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, woopty doody, abba doozy, it's time
I'm on the yabber dabber, scribber scrabber, 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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