

## **Grand Daddy I.U. "The U Is Smooth"**

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### VERSE 1]

(Move em U) Ah yeah the U's in effect  
Live and direct I project my intellect  
I wrote another verse for imitators to copy cat  
You learn the words recitin's where you get sloppy at  
You can't kick it quite like the U can  
Any fan in the stand can tell whose rhymes you ran  
Man the words the same verses identical  
Wanna be down but you ain't been a cool  
Brother like the U so my knob you're slobbin  
31 flavors like Baskin & Robbin  
The U trains by drainin brains  
And the only remains is bloodstains  
Havoc and homicide, rappers are mumified  
You tried, but lost your pride, now you run and hide  
You're trapped in a maze, there's no escape route  
Guilty of theft, so you're left as a deaf-mute  
You floor at my feet, but when I step you're left there  
With tears in your eyes, but I don't care  
Nothin you can do, now you're down and desperate  
Next time you know I ain't the one to mess with  
So keep this in mind before you move  
Yo, the U is smooth

### [VERSE 2]

(Yo U, tell em how you're livin, gee)  
Sittin in my dressin room with a star on my door  
The crowd is waitin for the show to be raw  
News reporters is hawkin me, fans anticipatin  
It's almost show time, so keep waitin  
2 minutes left, now you're watchin the clock  
Countin every second to the last tic-toc  
Now the spotlight shines, the curtains go up  
And like a vulcano Daddy U will erupt  
I jitter-bop on stage and grab the mic with a tight grip  
I carry a tool for any fool who might flip  
Cause when I'm in effect pandemonium breaks loose  
You ask how I did it? I tell you it takes juice  
No other brother can touch the U, I'm too smooth  
And that's word to momma du'  
All raps I write is up to par  
I started out at the bottom, now I live like a star

I'm talkin flicks and autographs, saunas and bubble  
baths  
Producers and managers hawkin me like psychopaths

Everything is real, so bust a move  
And remember: the U is smooth

[VERSE 3]

(Yo, tell em what's up with your deejay, man)  
Kay's a doctor, his headphones a stethoscope  
Music's a medicine, scratch is so def it's dope  
You will agree, Kay Cee is nasty  
So check out the cut and knowledge how fast he  
Switched from one mix to the next  
On pace with the bass, all it takes is a flex  
And I pimp the microphone, this stage is like my throne  
So leave my rhymes alone, homes, and write your own  
I'm like Simon, so listen cause Simon says  
Commence dancin, and I'ma keep rhymin as  
Long as there's a beat, but if it stop I'll still go  
My brain's equipped with more volts than Willco  
So plug up the mic, if it works I'll work it  
And Kay'll kill the cut till the mixer short-circuit  
Cause everything's real, so bust a move  
And remember: the U is smooth

[VERSE 4]

(Yo U, kick the last verse, let's get outta here, man)  
Get ready, it's almost showtime  
And I'ma turn it out in no time  
So park your ride, maintain your stride  
Pay your 10 dollars to get inside  
You say it's too much, don't worry it's worth it  
No mistakes, everything is perfect  
A line around the corner, seven heads to a car means  
The crowd is packed in like sardines  
Security is tight for those who came to fight  
I'll jump on any chump who try to spoil my night  
Cause I got plans for girls on the dancefloor  
Niggas wanna know what I.U. stands for  
The I is for in there, U's for untouchable  
And the shit you pop is just a bunch of bull  
Everything is real, so bust a move  
And remember: the U is smooth

Yeah

Yo, I wanna say what's up to  
My man Money Mike Floyd  
My DJ Kay Cee  
My man E.R.P. Easy Rick The Player  
Vaughn, Biz, the man Doc

The whole Crown Heights  
And peace and love to my daughter Muffin  
We out

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