

Do The Wop

Busdriver

I gotta act like David Ruffin
Cause y'all be softer than Egg McMuffins
Plus you're never really saying nothing
You don't admit to any claim jumping
This is why I have to pay these munchkins to
Clobber goons in locker rooms with waterballons
And sashay with gumption
The heir apparent of the feral lads in American Apparel ads
Rises from the glow of the back-lit keys
The html formatted speak'n'spell door magnet
Looks futuristic and Japanese
But my onomonopoetic Somalia surname
Makes me look four-legged like I got fur, fangs
And a diamond encrusted gun butt in my mud hut
You've hyphenated my dance reprise yet still...
Me, I do the wop with no dance license
Me, I do the wop with no dance license
Me, I do the wop with no dance license
And I ain't got legible handwriting
How the fuck you talk with a cockney patois
When you come from the Rockies have thawed
Plus you got all our parties back logged
When we left everybody slack-jawed
I'm aware you step softly on padded paw
But I know you gave your acorns to gay porn from the waveform
Of your raunchy rap slaw
The oxymoronic tinged band of Guatemalan twins
Isn't worth opening my polka dot lids
The water-resistant faux-hawk gets road blocked
By the color copies of my MOCA pop quiz
But my circuit-bent key tar and icky lens cameraman
The fact that I'm on the shitty end of this ampersand
Makes me what to do the Roger Rabbit in a bomber jacket
To the polyrhythm of the soda pop fizz cause still
Me, I do the wop with no dance license
Me, I do the wop with no dance license
Me, I do the wop with no dance license
And I ain't got legible handwriting
So y'all can't bite
Show them shoes a bit
Prick those chubby digits
Show them shoes a bit
Prick those chubby digits
Salvaged from the mouths of motors
Plucked from legislative branches
To enact these native dances
Sooth me babbling brook
I'm shell shocked by the blaring red phone
Name checked on the sterling headstone
How can I sell this high-top fade?
Oh wee, throw the grappling hook