

# Timbaland

## "Up Jumps Da' Boogie"

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Give it up, we gon' show, you how we party  
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I fiend for all beats like girls jump for dicks  
Don't salt the next man keep that Lindbergh shit  
Up in the cut like gay niggaz, in butt  
I'm black wit Indian, my race should be mutt

I cut with razor blades, play spades with Aunt Venus  
Evaluate this rap, take heed a fuckin' genius  
Up in the sky, up high, don't puff lye  
Do you smoke crack Sam? Prepare to fuckin' die

Fuck Crazy Joe, my name is Crazy Flow  
You thought I had eight, but I got ten mo'  
Off beat and on beat, old school like Beat Street  
I stink like pop's feet, make sweat wit no heat

I'm up on this track, like Pam Grier in movies  
I heats up the beat, like water in a jacuzzi  
I fly to L.A., then come back to Virginia  
Then call, Maganoo, to see if he's got some indo

Then back to the crib to pick up my brother, G  
G don't forget, to bring the house keys  
Hops in the eight, five-oh now here we go  
Please please, brother don't slam my car do'

It costs too much money to get that shit fixed

I need all my money to pay my bills with  
Don't have no time, for the shuckin' and jivin'  
Peep my rhyme 'cause that, shit's off-timin'

I'm in the Marriott, the place to get got  
After I smoke pot, he sticks me like shots  
Funky like farts, connect tongues like dots  
Lick his lollipop, this kid named Scott

Me, my hot self, myself be so hot  
Touch my hot spot, I scream 'til I can't stop  
Uhh, give it to me daddy and  
(What, what?)  
Uhh, yup, yup like Teddy  
(What, what?)

Teddy, ready with tha one two checka  
No Diggity, Missy be the bedroom wrecka  
Double decka, make you wanna beat your pecka  
And then leave your bitch 'cause this uhh, be better

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Prepare to get wet like Jheri Curl juice  
You tight like virgin pussy, my rap get you loose  
I bump like acne, take honey from a bee  
My style is like a safe, without da fuckin' key

I come 'cause I'm a nut, don't bleed when I'm cut  
No fan of Madonna, she just a damn slut  
So sit you damn dog and bow to my shit  
Nit-wit you stupid, I'm butter don't need grits

Make fits like seizure, lick clit to please ya  
I book then read ya, follow da leader  
Like Jews and Chinese, I own your rap lease  
The wackness must cease, prepare for yo' release

I'm up in these labels tryin' to handle my business  
Been makin' more beats before Jehovah had witness  
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me  
Brother brother, please, turn on the TV

See a black man dead from a white man's powder  
See a white man scared from a black man's power  
Back to reality, please don't freakin' smile at me  
This is a stick-up, so give up yo' wallet please

I'm the best, and that's B, and that's capital  
I hang low like testicles, MC's wanna copy these many  
flows  
Hoes, better back up, foe they get slapped up  
Pack up and go tell mommy, that I backed up you

You you you, and your whole screw  
What, whatcha whatcha whatcha gon' do uhh  
What whatcha gon' do to me, the M I double S Y E  
Wanna battle me, it's gonna be some tragedy

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