

High 5 (Rock the Catskills)

Beck

High 5, High 5!

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[Rappers:] "C'mon on! 8! Everybody! C'mon! 7! C'mon, now! 6! 5!
Awe, yeah, I like that shit."

When I arrive it's like a high 5
A slap in the face I love the taste
All my days with my wheelchair ways
Watch me die in my suicide high
I don't mean to cause a holy commotion
When I step to the room with a powerful motion
Leopard skin let the records spin
'Round and round with the speed of sound

High 5! More dead than alive!
Rocking the plastic like a man from the Catskills!
High 5! More dead than alive!
Rocking the plastic like a man from a casket!

Rocky mountain low we gotta go
Put that gadget in the random mode
Cripple candy rocking the Tandy
Rumba, buckshot, doing the foxtrot
In my car sweating like a dog
Beers and chairs new frontiers
On my way from the 'Frisco Bay
Dixieland, soda-pop man

High 5! More dead than alive!
Rocking the plastic like a man from the Catskills!
High 5! More dead than alive!
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[spoken:] Yeah, put that machine in random mode
Talking about popping chocolate
Beck--Like in the last century
[Rapper:] "Turn that s--t off, man! What's wrong with you?
Man, get the other record! Damn!"

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[Rapper:] "Ok, now. Who likes designer jeans.
Everybody, designer jeans!
Say, say, say, say, say: Ooh, la la, Sassoon!
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon! Everybody!
One more time let me hear you say: Ooh, la la, Sassoon!
Just do it everybody, c'mon! Now I want the ladies.
All the ladies, say: Sergio Valente!
Sing it, girls. Let me hear you say: Sergio Valente!"

Say Jordache turned it up!"