

Incubus, Get Your Dreidle On

Yo, it's Hanukkah time right about now
We be dreidlein'
We 'bout to set it
Baby go get your dreidle on

Get your dreidle on

(Chris)

All of my homies in Santa Monica celebrate Hanukkah
And my peeps in the streets are shvitzing for every one of those
8 nights of lights
And a menorah of
Muthafuckin' fantasy of fun, all rolled into one

See the thing is, I'm not really Jewish
But Mike said, Kil, won't you come down
So I hopped up to do this
Through this time of 8 days
We all come together and celebrate
We grub lots of matzas and latkas, a.k.a. potato pancakes

Get Your Dreidle On

(Jose)

3, 2, 1
Hanukkah, Hanukkah, Hanukkah
Oh, what a lotta fun
Here I go again, once again
No I don't mean to offend
I grub all my gefilte fish, mmm, as quick as I can
Then I light a candle and, ouch!
Whoops, I just burned my hand
Don't really matter though, 'cause I gotta go
And down some Manischewitz wine
Yeah now I'm feelin just fine

(Mike)

Yo, Mikey in the temple, all up on the beamer, eatin
Hallavah, hallavah
You know I'll be cleaner than a shiny silver platter of chocolate chip macaroons
My afro leavin Mike shadows as I step in the room

You heard Hanukkah was comin and it's comin correct
Lightin candles, open presents, giving family respect
To the creator of the earth and of the fruit of the vine
Manischewitz flowin large, like it ain't got the time, yo

'Cause we be eatin
hallavah, hallavah
With salt and butta'

That's right
Hanukkah 2001, y'all
We be dreidlein'
We're outta here
Shalom fo sheezy my neezy