

## Los Fabulosos Cadillacs

### "Grand Groove"

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Yeah  
Check it out

Let's just sit back  
And thik about all your peoples that passed away  
All my peoples that passed away  
All my peoples  
All my peoples that passed away

Just another one of them type of things  
To your peoples

Check it out  
Check it out  
Let me lock down and get into this

I gets funky like a monkey that ain't washed in years  
My poetical punch puts me above my peers  
I'm a hood who's good, many say I'm intelligent  
Ultimate imperial, lyrical of benevolence  
In '86 I was the Ebony Prince  
Movin on, for '92 I make a big difference  
Slash your rope and take your soul and change you into  
a queen  
I'm the king in this here thing and now I'm rippin the  
scene  
No delayin in my sayin, cause playin is for little kids  
But when I'm stressed, I go relax inside my pyramid  
I write raps, precious like artifacts  
Cause I'm a cool cat tryin to get real fat  
What's in my name, but the style is a description  
Because my skills date back to the Egyptians  
Cream of the Earth, and I was first to swim the Nile  
And I was chosen at birth to be a star child  
Rap vernacular and lyrical conceiver  
Nubian lover who never caught the jungle fever  
Reflect and inject in your brain, so you won't forget it  
I grab the mic and save the party like a paramedic  
The instrumental leads the way to my mentality  
Life is a tragedy, but hey, it's just reality  
I fell asleep, but then I woke up quick on the double

Peace to Trouble, yo baby, you know I love you  
Dancin on the clouds with your golden mic  
While I'm livin on this Earth I'm gonna keep the fight  
[Name], don't cry, she didn't die, she just took the trip  
So all you drug dealin niggas better get a grip  
I treat girls like Nikes and I love to sport em  
My brain blooms like a flower in the month of autumn  
Autumn is fall, pardon me, I meant to say spring  
So here's some cash, buy a new mic, I'ma rep this thing  
Sneak to the jams into the parks until my mother called  
me  
Droppin the skills on the mic my dead father taught me  
Intelligent, but you know the Hoodlum stays behind me  
And when you need me, Mrs. [Name] you know where  
to find me  
The heat is on, word is bond, and it's gettin higher  
I dedicate this to [Name] and [Name] [Last Name]  
Bustin my brain, designin raps really paid off  
Rough or smooth, I never felt the need to get soft  
So now I flex this, young and I'm wreckless  
A revolutionist, far from a sexist  
But yet still a lotta ladies wanna sex  
The god in the flesh, whatever I possess  
I grab the microphone, and intellect will manifest

Yeah  
Check it out  
Just one of them type of things  
That you just sit back  
And think aobut all your peoples that passed away  
All my peoples that passed away  
All my peoples  
All my peoples that passed away  
All my peoples that's passed away  
My man [Name], bust a move  
We love you, [Name], bust a move  
My man [Name], bust a move  
We love you, [Name], bust a move  
Grand Groove, bust a move  
We love you, Grand Groove

You know what I'm sayin?  
One of them type of things  
We dedicate to the peoples

To all my peoples that passed away  
To all my peoples that passed away  
We love you to this day  
All my peoples, that's the way  
And that's the way

Check it out, bust a move  
Grand Groove, bust a move  
We love you, Grand Groove, bust a move

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