

Grand Puba "360 What Goes Around"

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Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
There's just one thing I wanna say
The reel to reel to reel to reel yo
There's just one thing I wanna say
Copy copy copy copy copy

There's just one thing I wanna say
We gonna hit it down like this, y'all know the flav
There's just one thing I wanna say
Uhh, Alamo, is you wit me?

What goes around comes back around again
Stud Doogie, is you wit me?
What goes around comes back around again
S.O.S., is you wit me?

What goes around comes back around again
Yo, this how we gon' bust it down, yo you know the
flavor
What goes around comes back around again
You know what time is it, check it yo, this how we flow

Here comes the Puba and you know I won't fake it
Usually bust records on gettin' butt naked
Made for the Benzi, drive a nigga skins he
Pump the tape, grab your dick, get with the Puba frenzy

C'mon honey sing, don't you, try to eject
Slow down's what you say, once my joint gets erect
Some try to copy but they just can't sketch it
Some try to follow but they just can't catch it

With the boom boom tap, yeah alla dat
Huh, I'm livin' fat, me fall off, there'll be none of that
See who's the one to flip it? Quick to tell a nigga to zip it
Stud drink the 40 'cause we ain't got time to sip it

Grand Puba got body
Kick some of them, some of those, and some yardies
As dope as they come, suckers sing or hum
Don't try to step to this, you know your shit is slum

First batter up well here's the pitch, it's a curve
Second batter up because the first got served
The one who arouse, as I browse for a blouse
Kick styles by the piles, as I leave a trail for miles

Skins when I please, hit from here to Tel Aviv
I'm gettin G's, no more time for the line of free cheese
Here's the four one one hon, the one who gets the job
done
I know you know the flavor of the Puba

What goes around comes back around again
Yeah yeah yeah yeah, na-nah nah nah nah, this how we
bump it yo
What goes around comes back around again
Yaknahmsayin'? Big Jeff in the house, we gon' move it
like this

What goes around comes back around again
Ha hah, Baby pop, baby pop in the house, bust how we
bust it down
What goes around comes back around again
Y'all you know the flavor, sincere Allah, check check
check check

Okay okay okay, what more could I say?
Alamo get the boom and parlay parlay
I'm far from the average, civilize the savage
When I'm low on protein I'm with the bean soup and
cabbage

Skins on the diet, kick the flavor, cause a riot
Do a show and get the dough and then I'm off to the
Hyatt
So tie me on the spliff, ain't no ands or if
And if you really wanna riff you just might end up
playin' stiff

Girbauds hangin' baggy, Hilfiger on the top
Knapsack on the back, that's just my flavor Hobbes
As my man gives a zigga zigga, watchin' three grow
bigga bigga
The Pos K, that's my nigga

Here goes the wreck, whaddayou expect?
If you wanna see some wreck, send cash, not a check
Grand Puba, more than a public figure
Quick to kick the bone up the butt of a gold digger

Now tic-tac-toe means I hit three in a row
If I do a show then you better have my dough

Low, low, well how low can you go?
Call on Grand Puba if you really need a pro

'Cause my shit's more rugged than G.I. Joe
Don't front honey, act like you know
Now big up to my Brooklyn mob
(Brooklyn, Brooklyn)
Big up to my Uptown mob
(Uptown uptown)

Now brothers wanna diss me 'cause it's my turn to burn
My best advice for the brothers is to sit back and learn
I don't diss nobody to be somebody
I just like to kick the flavor to make the people party

See all I'm sayin', is respect due
Those who tried to follow, sorry I left you
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie and Alamo
So if you ever want the flavor you know where to go
Now how we go go go
Yeah, ha ha ha

The reel to reel, yeah yeah yeah, this is how we move it
You know the flavor, y'all know the flavor, you know the
flavor
Here we go yo, and you don't stop
(Big up to all the people)
Big up, big up
(Here we go)

Big Jeff hold tight, ha hah, ha hah
On and on y'all
Time to get gone
Word is bond

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