

# 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