

# Be-Bop

## Charlie Parker

We at the Downtown Cabinay, right across the street from the Coca Cobana  
We have the midnight roof special going on  
We have Choco on the wheels of steel  
Slow it down for a minute Choco  
Yo, Zig Zag on the M.I.C  
We givin' a special tribute to Charlie Parker, here tonight  
The midnight rooftop special  
We gon' bring it like this, I want all ladies  
Who came with their men, come on in  
Get into sweetie, and drink all night  
Bebop, we walk with our hats on tilt  
Pink and white silk, made of shoes on stilts  
Dressed as the morning milk, plus, like the quilt  
When we rock at the club, no blood got spilt  
Where dime piece wizes, had they legs in the air  
From being sprung by the swings, so they legs in the air  
Long dresses, and they silk brassiere  
Ya'll unloosen the twist, Rob came in the air  
I rock the bebop, the bebop, the bebop  
The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped  
I rock the bebop, the bebop, the bebop  
The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped  
I rock the bebop, the bebop, the bebop  
The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped  
I rock the bebop, the bebop, the bebop  
The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped  
The saxophone doctor can blow on any octave  
Performance, of some of the world's greatest jazz rocker  
From bebop to hip hop, back to bebop  
Charlie Parker lids blow hot like boiling tea pot  
From pull to press, not white and up tight  
To blowin' horns, to walking with the bass up right  
To having our crowns polished, and our face up right  
To clean our neighborhood's and I play somethin' right  
I rock the bebop, the bebop, the bebop  
The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped  
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The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped

So we still groovin' wit it  
Keepin' the flow poppin' here  
We gon' turn the lights down a little low  
Just hide the identity, yo, yo  
The saxophone doctor can blow on any octave  
Performance, of some of the world's greatest jazz rocker  
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Charlie Parker lids blow hot like boiling tea pot  
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I rock the bebop, the bebop, the bebop  
The bud-bud-a-budda-bidda bebop, bebop, somebody don't bopped bopped  
Bebop hehehehe  
Take it back, heh  
Bebop  
Bebop

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>