

Yabadabadoo

Chubb Rock

[Featuring Red Hot Lover Lover Tone Rob Swinga]

Verse One: Red Hot Lover Lover Tone

Diggedy da di la di da di baby there's a party

But you can't have a party without a large Bacardu

You got to keep the hottie moving like a Maserati

A hundred million women want to Tone up their body

And I can never pass up a chance to romance them

Don't call me soft just because I'm handsome

So money take a tip if you flip and you slip

You'll be using all your teeth for poker chips

So wiggedy word wiggedy word I don't smoke the herb

And if my hottie smokes the shit I'll kick her to the curb

Every morning breakfast in bed is served

Cause on women I have an affect like a quadra verb

So can I whip yes what yes like buddha sess yes

Shot em all dead when they try to test

So keep me in like Flynn this year I'm gonna win

If my balls are on your chin then you got the D.I.Y.M.

So can I get a shout

Peace to Chubb Rock, TrakMasters, the Gigalos and I'm out

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Verse Two: Chubb Rock

Wow look at the size of his chest

Never the less I jump upon ET list and then phone my home

Before the little kitten throws a stone

The holder of the Rock, one two and ya don't stop

Rhythm to the dism while the ism forms a prism

Suck the dism stand like a Chisolm dimension prison and is he

The One, The One, he says he's the one, the only one

Take the two subtract the one and uh-hhuh
He's handsome ya see, big strong and sturdy
Watch the birdy I'm nerdy on the IQ set
Caught nuff wreck
The grim reappear what said Charlier Brown's damn teacher
Wa wah wah wa wa wah, damn
I cram to understand the plan ma'am
I mean I've been hitting the books for a long time now
Real long time now, look at the furrowed brow
Drink Slim Faster, delete the chow
For a strong sequel word up to the people
The people; you mean power to them
While Eastwood Clint plays misty for the buddha
He's buzzing, cummin at cha
And you know we had to watcha, time for some lyrics
While I kick it and you hear it
Even Helen Keller word up can hear it
From the rustler lyrical hustler
The fat lady sand I crusher her, word up the Chubbster
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Verse Three: Rob Swinga

Rob Swinga loves jazz so I'ma swing this like a cool cat
Down with A.T.E.E.M., Trakmasterz got a dope rap
Humongous vocals; I'm quick to flick a jab
I'm not Michael Jackson or the Chubbs but I'm bad
Chew up a sucker like a stick of gum
And then I spit out the bum once the flavor's done
I'm nifty powerful like an M-60
And I'll pop your girl like Jiffy popped Dippy
Well I swing a lyric like a swinga would
And I swing a hoe in bed like a swinga should

When it comes to getting hoes I'm rated quadruple X
Just like Dr. Ruth my mind is strictly on the sex
And style or position is my selection
But I won't play without my contraception
Like Ramsey's or Trojan's oh yes that's chill
If worse comes to worse then I use no frills
So check it check it check it check it check it one two
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