

UGK f/ Big Daddy Kane and Kool G. Rap "Next Up"

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[Intro - Marley Marl]

Gawd-DAYUM! I don't know what y'all been thinkin bout
But I think this right here is about to shut dem damn
haters down!!

[Big Daddy Kane]

I'm from the streets that make niggaz walk slow talk
low
wit white chalk-o, mi casa be siete uno ocho
Brooklyn motherfucker, handle this - pardon my
Spanish and French (Brooklyn baby!!!)
Okay, I stay clever like Mayweather with lay leather
'til your face sever, one of the greatest ever
Beyond ringing bells, my name's so demanding
Shit! - I got the swagger that'll leave Dakota + Fanning +
(That boy still standing!!)
I hope you niggaz over standing; I stay sucker-free
The next kaing of in the game, you ain't got enough to
be
Your career last a week, that'll be luckily
Fuck wit me, the rap game'll need protective custody
(AHH!) I'm the same thug to be, surrounded with
women
Gave the game +True Religion+ before you found it in
denim
Feel the, "Wrath of Kane," and you could not escape
The hip-hop version of "The Ring" and you just watched
the tape (Next up!!)

[Bun B.]

And keep your eyes on the niggas in Ward
Triple black in the candy painted car is the color of
board
Me or my brother on pall wit n'am nigga
We Trill workin the wheel, understand nigga?
(UNDERSTAND??)
I smother and split a bitch down to the tendon
High pressure, if you don't break your ass bendin
I'm way past endin in my series of warnin
You flex with me tonight playa you dead by the mornin
(Woo!)

Bun Beater the best ever breathin or deceased
From the South to Midwest, Cali to the East
Got to any city nigga and bring my name up (all o'em!)
I bet I eat the best rapper they got in the game up
Call a nigga up, email him or chirp him
Make a meal out his motherfuckin ass and then burp
him
(DAYUM!) Don't fuck around I'm not your lil' homey
I'm the king of the underground so act like you know
me (Next up!!)

[Kool G. Rap]
Feel me...
Homie, we big steppin, big reppin
We givin kids Smith & Wesson's lessons, you get left
with a sketchin
Left with the Midwest, clique Texans (who dat?)
G. and Daddy Kane, the click Texas, (word) pop you to
death
I put private planes on swift Jetsons, niggaz know what
it is
when you see the ball cap and a slick Thessons (woo!)
(Aight) Til you strip vexing to a movie clip from the
Westerns
Shit from the Uzi clip lift up your midsection (Tell em G.
Rap)
He will introduce you to the nose on the Glock fam
Give you metal jackets like clothes from a rock band
(rock band!)
Multiple holes, you get those on your top, man
(AOOOW!)
High roller dose some hoes on the cock plan
Froze but never coldly rolls with a hot hand
We stackin cheese til the rubberbands pop scrams
And I ain't breakdancin when I'm in the pop stance
Bank pounds like James Brown give 'em +Hot Pants+
(Next up!!)

[Pimp C]
I make your gurl get down and open it up
Put my dick up in they jaws and go in they butt
I'm a young hot street flame (Flame)
They call me Sweet James, or call me Sir Jones
Two hundred dollar cologne
(Uh!) Board Nine, or Issey Miyaki
I got your gurl mine, meat strong like saki
I ain't Rocky but I keep her rockin
Fuck around I'll knock your tuna fish out of socket
Your bitch out of pocket, she under pimpery
She reckless eyeballin watchin my top fall in
on my Lambourghini with the quick scream

Fettucini, linguini, shrimp and a bowl of lean!
What you know about gettin cross country
Nigga your piece big but your diamond look monkey
You need to take that shit back
That ain't no emmy diamonds what the fuck you done
to that.....
Bitch what the fuck you done to that?!

[Outro: Marley Marl]

Now, damn somebody need to beat Jacob's ass over
that!!!!

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