Be-Bop

Charlie Parker

We at the Downtown Cabinay, right across the street from the Coca Cobana We have the midnight roof special going on We have Choco on the wheels of steel Slow it down for a minute Choco Yo, Zig Zag on the M.I.C We givin' a special tribute to Charlie Parker, here tonight The midnight rooftop special We gon' bring it like this, I want all ladies Who came with their men, come on in Get into sweety, and drink all night Bebop, we walk with our hats on tilt Pink and white silk, made of shoes on stilts Dressed as the morning milk, plus, like the quilt When we rock at the club, no blood got spilt Where dime piece wizes, had they legs in the air From being sprung by the swings, so they legs in the air Long dresses, and they silk brassiere Ya'll unloosen the twist, Rob came in the air I rock the bebop, the bebop The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped The saxophone doctor can blow on any octave Performance, of some of the world's greatest jazz rocker From belop to hip hop, back to belop Charlie Parker lids blow hot like boiling tea pot From pull to press, not white and up tight To blowin' horns, to walking with the bass up right To having our crowns polished, and our face up right To clean our neighborhood's and I play somethin' right I rock the bebop, the bebop The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop

The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop

The bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop

The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped So we still groovin' wit it

Keepin' the flow poppin' here

We gon' turn the lights down a little low

Just hide the identity, yo, yo

The saxophone doctor can blow on any octave

Performance, of some of the world's greatest jazz rocker

From bebop to hip hop, back to bebop

Charlie Parker lids blow hot like boiling tea pot

From pull to press, not white and up tight

To blowin' horns, to walking with the bass up right

To having our crowns polished, and our face up right

To clean our neighborhood's and I play somethin' right

I rock the bebop, the bebop

The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop

The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop

The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped I rock the bebop, the bebop

The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped Bebop hehehehe

Bessp nenemene

Take it back, heh

Bebop

Bebop

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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