

DoYaThing (Feat. André 3000 & James Murphy)

Gorillaz

I'm a bad imitator of a boy in the sky
With a cap on 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 an auto toned pitch
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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