

## Aaliyah

# "Up Jumps Da Boogie featuring Aaliyah and Missy"

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Intro:

[Aaliyah]

Give it up...

we gon' show, you how we party

(repeat 3X)

Verse 1:

[Magoo]

I fiend for all beats, like girls jump for dicks

Don't salt the next man, keep that Lindbergh shit

Up in the cut, like gay niggaz, in butt

I'm black wit indian, my race should be mutt

I cut with razor blades, play spades with Aunt Venus

E-valuate this rap, take heed a fuckin' genius

Up in the sky, up high, don't puff lye

Do you smoke crack Sam? Prepare to fuckin' die

Fuck Crazy Joe, my name is Crazy Flow

You thought I had eight, but I got ten mo'

Off beat and on beat, old school like Beat Street

I stink like pop's feet, make sweat wit no heat

Verse 2:

[Timbaland]

I'm up on this track, like Pam Grier in movies

I heats up the beat, like water in a jacuzzi

I fly to L.A., then come back to Virginia

Then call, Maganoo, to see if he's got some indo

Then back to the crib to pick up my brother, G

G don't forget, to bring the house keys

Hops in the eight, five-oh now here we go

Please please, brother don't slam my car do'

It costs too much money to get that shit fixed

I need all my money to pay my bills with

Don't have no time, for the shuckin and jivin

Peep my rhyme, cause that, shit's off-timin

Verse 3:

[Missy]

I'm in the Marriott, the place to get got

After I smoke pot, he sticks me like shots

Funky like farts, connect tongues like dots

Lick his lollipop, this kid named Scott  
Me my hot self, my self be so hot  
Touch my hot spot, I scream til I can't stop  
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh (what, what?)  
Give it to me daddy and  
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh (what, what?)  
Yup, yup like Teddy  
Teddy, ready with tha one two checka  
No Diggity, Missy be the bedroom wrecka  
Double decka, make you wanna beat your pecka  
And then leave your bitch, cause this uh! be better

Chorus:

[Aaliyah and everybody]

Give it up!

Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me (repeat 4X)

Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party...

Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me (repeat 2X)

Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party...

Verse 4:

[Magoo]

Prepare to get wet, like jerry curl juice

You tight like virgin pussy, my rap get you loose

I bump like ac-ne, take honey from a bee

My style is like a safe, without da fuckin key

I cum cause I'm a nut, don't bleed when I'm cut

No fan of Madonna, she just a damn slut

So sit you damn dog, and bow to my shit

Nit-wit you stupid, I'm butter don't need grits

Make fits like seizure, lick clit to please ya

I book then read ya, follow da leader

Like Jews and Chinese, I own your rap lease

The wackness must cease, prepare for yo' release

Verse 5:

[Timbaland]

I'm up in these labels tryin to, handle my business

Been makin more beats before, Jehovah had witness

Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me

Brother brother, please, turn on the TV

See a black man dead, from a white man's powder

See a white man scared, from a black man's power

Back to reality, please don't freakin smile at me

This is a stick-up, so give up yo' wallet please

Verse 6:

[Missy]

I'm the best, and that's B, and that's capital

I hang low like testicles, MC's wanna copy these many flows

Hoes, better back up, foe they get slapped up  
Pack up and go tell mommy, that I backed up you  
You you you, and your whole screw  
What, whatcha whatcha whatcha gon' do uhh, what  
whatcha gon' do  
To me, the M-I-double S-Y-E  
Wanna battle me, it's gonna be some tragedy

Chorus:

[Aaliyah and everybody]

Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party

Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me (repeat 4X)

(repeat all 2X)

Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party

(repeat to fade

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