

## Grand Puba "Understand This"

Visit "[Understand This](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh.. uh.. (yeah)  
It's on.. it's on.. (uh-huh)  
It's on.. it's on.. (it's on)  
It's on.. it's on.. (uh)

[Chorus: Female + (Puba)]  
Let's get it crackin (That's that shit)  
We get it poppin (All night long)  
Tell me whatcha waitin on (Shake that shit)  
No need for hatin on (On our shit)  
We keeps it raw (Yeah)  
And that's for sho' (Fo' sho')  
Get it on the floor (Uh-huh)  
Whatchu waitin for? (Uh)  
Understand this right now (Understand this)  
Understand this right now (Understand this)

[Grand Puba]  
Now for those who don't know me, or those who forgot  
Guess who came back to blow the God-damn spot  
(Puba knows, ?? knows)  
If you back that thang up on me watch it grow  
This is for you haters who doubt me  
For you ladies who be thinkin about me  
Who can't (Be without me, pee without me)  
Style inventor, make ya party hot when I enter  
Five percent of the one who vibin for a Riker  
Summer, winter - flowin since the days of the center  
If I, bent her, slid up in the skin like a splinter  
The flamethrower lock it down like a boa  
If she's anything less than a dime, I don't know her  
Make ya system rattle like a whole herd of cattle  
Unseen wolves stay prepared for the battle  
I still can't swallow what they done to dude Diallo  
I guess I be a legend cuz I smashed the Apollo

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]  
I'm the always complimented, never compensated  
Rich think I'm poor and the poor think I made it  
I'm underrated, complicated

So highly advanced, from now on when I write rhymes  
I got a post date to seven years ago

I made that album Two Thou  
It's 2002 so I'm seven years from now  
Back from another planet, where everything be organic  
Where the ugly chicks be lookin like Janet  
So hold that (hold that) I went from skinny to fat  
Now I'm back to "all that" liftin three off the mat  
Well God-damn! This shit stank on fire like a gas tank  
Let's work it out like Billy Blanks  
The hot shit to keep the E light from flashin off the  
pocket  
Rotisserize them chickenheads like I'm Boston Market  
We spark shit, make it hot as hot can get  
Forever dawg it don't quit

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]  
Let me see that... I.D., so I can verify that age  
Ain't tryna have po-po come and snatch me off the  
stage  
I move faster than a New York minute  
First grade the first time I got suspended  
The first time I rubbed her ass, the class winked and  
hid it  
Used to cruise the projects in my toy car tinted  
with the next-door neighbor daughter in it  
Now I'm movin asses for a livin  
For you haters, forgive and forget  
It ain't no givings I'm that rafter, knowledge power  
My dawgs understand the culture, but hold on lemme  
translate that  
Knowledge power, that's fifteen  
Understandin culture's number thirty-four  
Big Oak that's my dawg, better yet my handle's like  
Kobe's  
But in Dolby, sip on Sobe while I politic and business  
with Gishobi and ya don't quit  
Grand Pub' from Problem House  
show me love if you like the way I {\*hauch\* \*skirt\*}

[Chorus] - 2X

Chorus 3rd time w/ fade out halfway

Visit [Grand Puba](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.