

Magoo and Timbaland

"Up Jumps Da' Boogie"

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featuring Missy

Give it up... we gon' show you how we party
[Timbaland (whispering)] Up jumps da boogie (repeat
3X)
(repeat all 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 niggaz in butt
I'm black wit indian my race should be mutt
I cut with razor blades play spades with Aunt Venus
E-valueate 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

Verse Two: Timbaland

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

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 til 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 the bedroom wrecka
Double decka, make you wanna beat your pecka
And then leave your bitch, cause this uhhh! be better

Chorus: everybody

Give it up!
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me (repeat 4X)
Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me (repeat 2X)
Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party

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 da fuckin key
I cum 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

Verse Five: Timbaland

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

Verse Six: Missy

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

Chorus: everybody

Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me (repeat 4X)
(repeat all 2X)

Give it up! We gon' show, you how we party
(repeat to fade)

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