

Intelligent Hoodlum

"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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