

## Curtis Stigers

### "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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