

Raiders,

It's been a while since I sent this out. A few changes have been added.....

For any and all interested, the Marines here have put together a list of cadences that we are hoping you take the time to read. I know that a lot of you absolutely stink at calling them, not because you stink, but because you simply don't know them and don't have the practice calling them. It is our intention to fix that, so read on. This is by no means a complete list, as a lot of cadence is made up on the spot and you typically don't remember it after you just said it. If you hear another from time to time, write it down and we can add it to our list. Take the time to print these off and read over them every day or so, and practice saying them to yourself to get a feel for them. That way, when we call you out, you don't freeze up and sound like porky pig.

Alright, we'll start with the basics. You know, the whole left, right, left, right thing. The majority of all cadences start on the left foot. Each line of a verse typically does the same. It is a way of keeping everyone in the same rhythm. That is a crucial thing that you might want to remember. As you get better, you can play around.

When you are calling someone out to take your place, or vice versa, here is what happens (on the run):

Midshipman Hoffman won't you come on out. (Repeat)
We want to hear your motivated shout. (Or "We want to hear you wimper and pout.") (Repeat)
Take it on the left foot. (Repeat)
The mighty mighty left foot. (Repeat)
Take it. (Repeat)
I got it. (He's got it.)

Whereas the next person usually starts off with:

"Left, left, uh left, right ley-f" (Pardon the spelling of

pronunciations)

..... or.....

"Uh left foot. (Left foot) Uh good foot. (Good foot). Uh lo right
ley-f (Repeat) Uh lefty right your ley-f. (Repeat)

This is pretty much a standard in the Marine Corps, so get used to
it and do it right.

After that, anything goes. Well, almost anything. Obviously you
don't want to go saying some offensive crap in front of people that
are going to take offense to it. Save that stuff for the backwoods
when you are with cool people and no one is in ear shot. (I.E.-
Females (no offense, but typically females don't like to hear those
words).....or the Major)

Here are a list of cadences that we have come up with. Keep in mind
that you typically want to have some sort of pattern to your
cadence. You don't want to skip around and go from talking about
beer to talkingScratch that, beer goes with anything.

Up in the morning with the rising sun.
We're gonna run all day 'til the runnin's done.
PT, PT everyday.
Uh build my body the Marine Corps way.

Up in the morning at zero six.
I'm a PT junky and I need a fix.
PT, PT everyday.
Uh build my body the Marine Corps way.

Up in the morning to the drizzle and rain.
I'm a dumb mother fucker (or Motor Scooter) I got PT on the brain.
PT, PT everyday.
Uh build my body the Marine Corps way.

C-130 rolind down the strip.
My Marine Corps's gonna take a liittle trip.
Uh stand up, hook up, shuffle to the door.
Uh jump right out and shout "Marine Corps"
And if my shoot don't open wide.
I got uh reserve by my side.
And if that shoot should fail me too.
I'll hit the ground before you do.
Uh hookin and a jabbin.
Uh stabbin and a slicin.
Uh kickin and punchin.
All the way home.

Look to the front and uh who do ya see.
Uh motivated Gunny uh leadin me.
Uh he's motivated.
Uh truly dedicated.
To my Marine Corps.
Oh yeah.

When I say motivated you say dedicated, motivated. (Dedicated) Uh
motivated. (Dedicated)
When I say dedicated you say motivated, dedicated. (Motivated) Uh
dedicated. (Motivated)
Motivated (Dedicated)
Uh dedicated (Motivated)

Turn up the volume.
Just like a radio.
Uh high-fi stereo.
Turn it up.
Up front.
Turn it up.
In the middle.
Turn it up.

In the rear.
Oh yeah.

or.....

Turn up the volume.
Just like a radio.
Uh high-fi stereo.
Turn it up.
40 ounce.
Turn it up.
MGD.
Oh yeah.

Pain!
In my back.
Pain!
In my legs.
Uh I don't care.
I like it there.
No pain.
No gain.
Ah ha.

Pebbles and Bam Bam on a Friday night.
Tryin to get to heaven on a paper kite.
Uh lightin struck (Boom) and down they fell (Aaaahhh) (You don't
repeat the whole thing, you just make the sounds)
Instead of goin to heaven they went straight to hell.
Uh Dino the dog (Marine Corps barking dog sound) is on the bone (Howl
like a dog)
And Fred and Barney rock the microphone.
I heard a scream. I heard a shout.
And Mistuh Slate was bustin Wilma out.
Uh singin Ya-ba, Da-ba, Da-ba-doo.
Uh ya-ba-da-ba-da-ba-da-ba-da-ba-doo.

Look to the left (or right/back/rear) and uh who do ya see.
Uh bunch of fat bodies wanna be like me.
Uh hell no.
Uh no way.
Uh fat bodies.
Uh not me.
Uh lean and mean.
Uh fightin machine.
USMC.

Uh listen to the pitter patter of the tiny feet.
It sounds like the Army in uh full retreat.

Mission top secret destination unknown.
We don't know if we're ever comin home.

Uh heeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy hey Army.
Uh where are you gooooin.
Get in your tanks and follow me.
We are Marine Corps can't you see.

Uh heeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy hey Navy.
Uh where are you gooooin.
Get in your ships and follow me.
We are Marine Corps can't you see.

Uh heeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy hey Air Force.
Uh where are you gooooin.
Get in your planes and follow me.
We are Marine corps can't you see.

or my favorite.....

Uh heeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy hey Army.
Uh where are you gooooin.
Uh get on your knees and swallow me.
We are Marine Corps can't you see.

Uh count cadence delay cadence Marine Corps cadence cooouunnnt.....
(One!)
I can't hear you (Two!)
A little louder (Three!)
All together now (Four!)
A little louder now (One!)
Louder (Two!)
Louder (Three!)
Louder (Four!)
Louder (One Two Three Four United States Marine Corps)
Ooh-Rah

or.....

Uh count cadence delay cadence Marine Corps cadence cooouunnnt.....
(One!)
Went to Vietnam. (Two!)
Killed some Viet Kong (Three!)
Kicked a little ass (Four!)
Smoked uh lot of grass (One!)
Louder (Two!)
Louder (Three!)
Louder (Four!)
Louder (One Two Three Four United States Marine Corps)
Ooh-Rah

or.....

Uh count cadence delay cadence Marine Corps Cadence
Cooouunnnt..... (One!)
There is no beer (Two!)
There is no wine (Three!)
To quench the thirst (Four!)
Of double time (One!)
Louder (Two!)
Louder (Three!)
Louder (Four!)
Louder (One Two Three Four United States Marine Corps)
Ooh-Rah

Uh don't let your dingle dangle dangle in the dirt.
Uh pick up your dingle dangle tuck it in your shirt.
Uh don't let your dingle dangle dangle in the mud.
Uh pick up your dingle dangle give it ti your bud.
Uh don't let your dingle dangle dangle on the ground.
Uh pick up your dingle dangle sling it all around.

I went to the cellar to get a drink of cider.
I saw an old lady fightin with uh spider.
I said hey mistuh spider what ya gonna do.
He said shut the hell up 'fore ya get some too.

I went the cellar to get a drink of gin.
The spider and the lady were doin it again.
I said hey mistuh spider what ya gonna do.
He said shut the hell up 'fore ya get some too.

Up jumped a monkey from the coconut grove.
Uh he's a mean little monkey you could tell from his toes.
He lined a hundred monkeys up against the wall.
And bet me five dollars he could fuck (whip) them all.
He fucked (whipped) 98 'til his balls (hands) turned blue.
And then he backed off jacked off and fucked the other two. (And then
he jumped back backed off and whipped the
other two)
Uh little monkey.
Uh that's for me.
Uh lean and mean.
Fightin machine.

If I die.
In a combat zone.
Just box me up.
And uh ship me home.
Pin my medals.
Uh pon my chest.

And tell me momma.
Uh that I done my best.
Uh bury my body.
Uh six foot deep.
With my M-16.
Uh right beside my feet.
But don't ya forget.
To pack my PT gear.
Cus eary one mornin.
At zero five.
The ground is gonna rumble.
From lightnin in the sky.
Uh don't you worry.
Uh don't ya come undone.
It's just me and Chesty Puller.
On uh PT run.
Cus he's motivated.
Uh truly dedicated.
To my Marine Corps.
Oh yeah.

I wish all the ladies.
Where pies on the shelf.
And I was a baker.
I'd eat um all myself.
Hey Barbarina
I said Hey Bar-Ba-Ra
Hey Barbarina
I said hey Bar-Ba-Ra

I wish all the ladies.
Where waves in the ocean.
And I was a boat.
I'd set um all in motion.
Hey Barbarina
I said Hey Bar-Ba-Ra
Hey Barbarina
I said hey Bar-Ba-Ra

I wish all the ladies.
were pies in the oven.
and I was a fat boy.
I'd eat em by the dozen.

Hey Barbarina
I said Hey Bar-Ba-Ra
Hey Barbarina
I said hey Bar-Ba-Ra

I wish all the ladies.
Were holes in the road.
And I was a dump truck.
I'd fill um with my load.
Hey Barbarina
I said Hey Bar-Ba-Ra
Hey Barbarina
I said hey Bar-Ba-Ra

Uh doooooonnnnn't let.... (pause for a few counts) the green grass
fool ya..... don't let.....it change your
mind.....Come an sing it for me one more time, Come on.
(The platoon then repeats the entire thing. Usually it is good to
have whoever is calling cadence to fill in
those gaps (.....) with:

Don't let it.
Uh don't let it fool ya.
Uh don't let it.
Come an sing it for me one more time. Come on.

(This entire cadence usually gets repeated a couple of times)

Uh who can uh light bulb.
And shove it up your aaass.
Uh punch ya in the stomach.
And make ya shit glaaass.
The S&M man.
The S&M man.
Uh who can make the lovin and the hurtinfeel good.

Uh who can take a bike.
And rip off the seeeat.
Uh sit your ass upon it.
And push you down the streecet.

The S&M man.
The S&M man.
Uh who can make the lovin and the hurtin feel good.

Uh who can take your sister.
And fuck her in the aaass.
Uh make her shout Marine Corps.
And make her lick your aaass.
The S&M man.
The S&M man.
Uh who can make the lovin and the hurtin feel good.

Uh when I get to I-Raq (Or where ever else)
Uh Saddam's (Or whoever else thinks they're in charge) gonna say-ay.
Uh how'd ya get to I-Raq.
In just one day-ay.
And I replied with uh whole lotta anger.
Blood and guts and a little bit uh danger.
Oh yeah.

Little yellow birdie with a little yellow bill.
Landed on my window sill.
I lured him in with a piece of bread.
And then I smashed his fuckin head.
Uh little birdie.
Uh no way.
Uh dead birdie.
Oh yeah.

Up from a sub 60 feet below.
When we hit the surface we'll be ready to go.
Uh side stroke back stroke swimmin to the shore.
When we hit the beach we'll be ready for war.

If anyone has ever heard the chain gang, then you'll understand this one. Get the platoon to start saying "Ooh.....Aah, Ooh.....Aaah" over and over. While they are doing that, you say:

Uh that's the sound of the men....uh workin on the train....yeah-e-yeah.....that's the sound of the men.....workin on the train....yeah. All day long we're singin Ooh...Aah, Ooh-Aah (Everyone is now saying Ooh-Aah)

Who let the dogs loose. (Marine Corps dog barking sound)
(Repeat a couple of times)

What's the sound of uh devil dawg (Marine Corps barking dog sound)
What's that stuff running down your back. (Juice, juice)
Who's that man who killed his wife (Juice, juice) (The whole OJ Simpson thing) (Vary this around for a bit)

Uh grease gun and KA-Bar by my side.
Uh these are the tools that make men die.
(Usually on ones like this that are so short, you fill it in immediately with another one, such as "Running through the jungle with my M-16.....")

Uh runnin through the jungle with my M-16.
I'm uh mean motor scooter I'm a US Marine.
Running through the tundra with a baseball bat.
Gonna kill a bady seal gonna make a new hat.

When whoever is in charge says:
Uh rape, pillage and burn.

You immediately say:
Eat babies.
(This one is definately back woods and offensive.)

What are we gonna do when we get back.
Uh take a shower and uh hit the rack.
Uh hell no.
Uh drink a beer.
Uh turn it up.
Uh 40 ounce.
MGD.
Ice House.
Oh yeah.

Back in 1775.
My Marine Corps came alive.
First there came the color of red.
To show the world the blood we shed.
Next there came the color of blue.
To show the world that we are true.
Then there came the color of gold.
To show the world that we are bold.
Then there came the color of green.
To show the world that we are mean.

Heeeey Hooooo Didily Bop Bop. (or you can say Heeeey Hoooo Wisky Jack
Jack.)
I wish I was back on the block block. (or you can say Meet me down by
the railroad track track.)
With my rifle in my hands.
I'm gonna be uh killin man.
Uh killin man.
An all around man.

Heeeey Hooooo Didily Bop Bop.
I wish I was back on the block block.
With my Ka-Bar in my hands.

I'm gonna be uh stabbin man.
Uh stabbin man.
Uh killin man.
An all around man.

Heeeey Hooooo Didily Bop Bop.
I wish I was back on the block block.
With my woman in my hands.
I'm gonna be uh lovin man.
Uh lovin man.
Uh stabbin man.
Uh killin man.
An all around man.

Heeeey Hooooo Didily Bop Bop.
I wish I was back on the block block.
With my 40 in my hand.
I'm gonna be uh drinking man.
Uh drinkin man.
Uh lovin man.
Uh stabbin man.
Uh killin man.
An all around man.

I don't know but I've been told.
Eskimo pussy is might cold.
Um good.
Taste good.
Uh gimme some.
Uh gimme some.

From Okinawa.
To the Phillipines.
We're doin it dirty.
And we're doin it mean.
With your left right left.
Right on right on.
With your left right left.
As we're singin this song.

I can go to Iraq (Clap) like this.
All the way to Iraq (Clap) like this.
(Repeat this using whatever place that you chose)

Mama mama... can't you see. (after each line, the platoon says "Uh
hey hey")
What the Corps has done to me.
Sat me in... uh barber's chair.
Spun me around I had no hair.
Hey laddy daddy.
Hey laddy daddy doe.
Hey laddy daddy.
Hey laddy daddy doe.
I used to wear.. my Levi jeans.
Now I'm wearin cammie greens.
I used to wear... my tennis shoes.
Now I'm wearin jungle boots.
Hey laddy daddy.
Hey laddy daddy doe.
Hey laddy daddy.
Hey laddy daddy doe.
I used to drive a Cadillac.
Now I'm humpin with a pack.
I used to drive a Chevrolet.
Now I'm humpin everyday.
Hey laddy daddy.
Hey laddy daddy doe.
Hey laddy daddy.
Hey laddy daddy doe.

Mama and uh papa were uh laying in bed.
Mama rolled over this is what she said.
Uh gimme some.
Uh PT.
Uh good for you.
Uh good for me.
Oh yeah.

Ho Chi Min was a son of a bitch.
I got the blue ball scratch and the seven year itch.

Momma and Poppa were lying in bed.
The telephone rang and the commandant said.
Your son is dead!
Shot through the head!
With a .45!
Between the eyes!
Don't you cry!
One day you'll die!
Your son awaits!
At the pearly gates!
In full dress blues!
And spit shined shoes!
He'll guard you well!
From the Gates of Hell!

Go heavey on the left, and easy on the right.
Rollin' down the road is a beautiful sight.
Go heavey on the left, and easy on the right.
Raiders platoon is out of sight.
Pump me up.
I'll pump you up.

Up in the mornin round 0-six.
I'm a PT junky just needin a fix.
Roll out of bed and into my shoes.
I tie 'em so tight that my hands turn blue.
Open the door and out I go.
Where my legs will take me I do not know.
Mile marker one, I'm feelin' mean.
Mile marker two, I let off some steam.

Mile marker three, you kiddin me.
You can bet your sweet ass that I'm under 18.

Momma told Johnny not to go downtown.
Marine Corps recruiter was a hangin around.
It didn't really matter Johnny went anyway.
He wanted to hear what the man had to say.
Par-ris Island's where it all began.
A tiny little rock with a whole lot of sand.
First phase recruit carried sea bag and all.
Second phase recruit, learned how to stand tall.
Third phase recruit, just a roaring to leave.
Tiny little chevron hangin on his sleeve.
First came Lejeune and then Onslow Beach.
PFC Johnny was a recon Marine.
Oh no.
Oh yeah.
Johnny's hiding.
Everywhere.

Jump from the rack in the middle of the night.
Make a head call and I'm ready to fight.
Grease-gun & k-bar by my side.
These are the tools that make men die.
And if I die in a combat zone.
Uh box me up and ship me home.
Lay my smokie upon my chest.
Tell Chesty Puller I done my best.
I'll bet ya five dollars to this day,
When they lower me down this is what I'll say.
I wanna be a drill instructor.
I wanna cut off all of my hair.
I wanna be a drill instructor.
I wanna wear that smokie bear.

As you can tell, there are quiet a few that are rather offensive, so
use sound judgment when selecting ones to say.

