

# Doyathing

## Gorillaz

I'm a pale imitator of a boy in the sky  
With a cap in his head and a knot in his tie  
I'm the light in the mall when the power is gone  
A shadow in a corner  
Just playin' along!  
I'm gonna lay in my bed, I'm rolling aside  
But if I get a car  
A moment to ride  
Because I know if I ever tear living with you  
You've got a holding chain  
And you don't know what to do!  
You'd stop!  
You wanna do it  
But you don't know what you doin' baby  
A-a-a-a-aha  
You wanna feel it,  
But you don't know what you're feeling tonight!  
And if you're thinking  
And I don't know what you're thinking baby  
A-a-a-a-aha  
You go on thinking  
And you gonna make it alright!  
I'm impregnable, incredible, the setting of quo  
I'm a late Jimi writer, not a heart and soul  
I got Saturday night, enough's been said  
If I ever had to do it,  
Well, you know I wouldn't care  
I'd just get down, I'm loving the feat  
And if I wanna talk back, the message is free  
I never found a ray, a knot in sight  
And if you can't partake, you get 'em alive  
You get a heart--ache  
You wanna do it  
But you don't know what you doin' baby  
A-a-a-a-aha  
You wanna feel it,  
But you don't know what you're feeling tonight!  
And if you're thinking  
And I don't know what you're thinking baby

A-a-a-a-aha  
 You go on thinking  
 And you gonna make it alright!  
 Every time we try, we get nowhere  
 But wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people, yeah  
 Trying so hard to act like we don't care  
 But it's true, you do, nothing is left  
 So I guess I'm right!  
 New word, onomatopoeia... boom  
 Quit acting like you don't wanna be here.  
 Fuck around and get jumped like leap year  
 Glock and a glove make you really wanna leave me a...lone, get off, go'n, go'n.  
 OK, OK, OK back to the happy zone  
 Rap ain't nuttin' but the art talking ish  
 My girl look pretty up there, ridin' it  
 My plaid pants, my solid future ...

Asinine ass, and a gorgeous coochie  
 I'm an outcast, but you're into me  
 Summer got mad cause Winter blew me  
 That juicy fruit, that shplooshy-shploosh  
 Generation X on bloop de bloop  
 Get duked out, or get duked-duked  
 Er'rybody hit the floor, we through the roof, Ha!  
 Like a chimney, I commend me  
 How come it be, some lame, man  
 Nigga talkin' 'bout "Aww, he don't rap enough"  
 But y'all rap a lot and I'm like "Wrap it up, hoe"  
 Ye ain' Scarface, ye ain' Willie D,  
 Ye ain' Bushwick, ye ain' killin' me  
 Better play wit' yo ma'fuckin' mama,  
 Bet you still stay wi' yo ma'fuckin' mama  
 Keep sleeping on me, I'mma rock my pajamas  
 In the daytime I swear, I promise  
 Dare a nigger say som', tear a nigga face off  
 How come blacks don't play baseball?  
 Y'all white, know y'all can taste all this fly shit  
 I stay finna take off  
 Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
 Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
 Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
 Ye ain't fresh squeezed juice, nigga, you that Tang  
 Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
 Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
 Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang

But is ya really Slick Rick? No you Dana Dane  
Bet it up, head erupts,  
A lava language, and the vocals volcanic  
If it ain't fix, don't broke it, don't panic  
If it ain't this, it ain't shit, goddammit  
If it ain't this, it ain't dope, it don't flush  
If it ain't hip, it don't hop, well then hush  
Man, they sound like  
Man, they stole yo  
Man, they look like  
Nope it ain't us.  
Ah, Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
Is ya really Slick Rick? No you Dana Dane  
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
Do ya damn thang, do ya thang-a-thang  
Ye ain't fresh squeezed juice, nigga, you that Tang  
Every time we try, we get nowhere  
But wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people, yeah  
Trying so hard to act like we don't care (I don't care)  
But it's true, you do, nothing is left  
So I guess I'm right!  
Flip the page, our days are revelations (Hiiide!)  
Space is strange, doctor, I've got no patience!  
Oh, it's all a part of the process (Okay, okay)  
Nothin's new, it's true, cool, I admit, shit, I guess you're right!

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