

Understand This

Grand Puba

Uh.. uh.. (yeah)
It's on.. it's on.. (uh-huh)
It's on.. it's on.. (it's on)
It's on.. it's on.. (uh)

Let's get it crackin (That's that shit)
We get it poppin (All night long)
Tell me whatcha waitin on (Shake that shit)
No need for hatin on (On our shit)
We keeps it raw (Yeah)
And that's for sho' (Fo' sho')
Get it on the floor (Uh-huh)
Whatchu waitin for? (Uh)
Understand this right now (Understand this)
Understand this right now (Understand this)

Now for those who don't know me, or those who forgot
Guess who came back to blow the God-damn spot
(Puba knows, ?? knows)
If you back that thang up on me watch it grow
This is for you haters who doubt me
For you ladies who be thinkin about me
Who can't (Be without me, pee without me)
Style inventor, make ya party hot when I enter
Five percent of the one who vibin for a Riker
Summer, winter - flowin since the days of the center
If I, bent her, slid up in the skin like a splinter
The flamethrower lock it down like a boa
If she's anything less than a dime, I don't know her
Make ya system rattle like a whole herd of cattle
Unseen wolves stay prepared for the battle
I still can't swallow what they done to dude Diallo
I guess I be a legend cuz I smashed the Apollo

I'm the always complimented, never compensated
Rich think I'm poor and the poor think I made it
I'm underrated, complicated
So highly advanced, from now on when I write rhymes
I got a post date to seven years ago
I made that album Two Thou
It's 2002 so I'm seven years from now
Back from another planet, where everything be organic
Where the ugly chicks be lookin like Janet
So hold that (hold that) I went from skinny to fat
Now I'm back to "all that" liftin three off the mat
Well God-damn! This shit stank on fire like a gas tank
Let's work it out like Billy Blanks
The hot shit to keep the E light from flashin off the pocket
Rotisserize them chickenheads like I'm Boston Market
We spark shit, make it hot as hot can get
Forever dawg it don't quit

Let me see that... I.D., so I can verify that age
Ain't tryna have po-po come and snatch me off the stage
I move faster than a New York minute
First grade the first time I got suspended
The first time I rubbed her ass, the class winked and hid it

Used to cruise the projects in my toy car tinted
with the next-door neighbor daughter in it
Now I'm movin asses for a livin
For you haters, forgive and forget
It ain't no givings I'm that rafter, knowledge power
My dawgs understand the culture, but hold on lemme translate that
Knowledge power, that's fifteen
Understandin culture's number thirty-four
Big Oak that's my dawg, better yet my handle's like Kobe's
But in Dolby, sip on Sobe while I politic and business
with Gishobi and ya don't quit
Grand Pub' from Problem House
show me love if you like the way I