

# Shaquille O'Neal, What's Up Doc? (Can We Rock)

[Chorus]

Can we rock?  
Yeah, what's up doc?  
Can we rock?  
What's up doc?

[Moc]

Cha cha cha cha cha  
What's up pa, yo who poop?  
Your ma dukes or pa dukes?  
There's two scoops a raisin in the sun  
Brothers try to rally up, then dilly dally for some room  
Bird peckin', double deckin', rubber neckin' in my tomb  
Check it out yo, I smile like Groucho Marx  
I make a joke, hokey pokey, and slide by like egg yolk  
Play me like a punk like Penguin and the Joker  
Snoopin' in my biz like Tom and Roxie Roker  
So bust the freaky freaky freaky ways  
The brothers with the Asian guise making G's  
And now we're sellin' records overseas  
Holy smokes, oops, your whole plan goofed up  
Now you get kicks, 'nough licks, plus cuffed up  
'cause you can catch a quick drop for tryin' to take the Schnicks' props  
So tick tock around the clock and shock while we lick shots  
(Boom!) for goodness sakes the stakes are high  
I'm out (you out?)  
ABC-ya, bye

[Chorus]

[Chip]

I thought I saw a putty cat, I did  
I did the humpty dumpty bashful grumpy quaker nabisco crisco kid  
'cause my style's figaro figaro figaro figaro like Pinocchio's  
Big Digital Underground humpty dumpty camel hump nose  
So play dosey doe, sufferin' sucotash my mistletoe is gone  
Snow White is after my seven dwarves, my styles, and after me Lucky Charms  
So leapin' leprechauns, be glad I'm pushin' my pedal to the metal  
I'm rugged and rough for Cocoa Puffs, and yes, I love my Fruity Pebbles  
So howdy, my partner, I starts to get meaner  
So ask Bob for hope, nope, not Mr. Bob Dobailina  
Oh were has my mic gone? Tell me, have you seen her?  
I stretch like a condom and gets plump like a weiner  
Or a sasuage, but of course it's, time for Chip to wreck it  
But before my intro I gots to check it  
So who is the nicest in your neighborhood?  
Lyrics are merry, merry, quite contrary, and Captain Crunch berry good  
So rah rah, sis boom bah  
Chip Fu is coming again, give thanks and praises to jah  
My lyrics are smooth like the head on Terry Savalas  
My toungue starts to quicken like Speedy Gonzales  
Take up your pen, your pad, your lyrical bag and run go whole a fresh  
Touche pussy cat, put down that mic 'cause you can't rap  
'cause I'm dip-dip-divin', so socializin'

Clean out your ears, yes, and open up your eyes and  
I kick like Bruce Lee and Jean Claude Van Damme  
So dunna nana nana nana nana nana, Batman!  
I hip-hop, hop-hop  
Don't-don't, stop-stop  
I'm harder than a Flinstone and much bigger than a Chub Rock  
Our types of lyrical styles? yes the Schnickens can pick 'em  
I burp, stick 'em, ha ha ha, stick 'em

[Chorus]

[Poc]

Rippin' the program, slow man, hot damn  
I grand slam, swingin' things again and again (whoa)  
Golly ha-chooey, macho like Roscoe  
Randy Savage manwitch, swingin' the ding-a-ling with damage  
Pauish not antoinish nor monetego  
Spanish like que for the nine two lingo  
Next, a new hex, commentators stand aside  
Stringin' emcees like a bikini or panty line (ha ha)  
Nut you might bust, but you can't even come right  
Spite the strokin' or hopin' or pullin' a peace pipe  
Huff and puff so what the f\*\*k is happening?  
On the lyrical, miracle, spirital  
but everybody's rockin'  
Flip a new hit, catch wreck to the nine ship  
Equipped, never slip with tounge twister  
All my styles that's buckwild  
No fake rap, I push pounds  
I flip mad scripts and hips, I hit  
So bring the goya oh boy-ah, as I say hasta manana  
Soft and chewy Honky Kong foey, reggae not rasta tough stuff  
Can I rock?

[Chorus]

[Shaq]

I'm the hooper, the hyper  
Protected by Viper  
When I rock the hoop yo, you'd better decipher  
In other words you'd better make a funky decision (whoa)  
'cause I'm a be a Shaq knife, and cut you with precision  
Forget Tony Danza, I'm the boss  
When it comes to money, I'm like Dick Butkas  
Now who's the first pick? me, word is born and  
Not a Christean Laettner, not Alonzo Mourning  
That's okay, not being bragadocious  
Supercalifragelistic, Shaq is alidocious  
Peace, I gotta go, I ain't no joke  
Now I slam it (what?) jam it (unh)  
And make sure it's broke

[Chorus]