

Up And Down

Grand Puba

One one
Two..two, one two
Yeah..

Right now, Grand Puba 'bout to blow this mic out
Got'cha movin like roaches with the lights out
Finger-lickin like chicken in a dyke's house
Don't stop, get it poppin like Redenbacher
Move more feet than Koreans in a nail shop
Keep it ghetto like Bodega's after twelve o'clock
Shorty shakin like a chick up in the booty spot
That's what's up, can't you smell what the Pub-ah cookin
Got a girl with a wife on his side and still lookin
You know my style is +Always+ like Coca-Cola
I flip out like Skytel-Motorola
In two-thou, my new Benz is ridin solar
And my seed got a V8 in the stroller
You know the 4-1-1, see it's time to make the paper pile
Ain't no need to act funny style

Ain't no need to stop (Uh)
Puba 'bout to drop (Yeah)
Get that ass (What?) Out on that floor (Uh-huh)
Know we keep it hot (Yeah)
Give it all ya got (Uh)
Move it up and down like a Chevy 6-4 (Yeah)

You know how it's going down
Grand Puba is back in town
Baby ain't no time to climb
Go up and down and up and down

Now you may ask yourself who the hell I be
Some consider me, a legend emcee
Who never wear platinum or wore less gold
I been makin y'all move since I was nineteen years old
Listen I've been ballin in this game a long time
Been through more counties than the Greyhound line
Grand Puba, Brand Nub' affiliate
Twelfth birthday I got my first Big Willy pit
Mad love for the game ever since I was a youth
Used to set up my equipment on the project roof
Two turntables, microphone, and some vinyls
Now I bounce through town in a smoked out rider
Let's get it crackin if ya know how it's goin down
Don't stop, get it get it, shake ya body to the ground
Grand Puba gettin all up in that skull
Shine so hard I make ice look dull

Grand Puba still settin new trends (Mm-hmm)
Still runnin with the Nubians (Mm-hmm)
Still in the Range when I'm not in the Benz (Mm-hmm)
You don't know, ya better ask your friends (Mm-hmm)
Who wants to be a millionaire?
Buy a mansion next door to the Beck's in Bel-Air
and chip paper like he don't care
Buy all the shit that you want and need

In the Y2K I'm like the gameshow Greed