
style
Call me Cuckoo, I'm makin buku, bucks
I'm geared and fully prepared to tear all MC's that are,
smuks
For bros who sleep and cavity creep and listen when I
talk
as I soothe in the groove, cause I'm smooth like Mr.
Rourke
Doobely-zoo Mr. Wu, no need to be rude, but F.U.
cause I ain't got nuttin to prove

La Schmoove, yo we don't got nuttin to prove (4X)

[Chip Fu]

'Leave it to Beaver'-arriva, merci
Heavens to mercy ba FU sayanora
adios muchachos dorme vous unbuckle my Fu-Schnick
shoe
Mr., Chip Fu, about to wreck shop
With the Judo (CHOP!) a Judo (CHOP!) a Judo chop
CHOP!
Yo, zilch kaput me nada none son
I don't think so, so take a look at
a Superfly big Jimmy the Honeynut Cheerio Bee
ba schnicker bah snchnucker
I ams what I ams that's all what I ams

My lyrics are never done
I'm the big John Elmer Glue the Elmer the Fudd
Al Bundy the Bud Light stud
Come like tongues lashes, with the quickness
Moc and Poc is, my witness
Ask the Kung about my tongue and the styles that I
brung instead
I'm the Ali Babi cutty rankin shuba-dib-da-dabble
Jaw Boy Wonder Bread dread, BUM BA READ
These lyrics ah-come out of mi head, BUM BA READ
Mr. Chip Fu's gon stay' di-di, da-di-di, dra-dread
You said I couldn't rap, but I really wrecked shop
and I don't stop drop, I get props
I pick up the mic drop a style and pattern and fashion
and all MC's jaws drops down
My accent, you're mockin, my clothes, you're clockin
Rippin MC's to smithereens to their
ribbidy-diddiby-Pippi Long-STOCKINGS
So don't step to Chip, I'm on the La Schmoove tip
You'll say "Drats I really failed again plus he sank my
Babble-ship"
So oooh, shit G, wa-wa or biscuit?
Rip it and be specific doin it terrific when I kicks it
Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang, Pepe LePew, Pepe LePew
La Schmoove, yo I ain't got NUTTIN to prove!

La Schmoove, yo we don't got nuttin to prove (4X)

[Phife Dawg]

Now here I go, once again, with the ill flow
Other MC's that rap, their style is so-so
Phife Dawg was never the type that ever lacked skills
I just stay true to my roots and then I get ill
Twenty years of age, but yet I still see KNOWLEDGE
And this year, was so-called, my Senior year in
COLLEGE
But I chose to pursue, in a field called music
And with some hype beats and breaks you know I won't
refuse it
Get on the board lay down the track and I'll do ten laps
Pass the pen, pass the pad, and I'll kick nuff RAPS
Just come inside your jam and witness who is boss
and it won't be Tony Danza nor Diana Ross
As small as I am, I still can pack jams
Do a freestyle, and step, but yet I still slam
Not tryin to say that no one can get with me
Not only is it the lyrics I write, it's my delivery
Name one rapper that you know who has this high-
strung voice
My name's Malik and I'm unique, in other words top
choice

Nothin commercial bout this, it's mainly hardcore
Now that you got what you want, do you want more?
(UHH!) Because I got more in store!

La Schmoove, yo we don't got nuttin to prove (4X)

[Moc Fu]

MC, the Shining One, a.k.a. The Golden Child
I have a grin at times, but then throw up a fake smile
Vaseline Intensive Care, don't fear mon frere
'Cept I say, everybody that rappin, G pull his hair
Back in the groove, it's no way you can handle this
Shit so fly, that you can call it scandalous
Cause I mani-fest in, words that I'm preachin
Unleashin, you now seek the sounds that I'm teachin
I hear NOT see NOT, knots to makes butts ROCK
I rides rhythm to the beginnin, then won't stop
The Chinese Son of Sam, the Skipper's Peter Pan
The rootinest tootinest cowboy in the East
Releasin, a new type of lyrical lingo
Single, +The Alarm+, the girls cooties I will tingle
No expiration date, so you know I won't EXPIRE
No skippin a weekly check, so I don't have to RETIRE
Write, the ca-pital, M.O.
Chip Fu with the Kung-Fu givin shouts on my show
Ir-regular styles is here too
Tripped, boo-boo, you first made a mistake
Not Alexander but considered to be Great
Great, but, like the Grape Ape
Fake, the moves, and your ankles I will break
Break, or broken, the M.O., has spoken
Movements on the slick, takin the train you need a
token
I guess not, cause you pause for the cause
You either bitin your nails, or start pickin straws
Holy Mick I'm livin large just like trunk jewels
Nuff respects to many minds, Ah-
OWWWWWWWWWWEE!

La Schmoove, yo we don't got nuttin to prove (8X)

Visit [Antonio Banderas](#), [Gary Brooker](#), [Peter Polycarpou](#), page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.