

Carl Poppa

Bad Lip Reading

Beat

I hurt the Gingerbread Boy,
Cause he's pretend-bread boy.
Little cookie man never waved to me,
So he got knocked out.

Man, cause I flow.
La Jiggy Jar Jar Doo,
Dur Dur Dur Dee Dur.
Man, I just flow.

Shoe Shine,
No one wanted your stinking tiara,
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,
(Oh, oh-oh, oh)
La Jiggy Jar Jar Do,
Dur Dur Dur Dee Dur.

I threw a brick in the air,
(What kind of brick?)
That shouldn't matter cause 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 Dur.

This 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.

(Oh, oh-oh, oh)

La Jiggy Jar Jar Doo,
Dur Dur Dur Dee Dur,

Now all the walkers sing!

(Oh, oh-oh, oh [x3])

Yeah, I just like to dance.
(Yeah!)

Carl Poppa

Cellblock wisdom, french braid tabletop,
If you mess with Carl Poppa, (Uh)
I'm coming at you like, one, two, 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 we 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 ground.

Yeah,
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.

They keep walking, (no one wanted your stinking tiara) walking my way.
If they're talking, (cause no one wanted your sticky chair) can't tell what
they say.
They keep falling, (why you always talking about the cool kids, who take arc
hery. You're a shrinky dink) over stuff in their way. Dead dudes walking (If
you don't wise up and call me Carl Poppa) can ruin your day.

La Jiggy Jar Jar Doo,
Dur Dur Dur Dee Dur,
Man, I just flow.

(Carl Poppa [x2])

Man I just flow.

(Carl Poppa [x3])

I can barely remember pre-apocalypse. (Carl Poppa)
I guess nothing rhymes with that, except maybe "taco lips".

Man, I just flow.
(Carl Poppa [x2])
Man I just flow.

(Carl Poppa)

You cannot handle the flow, son.