

# UGK

## "Next Up"

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[Intro: Marley Marl]

Gawd-DAYUM! I don't know what y'all been thinkin bout  
But I think this right here is about to shut dem damn  
haters down!

[Big Daddy Kane:]

I'm from the streets that make niggaz walk slow talk  
low  
With white chalk-o, mi casa be siete uno ocho  
Brooklyn motherfucker, handle this - pardon my  
Spanish and French (Brooklyn baby!)  
Okay, I stay clever like Mayweather with lay leather  
'til your face sever, one of the greatest ever  
Beyond ringing bells, my name's so demanding  
Shit! - I got the swagger that'll leave Dakota "Fanning"  
(That boy still standing!)  
I hope you niggaz over standing; I stay sucker-free  
The next kaing of in the game, you ain't got enough to  
be  
Your career last a week, that'll be luckily  
Fuck with me, the rap game'll need protective custody  
(AHH!) I'm the same thug to be, surrounded with  
women  
Gave the game "True Religion" before you found it in  
denim  
Feel the, "Wrath of Kane, " and you could not escape  
The hip-hop version of "The Ring" and you just watched  
the tape (Next up!)

[Bun B.:]

And keep your eyes on the niggas in Ward  
Triple black in the candy painted car is the color of  
board  
Me or my brother on pall with n'am nigga  
We Trill workin the wheel, understand nigga?  
(UNDERSTAND?)  
I smother and split a bitch down to the tendon  
High pressure, if you don't break your ass bendin  
I'm way past endin in my series of warnin  
You flex with me tonight playa you dead by the mornin  
(Woo!)  
Bun Beater the best ever breathin or deceased

From the South to Midwest, Cali to the East  
Got to any city nigga and bring my name up (all o'em!)  
I bet I eat the best rapper they got in the game up  
Call a nigga up, email him or chirp him  
Make a meal out his motherfuckin ass and then burp  
him  
(DAYUM!) Don't fuck around I'm not your lil' homey  
I'm the king of the underground so act like you know  
me (Next up!)

[Kool G. Rap:]

Feel me...

Homie, we big steppin, big reppin  
We givin kids Smith & Wesson's lessons, you get left  
with a sketchin  
Left with the Midwest, clique Texans (who dat?)  
G. and Daddy Kane, the click Texas, (word) pop you to  
death  
I put private planes on swift Jetsons, niggaz know what  
it is  
When you see the ball cap and a slick Thessons (woo!)  
(Aight) Til you strip vexing to a movie clip from the  
Westerns  
Shit from the Uzi clip lift up your midsection (Tell em G.  
Rap)  
He will introduce you to the nose on the Glock fam  
Give you metal jackets like clothes from a rock band  
(rock band!)  
Multiple holes, you get those on your top, man  
(AOOOW!)  
High roller dose some hoes on the cock plan  
Froze but never coldly rolls with a hot hand  
We stackin cheese til the rubberbands pop screams  
And I ain't breakdancin when I'm in the pop stance  
Bank pounds like James Brown give 'em "Hot Pants"  
(Next up!)

[Pimp C:]

I make your girl get down and open it up  
Put my dick up in they jaws and go in they butt  
I'm a young hot street flame (Flame)  
They call me Sweet James, or call me Sir Jones  
Two hundred dollar cologne  
(Uh!) Board Nine, or Issey Miyaki  
I got your girl mine, meat strong like saki  
I ain't Rocky but I keep her rockin  
Fuck around I'll knock your tuna fish out of socket  
Your bitch out of pocket, she under pimpery  
She reckless eyeballin watchin my top fall in  
On my Lambourghini with the quick scream  
Fettucini, linguini, shrimp and a bowl of lean!

What you know about gettin cross country  
Nigga your piece big but your diamond look monkey  
You need to take that shit back  
That ain't no emmy diamonds what the fuck you done  
to that..  
Bitch what the fuck you done to that? !

[Outro: Marley Marl]

Now, damn somebody need to beat Jacob's ass over  
that!

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