

# Klap Ya Handz

## Suburban Guerillaz

Well uh, ? is macaroni and cheese  
Before I start, I gots ta umm fart, no I gots ta uh sneeze  
not, I gotcha trippin, yippity-doo-da-day

Shucks, I'm makin' bucks so umm hip-hip-hooray and then some  
Cos I'm a powsy wowsy ace boom coon  
so shout "Wa-bap-a-loo-ba-bawa-bam-boom!"  
Drayx up for sure dang, now that I'm flexed  
My a-EFX'll quote, when the bridge fell down  
and I'ma good ship with the lollipop  
Left town so yiggity-yack, you booga-loo black  
Oki doki, oopsy Daisy, cos I'm Krayzie like that  
But it's the cat got snuffed, or Mr.Red and his crew  
so roll a spliff and rub-a-dub and then ya make beef stew  
Troop, I got the hoolahoop, baby woop, dooby-doo  
Lassie boy, you made a mess, now go and get the pooper scoop  
Oops, I wibble-wobble-wobble-wee while I make  
but hocus-pocus and yippy-yi-yo, yay for Dray and.....

[Chorus]

Klap your hands now  
Klap your hands now  
Klap your hands now

Bon voyage, look out below cos umm  
I got my socks on, the popcorn, the Hubba Bubba, yep gum  
Skippity bum, you think I don't know the time  
Well it's half-past a cow's ass and I'm a real bad ass  
Yeah, shitty-bang-boom-bang, yo who rang?  
Abra-cadabra, jimminy crickets, set the wrists to my slang  
I got the knights all sniffin, sneezing, yes  
Stuffy-head, called for ? and fever, sow you to rest  
Tight rhymes, ? catch the fever for the flavor of a spliff  
or a Uzi, be careful who you choose, could choose a Marvin, choose a ship  
Lickity split, cos flippity-lips can sink ships  
And yo, a sandwich isn't a snadwich without the miracle whip  
in the morning, yawning as I stand for group check  
To back up, I slap up, r-r-rut put you're boo deck  
Yep, so what the heck, you gives rhymes like a cheque

Because the A is for apple, the J is for 'ja back to book bets'  
and then S-K-double O-Be on mansel  
So if ya happy and ya know it, klap your hands

[Chorus]

Well uhh, woopyt doody, abba doozy, it's time  
I'm on the yabber dabber, scribber scrubber, shimmy sham flam  
So, heavens-to-Betsy, golly wolly, gee whiz  
My lickity split got splat, the diddly squat was hot  
Oh yeah, dapper doodly do, you don't know Mr. Magoo?  
You heard I'm loco, well yo, I'm despicable too  
So umm, hi ho Silver and away we go  
The Lone Ranger got pissed and shot Tonto in his toes, so  
holy toledo, cowabunga, what gives  
I heard you shot my borough til blow at twins  
The name farmer's up in me, need no give me no more  
cos that soul lock ya stands, I can't stands no more  
So zippity doo, da day, woops I gots stuff  
See I'm sneaky freaky peaky plus I'm chock full of nuts  
But yo I am enjoyed for the clamp in his chest  
So hey, how much wood could a woodchuck chuck?  
If a woodchuck could chuck, fuck you know the rest  
So seizin it, seizin it, seizin it I shall  
Cos it's the Krayzie Drayzie wit the Books, that's my pal and

[Chorus]

A diggity-cap, my slipp'ry style is ?  
I got the mics, the back pop, crackle and snap  
and all that, me and a gang of PING PING bang zoomer  
To freak ya outcha sneakers and knock your granny outta roomers  
Yo some say I'm Brooklyn bomber, some say Brooklyn boop  
but don't consider me as no follower, no runner or no poop  
But just rock, a by, rock, a by booboo  
Let your fingers do the walkin', hey I'm talkin', yoohoo  
Can ya, can ya hear me? Checka, checka 1-2  
Aiyo, sit Booboo sit, shit cos I'm the one who  
kick a rhyme in singular, so son, you're used to it  
Cos Poof the Magic Dragon, I'll kick a rhyme in duplicate  
or triplicate, can't forget my boogaloo big jaw  
Um, listen everyone as I kick the jigsaw  
M-I-crooked letter, crooked letter, I  
crooked letter, crooked letter, I hump back  
hump back, I, you can't touch I

cos I's gots dem and dem is bound to make ya

[Chorus]

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