

# Carl Poppa (feat. Carl G.)

## Bad Lip Reading

Beat.I hurt the Gingerbread Boy  
Cuz he's Pretend-Bread Boy.  
Little cookie man never waved to me,  
So he got knocked out.Because I flow  
La Jiggy Jar Jar Doo  
Dur Dur Dur Dee Dur  
Man, I just flowShoeshine...And no one wanted your stinkin tiara  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
Cause no one wanted your sticky chair.And why you always talk about the cool kids,  
Who take archery?  
Yeah you're a shrinky dink.  
You'll get a funeral if you don't wise up and call me,  
Carl Poppa.(Ahh, Ahh)La Jiggy Jar Jar Doo  
Dur Dur Dur Dee DurI threw a brick in the air  
(What kind of brick?)  
Shouldn't matter because a brick is just a brick.  
(Word)Dark days, Darker nights,  
Found my way down a hall without a light.Because I flow  
La Jiggy Jar Jar Doo  
Dur Dur Dur Dee DurThis whole thing where random dead people try to kill me's gotta go.They keep walking,  
Walking my way.  
If they're talking,  
Can't tell what they say.  
They keep falling,  
Over stuff in their way.  
Dead dudes walking  
Can ruin your day.(Ahh, Ahh)  
La Jiggy Jar Jar Doo  
Dur Dur Dur Dee DurNow all the walkers sing  
(Ahh, Ahh) x6  
Yeah  
I just like to dance  
Yeah!Carl PoppaCellblock wisdom,  
French braid table top.  
If you mess with the Carl Poppa...Uh, I'm coming at you like 1,2,  
Walkers in the back of the club.  
I'm guessing it's a club where everyone dies.  
If they try to dance to the music that doesn't play,  
Cause it don't got no electricity.

What we got is bones, bones, bones.  
Piles of bones, bones, bones. bones, bones.If you try to step to me  
'hit you in the femur  
with another femur that is laying on the groundYeah,  
Wordsmith,  
Rhymes.Hama lama,  
Sima lama,  
Hama lama  
Someone had to cut my baby sister out my mama.They keep walking,  
Walking my way.  
If they're talking,  
Can't tell what they say.  
They keep falling,  
Over stuff in their way.  
Dead dudes walking  
Can ruin your day.And no one wanted your stinkin tiaraCause no one wanted your sticky chair.And why you  
always talk about the cool kids?  
Who take archery.  
Yeah you're a shrinky dink.  
You get a funeral if you don't wise up and call me,  
Carl Poppa.Jiggy Jar Jar Doo  
Dur Dur Dur Dee DurMan, I just flowCarl Poppa x 2Man, I just flowCarl Poppa x 3I can barely remember pre-  
apocalypseCarl Poppa,Uh, I guess nothing rhymes with that  
except maybe "taco lips".Man, I just flowCarl Poppa x 2Man, I just flowCarl Poppa...You cannot handle the  
flow, son.

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