

Shaquille O'Neal "What's Up Doc? (Can We Rock)"

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Can we rock? What's up doc?
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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

Brother tryin' 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, 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

For goodness sakes
The stakes is high
I'm out
(You out?)
ABC-ya, bye

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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
Pinocchio's
Big Digital underground, underground humpty-
dumpty, camel hump nose

So play dosey doe, sufferin' succotash my mistletoe is
gone
Snow White is after my seven dwarfs
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, where has my mic gone? Tell me, have you seen
her?
I stretch like a condom and gets plump like a wiener

Or a sausage, but of course it's, time for Chip to wreck
it
But before my intro I got's 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 tongue 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 I'm 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
Coming up 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

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Rippin' the program, slow man, hot damn
I grand slam, swingin' things again and again
Golly ha-chooey, macho like Roscoe
Randy Savage man witch, swingin' the ding-a-ling with
damage
Pauish not Antoinish nor Monetego
Spanish like queue for the nine two lingo

Next, a new hex, commentators stand aside
Stringin' MC's like a bikini or panty line
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 happenin'?
On the lyrical, miracle, spiritual, but everybody's rockin'
Flip a new hit, catch wreck to the nine ship
Equipped, never slip with tongue twister

All my styles that's buck wild, no fake rap, I push
pounds
I flip mad scripts and hips, I hit, so bring the Goya, oh
boy
As I say, Hasta Manana soft and chewy Honky Kong
foeey
Reggae not Rasta tough stuff, can I rock?

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What's up doc?

I'm the Hooper, the hyper, protected by Viper
When I'm out the hoop yo, you'd better decipher
In other words you'd better make a funky decision
'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
Jam it, and make sure it's broke

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