

Bob Your Head

Ugly Duckling

People have you got the word
We're takin back what we deserve
Yeah, let it go, let it go

It's me, Dizzy D, and I'm back again
Another B side, stop panickin
It doesn't matter if you're Asian or African
Stop, stand still like a mannequin
Now if you feel it way down in your abdomen
Put your hands in the air and start pannin them
Back and forth, yep forth and back
And if you really feel it then clap
Your fingers and thumbs start to snap like a Kodak
And you can hang it up like a hat and a coat rack
Enough with the throwbacks and grabbin your bozacks
I'm here for the duration and I'm makin your toes tap
But you already know that, of course I pack heat
Like I'm walkin a beat, I'll turn the stage to mesquite
Meaning I get it smokin from the time I arrive
Until the crowd is jumpin and I say my goodbyes (peace)

People have you got the word
We're takin back what we deserve
People have you got the word
Let's kick that wackness to the curb

This is for the bored stiff and the couch potato
The lackadaisical and those who go to the Pedro
I stay on top like I'm rockin a halo
And you know I'm in charge like my name was Scott Baio
But don't call me Chachi, those other dudes are sloppy
They copy, I break 'em down like a jalopy
I'm movin at top speed, your ear drums pop and bleed
And sonically I get your higher than a chronic leave
Honestly, no one can do it like we
Speakin for myself, Einstein, and Andy C
There's too many emcees and half the mics
Rappers nowadays look like hermaphrodites
I suggest leave it alone like cheap cologne
I'm from Southern California, Long Beach is my home
I gotcha tuned in like a final episode
UD, controlling the globe since Fresh Mode

People have you got the word
We're takin back what we deserve
People have you got the word
These cats out there have lots of nerve
Yeah, let it go, yeah, yep