

Grand Puba "Up & Down"

Visit "[Up & Down](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Grand Puba]

One one

Two..two, one two

Yeah..

[Verse 1]

Right now, Grand Puba 'bout to blow this mic out

Got'cha movin like roaches with the lights out

Finger-lickin like chicken in a dyke's house

Don't stop, get it poppin like Redenbacher

Move more feet than Koreans in a nail shop

Keep it ghetto like Bodega's after twelve o'clock

Shorty shakin like a chick up in the booty spot

That's what's up, can't you smell what the Pub-ah
cookin

Got a girl with a wife on his side and still lookin

You know my style is +Always+ like Coca-Cola

I flip out like Skytel-Motorola

In two-thou, my new Benz is ridin solar

And my seed got a V8 in the stroller

You know the 4-1-1, see it's time to make the paper pile

Ain't no need to act funny style

[Hook]

Ain't no need to stop (Uh)

Puba 'bout to drop (Yeah)

Get that ass (What?) Out on that floor (Uh-huh)

Know we keep it hot (Yeah)

Give it all ya got (Uh)

Move it up and down like a Chevy 6-4 (Yeah)

You know how it's going down

Grand Puba is back in town

Baby ain't no time to climb

Go up and down and up and down

[Verse 2]

Now you may ask yourself who the hell I be

Some consider me, a legend emcee

Who never wear platinum or wore less gold

I been makin y'all move since I was nineteen years old

Listen I've been ballin in this game a long time
Been through more counties than the Greyhound line
Grand Puba, Brand Nub' affiliate
Twelfth birthday I got my first Big Willy pit
Mad love for the game ever since I was a youth
Used to set up my equipment on the project roof
Two turntables, microphone, and some vinyls
Now I bounce through town in a smoked out rider
Let's get it crackin if ya know how it's goin down
Don't stop, get it get it, shake ya body to the ground
Grand Puba gettin all up in that skull
Shine so hard I make ice look dull

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Grand Puba still settin new trends (Mm-hmm)
Still runnin with the Nubians (Mm-hmm)
Still in the Range when I'm not in the Benz (Mm-hmm)
You don't know, ya better ask your friends (Mm-hmm)
Who wants to be a millionaire?
Buy a mansion next door to the Beck's in Bel-Air
and chip paper like he don't care
Buy all the shit that you want and need
In the Y2K I'm like the gameshow Greed

[Hook]

{music to fade}

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