

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Step to the Rear"

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Here we go...

("Okay everybody...") ("Step up to this")

("Sing my song") ("Step up to this")

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("Sing my song") ("Step up to this")

Yo Stud, bust it...

Step to the rear, Grand Pu is on arrival.

Raised in the ghetto singin' songs called survival.

Runnin' round town givin' all the girls Puba snacks,

I wouldn't try to scale my style, you just might catch a cardiac.

Figured the way to get paid is to grab the mic;
rehearse, ya know.

Smooth as Jermaine, so honey don't take it personal.

There's no need to try to diss the swinger,

baby, all you get is two snaps up and the finger.

The bob-a-loo bad boy, a threat to the paranoid,

you try to step to this? It's void!

A new hit from the Grand Man, with nights like the
Sandman,

gain for awake in case I gotta stomp a head out.

Busted is a trick that's not up my sleeve,
it's possessed with finesse, and it works when I
breathe.

Paid in the shade with an A, that's the grade,
with the papes that I made from this trade.

So get hip to the grip, you know where to slide the chips
if you wanna cash in on the wins.

Grand Puba and I love to hit skins...

("And you know what?")

("I've got a song to sing") ("Oh bay-bay!")

("I've got a song to sing") ("Here we go")

("I've got a song to sing") ("Oh bay-bay!")

("I've got a song to sing")...Follow me now.

("Okay everybody") 6x

Grand Puba, the higher mystic ruler, keep a 40 in the cooler.

She don't know me, Money Grip, you better school 'er.

Before I have to play her is a foul way,
and catch a quick short stay at the Holiday.
Now forecast as I won't be playin' soccer with the
dreads.
Ballin's my hobby, doin' wonders in the bed.
From full-size, to king-size, to queen-size, to high-rise,
even bunk beds, I know how to work the leg.
If Pu ain't the answer, then you must be sick as cancer,
smooth romancer, let it ring, I'll probably answer.
So come take a dip with your *private dancer*.
Nasty, naughty, over 6' call me shorty.
But I'm looooong...I'm like Stretch Armstrong,
I go, on and on and on and on.
Never in a scandal and I'm never caught schemin'.
Knew Pu was dope ever since I was semen.
Swimmin' in my daddy's big nuts...
but now I'm scoopin' girls with the big ole butts.
Arise to respond for the Max-well,
ask well, hell, it don't even matter.
Puba ain't game for the shit chit-chat.
"Puba's in town, oh shit, let's scatter."
You can hide that ass, but it just don't matter.
The 90s is here, Pu is on a mash-out.
Huns that I've done always seem to pass out.
But hon wake that ass up, this ain't the place to crash
out.
You try to play me? I have to throw that ass out.
Foes and hoes, good riddance.
Cuz when Pu comes out, there'll be no skiddin'.
I'll slide upstairs and see Chuck at the chop shop,
Tell 'im fade the size, let a wolf on top. (?)
Reel and reel and soul to soul.
Honey, heel to heel and toe to toe.
It really doesn't make a diff, I'm not the type to riff,
I might smoke a spliff, but I won't sniff.
And ya don't stop...
("Okay everybody")...now I'm-a end it like this:
I'm like Superfly Snuka, know how to hook a hooker,
caught her on looker, know where I took her,
to the short stay, around my way,
and like Monie say, "it was the perfect way".
I caught a verse from the Christian, and it goes "Praise
the Lord"
Skins lined up on a wharf for when I'm bored.
From Na-ru, I'm in the right mood,
and if you like the way that this flows, well that's cool.
See this is no illusion, the style is too confusin'.
If you try to bite, then you're cruisin' for a bruisin'.
Back up, sonny, and let me make my money,
then I'm straight, I got a date at 8.
So see you brothers later, time to motivate.

Yeah, now bust it...

I'd like to give a shout to my Brand Nubian brothers,
Lord Jamar, God Allah,
Derrick X on the flex, and Alamo. And we gonna give a
shout to the SD50s who
pumped this. And I'm-a say, yo, peace...

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