

Toodoo

Mr. Oizo

Yeah

It's how I like it come on

What?

I didn't think so

It's just my style

It's imminent it's about to happen

With the back of my hand I chop the top of the mountain like Jimmy

Got you screamin' gimme, but you don't even know me

If I were to write a book it would be published by top

You gotta love me or leave me alone

You gotta realize you're dealin' with a menstruating Capone

Just 'cause I roam don't mean you can sit in my throne

I'm never home alone, some say I'm out to lunch

I go commando, I keep my panties in a bunch

I'm on the lookout to see what trouble I can find

I'm gonna blow your mind to smithereens

I'm like an over-stimulated teen, for real

I'm Woody Allen on caffeine, I'm into lotions and cream

How you think I keep my complexion so clean?

I'm may not be the fairest but shit, maybe I am

And either way I don't give a god damn

Boom! Five hundred pound gorilla and a batches of manilla think you're ill b
ut I'm a skiller

Boom! Fire red, agent yellow, bright green, Godzilla and a yellow armadillo

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Shit! God damn, motherf*cker is you crazy?

I'm about to put my foot down and I don't mean maybe

If you don't, want me to step on your blue suede shoes

Get the hell out, or you can sing the blues

Sometimes I like the city, sometimes I kick it rural

'Til my rhymes go deeper than an epidural

Yeah they up and do under the sun, and home-girls just wanna have fun

It's Friday night and it's time for action

You got your good shoes on, baby, and I feel like dancin'

So let's do it right now, we can talk about it later

'Cause my mood shifts like a high-rise elevator
Sometimes I read a book, sometimes I like to cook
Sometimes I like to hang out of a fast car window
With a couple of bitches a couple of brews, a horse and a duck
Top speed, yelling "I don't give a f*ck"
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