

Scabs

"T'uela Me La Pela"

Visit "[T'uela Me La Pela](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now on the runway in la
The girls be catching vapors and its strictly hey hey
And I say hey hey and they say who you
And I say that I'm the man they callin mrs. Doodoo
And they say why's that and I say well cause
Cause all the good good loving mrs. Doodoo does
And they say bullshit and I say check my creds
And when you're done checking I'll be all tucked into
beds

With your girlfriend so what you think about that
And they say damnit Mrs. Doodoo how come you so
whack
I say it's easy for a man like me
To give a girl a little extra TLC
And they say ah ha and I say oomh mhoo
And they say later Mrs. doodoo and I say later to you
too
And while I'm saying that you can check with this
And here's a little something for you that you don't
wanna miss

You say whatever like you're so clever
Well honey that and a dollar'll get you nowhere never
Damn that's heavy check my chevy
I'm strictly big boot banging baby down on the levy
I'm like mambo when I jamma
I'm like the hulk strictly radiating heavy duty gamma
Radiation cross the nation
Oh I can see you can't relate you're strictly into
masturbation

Work part time at the Guggenheim
I write the whack pack rhymes then its miller time
Chilly chillin like Mathew Dillon
Swillin ampicillin and killin all the villians in my urine
I'm from Port Huron I've got my cure on
Hanging out in Charlottesville with Mr. Clive Van Buron
Eaten Actifed to get up in my acid head
You probably suck so much cock cause you were bottle
fed

Yeah its a pity and kind of shitty
Being the head of the itty bitty titty committee
Yo I'm nondescript slightly pussy whipped
Undertipped I'm not but well equipped I am so
Baby the tips the good stuff no this ain't no kid's bluff
You got to eat your wheaties up so you can hang and
hang tough
Kid just pull your pants up yeah you little cricket
Check the weiz we call the snizz and watch him get
wicked

This ain't no small cock jam rock like woodstock
No babe its the booty shakin dancefloor breaking bomb
rock
Yeah you little cow chip you just might need a pink slip
Give your self a fat lip eating all that bean dip
We get the booty shaking hearts we be breaking
Taking it to the limit gimmie that hash brownie your
baking
We got that groovy movie do it to me Suzie beat
Busting out the club like it was fucking easy street

You know its easy for the kid and its easy for my crew
To make up a jam so funky it'd make the wutang drool
Not that we're better than the rest its just that we're
badder
Than the best we are the Scabs the fucking finger
rocking freeform freak fest yes

Visit [Scabs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.