

Dr. Dre F/ Defari, Xzibit, Knoc-Turn'al, Time Bomb

"You & You & You"

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Intro/Chorus:

You and you and you, clap your hands
I want, you and you and you to clap your hands, I want
You and you and you, clap your hands
I want, you and you and you to clap your hands

Verse One: June Lover

Make a hole, niggaz up, comin through blastin
Who's reactin, I would like to know, where's the action?
Can I get a piece? If so point me out
To your livest MC, without a doubt
Hey I gets down for mine haven't you heard
Breakin niggaz off somethin real proper word
You can't see me, and as I appeared on the TV
Representin Stapleton's click known as GP
I'm bad news, rippin clowns in twos
Take a minute to adjust, pump the Reebok shoes
And I'm Swayze, leavin niggaz misty and hazy
Fuckin like a mad Russian from here to Haiti
Ladies, I keeps em locked down like bikes
Game uptight like a boricua in some bikers
Shorts I take none that's word to my mother
Reputations, really makes people wonder
Can I take em, shake em, one time
But I won't lose composure, freeze when I froze ya
Thirty-two below just-ice sacrifice
to the Gods of rap, true indeed infact
You couldn't handle, acrid pain of insane
thoughts of seven and a half ounces of brain
Wisdom gained nuff respect due to the righteous
Who be building in the ciphers, clap your motherfuckin
hands

Chorus

Verse Two: Sadat X

I got the soul of James, with the flames on the horn
I'm at Carnegie Hall, with a fist full of dollars

The heavy man sings while the caged bird hollers
From, lyrics to birds, guerilla tactics like the Serbs
The kid wanna be at the bar with the big boys
I'll serve that ass a glass, this should be a blast
I rhyme real fast, but I can still reach the mass
Oh you got some heads with that lime green grass?
Put it in the air, in war everything is fair
And violent off the hoarse, you don't file for divorce
On the grounds that I left a pound around in your crown
Now Rule rip, but also Boogie Down
I be the man on the stage like the man on the wax
The blue collar MC with the blue collar job
Walk around on the streets with my blue collar mob
Train wrecks couldn't cause more damage than a
runaway X
Two-one-five line is up in your behind
I rock from one-oh-six, all the way to one-ten
Black puerto rican and dominican
I came to rock for all my people and my uptown fans,
c'mon

Chorus

Verse Three: Redman

I endeavor, clever, Funk Doctor brings the storm
weather
you ready or not it's time to set shop up
Lock up your doors while my metaphors make your
glock pop up
Chief unique Rocka, bitch knocka
Fuckin up the place with unseen extremes
Disaster that Freddy couldn't possibly imagine
Beatin down beats like BeatNuts bruise crews
Damage your conscience, totally fuckin your sleep up
I need that OJ Juice in my system
That make us income, of the victims
Freaky deaky, blow your Platoon to Twins with
Dangerous Minds
I'm the expert mic cord strangless
Bang the head like a car wreck collision
My reefer, thick like boricuas, I love hittin
The submission, go through thirty packs of rubbers
Frankie Cutlass, use the cutters, fuck ya
Demolish, leave most MC's jobless
Boxin, apple cobblers, at Roy Rogers
I make it happen, freeze Alaskans, with my
armaggedeon
Plus make Martin, get to steppin
What cha wanna do when I'm comin for you
Run through your fuckin crew like the flu, check it

Chorus

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