

## Faithless

### "U Know What's Up"

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\* Not sure on Terror Squad members, please e-mail

[Xzibit]

X to the Z, huh, c'mon

I ain't the type that catches the most of your feelings  
Plus your sexual healing is very appealing, I'm ready  
and willing

Time to expose the handcuffs and lock you up  
You will find every desire when the X man touch  
She said she like them rough and I was right up her  
alley

Drop the top, hit the switch, bounce the trial  
Got it together, kind of women I keep 'em forever  
Here's a trip, how your skin tone is matching my leather  
Yeah, your friends player hate and said you can do  
better

You in love with a thug, saying you down with whatever  
You know what's up with the long braids and Hennesey  
breath

I love ya to death, relaxing with your head on my chest  
It's like

[Donell Jones] (Xzibit)

Ooh say what, say what, say what

(Yeah, say what, say what, say what)

Ooh girl you know what's up

(Yeah, girl you know what's up)

Ooh say what, say what, say what

(It's like, say what, say what, say what, bring it, yeah)

Ooh girl you know what's up

(Girl, you know what's up, c'mon)

[Donell Jones]

Hit the block with the system bumpin'

All the fly ladies start jockin'

Got the rims on the Benzo glossin'

While stopped on the road, we flossin'

That's the way that we flow

Smoked up with the tint down low

Cuz you and your girls wanna go

Pimp-house suite with me and some mo'

[?]

So, what's it gon' be? You gon' roll wit' me?  
C'mon, take a lil' trip down and blow wit' me  
I got a few chips, you could blow wit' me  
Oh, and I got a girl, shh, keep that on the low for me  
Yo, shorty, if you drive, I let you push the five  
We could take a ride, shit, it's nice outside  
I figure we could cruise, kick it and hit the spot  
Call Donell cuz he got mad pull at the Mariot, yeah

[Donell Jones]

Ooh say what, say what, say what  
Ooh girl you know what's up  
Ooh say what, say what, say what  
Ooh girl you know what's up

I'm checkin' out you and your ladies  
Twenty-ones on the drop top Mercedes  
You down the block lookin' faded  
Niggas be all talk but they just hate playin'  
I'm feelin' you cuz you look lovely  
Watchin' your body in the back, from the bubbly  
Checkin' down your neck real slow  
If you don't wanna tell, keep it on the low

[Pharoahe Monch]

It was all too prevalent  
The evidence was that she can't fuck you  
Miss you like she miss the rain, boo  
Black gange, you represent me like the girls with  
bangoos  
Sexually and mangling me from every angle, strangle  
me, hot shit  
Beat you the way dick tangle  
Oh, and when we, we let me untangle at the strangler  
Back off tour, rest assure  
Then we can get it on like dogs on all fours  
On the floor, say what?

[Donell Jones] (Pharoah Monch) {Cuban Link}

Ooh say what, say what, say what  
(Pharoah Monch in the house, you get out)  
Ooh girl you know what's up  
(Ladies, rub on your titties) {Cuban Link, what}  
Ooh say what, say what, say what  
(Pharoah Monch in the house, you get out) {Joey Crack,  
Terror Squad, baby}  
Ooh girl you know what's up  
(Ladies, rub on your titties)

[Fat Joe]

Yo, who that cat that rap the Bronx crazy?  
Fat motherfucker but still the broads chase me  
That never taste the pastry (Naw, my man lace me)  
But ask yourself what has he really done lately?  
See, I'm the type that take ya to new heights  
First-class flight to the Trinidad fights  
Ya ice be bling-blinging in all the pretty bright lights  
Front row, right besides where she see the fight

[Cuban Link]

Yo, you know what's up, I'm from the rugged to so  
pretty to fuck it  
Love it when honeys rub my stomach and play with my  
little puppet  
Ain't no kissing or hugging in public, bitches be buggin'  
I got it covered in shows, I give my hoes some Jim  
jugget  
I be clubbin' up in Jimmy's Cafe, just havin' fun  
If I ain't rubbin', I'm up in the VIP bookin' something  
With a gun in my waist just in case niggas be frontin'  
I'm just playin' it safe, these days I trust nuttin'  
That's what's up

[Donell Jones]

I got 'em all in head boys rockin'  
Second round and it no stoppin'  
Got it up with the Cristal poppin'  
Up and down with your body hoppin' baby  
Girl you know you got me buggin'  
Third round, it's about to get ugly  
She's puttin' on a show  
Talkin' no more, she's doin' a video

[?]

She said, "Whoa, say what, say what"  
Shush up then touch her from gut to butt  
Keep it hush, keep it, ?lick it up from trust?  
She loves this thrust, say what, say what  
Wanna kiss her, flip her, lick her  
With her shit's thicker, steppin' off my slippers  
Unzippin' my zippers quicker  
Penny-rate or the ripper  
Split up, skinny-dippin'  
Punanny, nanny, dun-daddah  
So what, you thicka nigga

[Donell Jones] (Cuban Link)

Ooh say what, say what, say what  
(Uh, baby, dime lo que quiere)  
Ooh girl you know what's up

(Yeah, dime que tu necesita)  
Ooh say what, say what, say what  
(Are you ready to get sweaty?)  
Ooh girl you know what's up  
(Yeah, cuz the rythm's gon' freak ya)

Ooh say what, say what, say what  
(Uh, baby, dime lo que quiere)  
Ooh girl you know what's up  
(Yeah, dime que tu necesita)  
Ooh say what, say what, say what  
(Are you ready to get sweaty?)  
Ooh girl you know what's up  
(Yeah, cuz the rythm's gon' freak ya)

Ooh say what, say what, say what  
(Terror Squad, baby)  
Ooh girl you know what's up  
Ooh say what, say what, say what

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