

Jermaine Dupri

"Yeah Yeah U Know It"

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[Keith Murray]

Just blaze, you son-of-a-gun

{"Uh-huh, uh-huh" - repeat 13X over chorus}
Yeah yeah you know it, ain't scared to show it

[Chorus]

we do dis' like we want to and don't give fuck
Yeah yeah you know it, ain't scared to show it

[Verse 1: Keith Murray]

Lights, camera, action you're on
"Excuse me Murray, but your ah ah ah on"
I spit the (ha ha ha ha ha) word bond
cuz cats out here dont be sayin' jack bone
I get raw and explicit when I spit it on the mic
Old folks say, "That boy need the lord in his life"
Nigga, think you can phase me???
but nigga, you must be crazy!!!
It go "EstÁ loco, dame un beso"
Dominican girls, them call us negro
I keep a short pony, short camel toe
the reason why man, I dont know
no matter where I go, here I go, there I go I'm proper
And keep shit poppin like Orville Redenbacher
More freaky-deaky wit' the speechy
I stay off the meat rag B (exactly)

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Verse 2: Erick Sermon]

Seromon, bless a flow you know Hod sent me
Time is money, and my time cost like a Bentley
I'm dope (oh yeah you know it)
got a infared beam (ain't scared to show it)
Peep it, check my movement this here feel rite
(how???)
Check his cap make sure his pill rite (boy)
You a fake thug wit' a deal
The only gang you represent is sugar Hill
You cats is kittens boy drink this milk

Put down that Hennessy son ya killin' me
Dub, I snatch the corn from the children
stashed it in ya homeboy's buildin'
(Stop he's killin' him somebody call the cops!!!)
Yeah call 911, and watch no one come
That's to show how nice I am
The fifth group Russell signed to Def Jam

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Verse 3: Redman]

Im the bed I'm the marathon man, redman
Hittin' more walls than aerosol cans, don't I???
(Yeah Yeah you know it)
And when I fuck?? (Ain't scared to show it)
And when the Brick's outta control, barricade the city
There's an outbreak in ya outta state committee
You seen it (yeah yeah you know it)
And if you got it?? (Ain't scared to show it)
You want the bad guy - here I am
I got them hoes on gilla-cam
Throwin' the drawers in the ceilin' fan
You as small as a kilogram
I'm a airplane ridin' over colombia, ya middle man
I'm the boss Doc-ta Binaca
Shut up all the gossip, bring the rasta
I whoop ass like Ike Turner any day
When I stomp Mc's out I yell "Annie Mae??"
Whether I'm hot or not, pidgeons gon' flock
They gon' get that wig done fa' diggin' on Doc
Find me 'round the aisle in frozen food
Because I am so cool, cool, cool, cool

Whores, whores, whores, whores
hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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