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Grand Puba "Lickshot"

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Alright y'all I want y'all to put your hands together And to bring on a brother That's bound to lay more dips in your hips More gliiiiide in your stride And if you don't dig what's next You got the wrong damn address

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

Bo! Lickshot for the blood claat Talkin that what not, Puba come and hit on the right spot

Rhyme teller for the ladies and the fellas And I only kick the flavor for my fellow ghetto dwellers No rock'n'roll, it's just soul Ain't nuttin changed, I still like to hit the hole With my pole, smoke a stog' and then I roll And when my corn hurts I wear a Dr. Scholl I make beats, then I hit sheets Then I build with the Gods to get the addicts off the

nod

Grand Puba, and I drop a album yearly And I'm very nearly really come to droppin shit like daily

My knowledge is bond, so you brothers better move on You brought your wack style, come play the horn Grand Puba Maxwell, not on the Hollywood tip Here comes a brother more than, 2 Legit to Quit I'm not sleazy but I like it nice and easy Ain't nuttin changed, I still wear my hair peasy I like to dig it, that's how we done done dug it I tend to work for all the ones who like to wig it

I got a story I want to tell you, I like to tell it like it is

Second time around

Check, I get boom service just like room service
And when I jump upon a stage I'm not a bit nervous
I kick the reel to rell, I never been to jail
Oops maybe one time but I had a good time
I keep my pants saggin, I'm never lolligaggin
Niggaz try to copy this they on the bandwagon
I shake my thing I do I pull a hamstring and then I call a old fling
Gotta Spike her and tell her, Do the Right Thing
Ron Studda do the rap, Alamo'll do the overdub

Ron Studda do the rap, Alamo'll do the overdub
'Fore we hit these 40's G, we gotta get some grub
Grand Puba, Let me take a breather
Get you hot like a fever, you'll be slammin even
So don't bother, it's the new Godfather
Tell your godson that Grand Puba is the one

Way back in, history, the Prodigal Son Was a, wealthy man Way back in, history, the Prodigal Son Was a, wealthy man

Sing it baby, ha ha ha, bust it

No more skid row, can't get a show

Time to kick a new flow, and make the dough y'know?

I'm a Pisces I like to drink iced teas

I'm a Reese's with all the pieces

Or the Alomnd with the Joy, ten years from a boy

When I work out Puba go see Roy's

Next to thirty three, where Stud lives

You won't catch the Puba doin nothin negative

Now honey don't like me cause I won't dance like

Hammer

Honey ask Hammer, can he speak Puba's grammar? I can shake a leg if I want to, but I don't want to Cause that's what my dancers do Now I give the next man his props But when it comes to micraphones, c'mon, give me mine Hobbes

I won't diss the next brother to be great that's not my trade

But every brother, ain't a brother, word to the mother Or praises to the father, you wanna try to see this Don't even bother

Grand Puba, for those who came late You try to step to this, then I'll end up-state Word is bond, let's move on and on and on Here we go, here we go, here we go Big up to my Now Rule brothers All the cool ones, not the fool ones
And we gon' move it like this for the year ninety-two
Big up to my man, Positive K
Big up to my cousin Jeff
And allatha and allathat
This is how we gon' move this yo, word is bond
S.D., in the house
Definitely pumpin the shit like this
And this is how we gon' do it yo
Knowledge Knowledge
Uhh

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