

Timbaland & Magoo "Up Jumps The Boogie"

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Keep it up
We gone show you how we party
[Timberland] Up jumps the boogie (repeat 3X)
(repeat 4X)

Verse One: Magoo

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 niggas in butt
I'm black with Indian, my race should be mut
I cut wit razorblades play spades wit Aunt Venus
Evaluate this rap take heed a fuckin genius
Up in tha sky, up high, don't puff lie
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

Verse Two: Timberland

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 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-o 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, cut that shit's off timin

Verse Three: Missy

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, my self be so hot

Touch my hot spot, I scream till I can't stop
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh (What, what?)
Give it to me daddy and
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh (What, what?)
Yup, yup like Teddy
Teddy ready with tha one two checka
No diggity, Missy be tha bedroom recka
Double decka, make you wanna beat your pecka
And then leave yo bitch, cuz this uhhhh be betta

Chorus: everybody

Keep it up
Up jumps the boogie the boogie jumps the beat
Up jumps the boogie the boogie jumps the beat
(repeat 3X)
We gone show you how we party
(repeat 2X)

Verse Four: Magoo

Prepare to get wet like Jheri curl juice
You tight like virgin pussy, my rap get you loose
I bump like ac-ne, take honey from a bee
My style is like a safe, without the fuckin key
I cum cuz 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
Nitwit you stupid, I'm butter don't need grits
Make fits like seizure, lick clit to please ya
I book then read ya, follow the leader
Like Jews n' Chinese, I own your rap lease
The wackness must cease, prepare for yo' release

Verse Five: Timberland

I'm up in these labels tryin to handle my business
Been makin more beats before Jehovah had witness
Up jumps da boogie da 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

Verse Six: Missy

I'm tha best and that's B that's capital
I hang on like testicles
MC's wanna copy these many flows, hoe, betta back up
'Fo they get slapped up, pack up and go tell mommy

that I backed up you, you you you you and yo whole
crew
What whatcha whatcha whatcha gone do
Uhhhhhhhh what whatcha gone do, to me
The M-I-double wanna battle me it's gone be some
tragedy

Chorus: repeat until fade

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