

# They Want EFX

Das EFX

Bum stiggedy bum stiggedy bum, hon, I got the old pa-rum-pum-pum-pum  
But I can fe-fi-fo-fum, diddly-bum, here I come  
So Peter Piper, I'm hyper than Pinochio's nose  
I'm the supercalafragilistic tic-tac pro  
I gave my oopsy, daisy, now you've got the crazy  
Crazy with the books, Googley-goo where's the gravy  
So one two, unbuckle my, um shoe  
Yabba Doo, hippity-hoo, crack a brew  
So trick or treat, smell my feet, yup I drippedy-dropped a hit  
So books get on your mark and spark that old censorship  
Drats and double drats, I smiggedy-smacked some whiz kids  
The boogedy-woogedly Brooklyn boy's about to get his, dig  
My waist bone's connected to my hip bone  
My hip bone's connected to my thigh bone  
My thigh bone's connected to my knee bone  
My knee bone's connected to my hardy-har-har-har  
The jibbedy-jabber jaw ja-jabbing at your funny bone, um  
Skip the ovaltine, I'd rather have a honeycomb  
Or preferably the sesame, Let's spiggedy-spark the blunts, um  
Dun dun dun dun dun, dun dun  
They want EFX, some live EFX  
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Snap a neck for some live EFX  
Well I'll be darned, shiver me timbers, yo head for the hills  
I picked a weeping willow, and a daffodil  
So back up bucko or I'll pulverize McGruff  
'Cause this little piggy gets busy and stuff  
Arrivederci, heavens to mercy, honky tonk I get swift  
I caught a snuffleufagus and smoked a boogaloo spliff  
I got the nooks, the cranies, the nitty gritty fodey-doe  
All aboard, cast away, hey where's my boogaloo?  
Oh I'm steaming, agony  
Why's everybody always picking on me  
They call me Puddin' Tane, and rap's my game  
You ask me again and I'll t-tell you the same  
'Cause I'm the vulgar vegemintarian, so stick 'em up freeze  
So no Park sausages, Mom, please  
A-blitz shoots the breeze, twiddly-dee shoots his lip  
Crazy dazy shot the Sheriff, yup and I shot the gift  
And that's pretty sneaky, sis oh yep  
I got my socks off, my rocks off, my Nestle's cup of cocoa  
Holly hobby tried to slob me, tried to rob me silly stunt  
Diggedy-dun dun dun dun dun, dun dun  
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Yahoo, hidee-ho yup I'm coming around the stretch  
So here Fido boy, fetch, boy, fetch  
I got the rope-a-dope a slippery choker, look at me get raw  
And I'm the hickory-dickory top of morning boogoloo big jaw  
With the yippedy zippedy Winnie the Pooh bad boy blue,  
Yo crazy got the gusto, what up, I swing that too  
So nincompoop give a hoot and stomp a troop without a strain  
Like Roscoe B. Coltrane  
I spiggedy-spark a spiff and give a twist like Chubby Checker

I take my Froot Loops with two scoops, make it double decker  
Oh Vince, the baby come to Papa Duke  
A babaloo, ooh, a babaloo boogedy boo  
I went from Gucci to Stussy, to fliggedy-flam a groupie  
To Zsa Zsa, to yibbedy-yabba dabba hoochie koochie  
Tally ho I-I'll take my Stove Top instead of potatoes, so  
Maybe I'll shoot 'em now, nope maybe I'll shoot 'em later, yep  
I used to have a dog and Bingo was his name oh, so uh  
be - I - N - G - O-oh  
You do the hokey pokey and you turn yourself around, hon, so uh  
Dun dun dun dun dun, dun dun  
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