

2000

Grand Puba

Yeah, bleep bleep bleep  
Hey yo this is how we gonna hit it off...

So drop the kronkite nigga (2000)  
Check out how we flip shit for (2000)  
Stud doogie runnin' shit for (2000)  
Grand puba flippin' shit for (2000)

Here comes the brotha from the future  
Man, I got what suits ya  
Fake mc's go away and let your label prostitute ya  
Give me my space and let the swinger swing  
Nigga don't you know that jane can't even stop this crazy thang  
I like to boast cause I'm the host with the most  
Bag a few honeys and i'm... (space ghost!!!)  
I got niggas head-bobbin' with no problem  
I kick 31 flavors so call me basket robbins, uhh  
I gets down cause I travel like sound  
Grand puba's so fast they got my picture on a greyhound  
Here goes the tizm, get ya lifted like izm  
If these devils ain't got my money then I got some off the prison  
So honey here's more than a rent  
For dollars and sense, see I leave shit bent  
So don't even come with that 69, hon  
Cause I told ya last time, 68 and I owe ya one  
Back up and let puba do his thing,  
Cause a nigga wanna krib like eddie murphy had a boomerang  
So butt niggas get the steppin'  
I gets to the root like beer  
Lyrics flow like an automatic weapon  
You can't see this or much greater,  
Rough like terminator, sendin' niggas down like elevators  
So like beavis and butthead...(he he he he)  
Go away like 94, we drop the kronkite nigga

No shame in the game I puts the pedal to the metal  
Be a father to my son, ask the bulldogs and pedal (? )  
Puba gots that shit that hits in every ghetto  
Straight from new york, l.a. to \_\_\_\_  
Honey, there's no need to hunt  
Whatever you want, just make sure when you come you bring a blunt  
This is for the year 2-circle-circle-circle  
Niggas lookin' stupid like their spotted and they urkel  
Did I say that?  
Doogie hits the scratch  
Niggas can't match, baggin' bootys by the batch  
That's how we do at a theatre near you  
Do the show, bag the doe and disappear like the zoo  
Then I hit home, to rest my dome  
Unplug the phone and put a joint on the bone  
I kick the style longtime ya know  
Niggas can't see this, so you know how that shit goes  
Nigga it's gonna take a miracle  
Call me a cab so I can \_\_\_\_ away and catch your hi-di-hi-di-ho  
f\*\*k that, my style's all that and a bag of snacks  
Ran through jersey and the pussycat  
I'm the scooby with the doo

I like my philly with the brew  
All y'all niggas talkin' shit about puba, f\*\*k you...  
Ya know what you can do?  
You can lick the twins when I pull 'em outta skins  
And I put 'em in your face, you can tell me how it tastes  
Cause it's the kronkite, nigga