

Magoo and Timbaland

"Up Jumps Da Boogie Remix"

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featuring Missy

Da boogie da boogie da boogie da boogie

Like dat

Up Jumps

Da boogie da boogie da boogie da boogie

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Like dat

Up Jumps

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Like dat

Up Jumps

Verse 1: Magoo

Mag and double ooh came to move your body

M C old school like Lodi Dodi

When you hear Up Jumps Da Boogie

Dance till you can't and shake your cookie

People to the left like Mag to def

People to the right need to clean your breath

Bigger than my butt, pulled out some cheese

We the best on the scene since the three degrees

Aachoo sneeze

Cool like the breeze

Me and Timbaland two Master P's

I hope you bout it

Cause I been bout it

South on the rise, V-8 bout it bout it (uuuh)

Driven in my '89 Mercury

Record label don't you try to carry me

Got some of that project in me

Get dem flashback, you besta all flee

Verse 2: Timbaland

I'm the dope producer in the industry

I'm tired of producers bitin' on my beats

Baby, thats cool, I ain't got no beef

But you must pay me producers fee

I am the man with the ill ass sound

I got all the execs saying I love that sound

Timbaland was next on the agenda

A house, some stocks, three zorts for the winter

Don't y'all sappy fools get mad at me

Because I became a millionaire in a year times G

I thank god for blessing me

I give all my thanks to the all mighty

Now I'm just chillin in my house in Rohb beach

Now it's time to catch a plane to N-Y-C

This is the remix to Up Jumps Da Boogie

Boogie, woogie, woogie

Oogie, oogie, oogie

Verse 3: Missy

M-C's mad at me

But you better get back

I'm bout to ratta-tat-tat

Tiggy-tigga-tat

Lay me flat on my back

In fact, I interact and make the track turn phat

You heard that

Have it, give it to me daddy

Cut it like confetti

I know y'all said mother uuh wasn't ready

You back in the studio, yeah I got you sweatin

Timbaland my man, chica my man

Beep beep

In the caravan, there go my man

Magoo, what you got plans for pullin down your pants?

So Magoo know dat, why you trippin like dat?

Is it pissed

I make a list, of those who diss

Who try to be me cause my style sickening

He-huh

Yeah and my phone's ringing

Bdadadrrrrrrrrrr..mmmm

Gone

Chorus:

Up jumps da boogie

Boogie jumps me (say what?)

Up jumps da boogie

Boogie jumps me (say what?)

Up jumps da boogie

Boogie jumps me (say what?)

Up jumps da boogie

Boogie jumps me (say what?)

Verse 4: Magoo

Verse number two

Two verse rhyme

When I get greens, I gets a dime

Peace to god, my neice, to Mario

Y'all don't know nuthin bout Jamarion

Huckle Berry Finn

I'm country and I'm thin

They make rock eat and buy my black Benz

Hook it up with tens with candy coat

Me and Cheech and Chong rope, but still smoke

Smell like butter

Salt n' Pepa push me

How to be a player squeezin on your tushy

Mag in a row of all wannabee's

When Wimbledon drank all the teas

Eating Rice-A-Roni with Toni Toni Tone

Keep Cindy Crawford, to me she's to boney

See another Rain, unless you know Missy

Clown suit on so don't you dare diss me

Verse 5: Timbaland

Now I'm gonna make my rap only eight bar

On this track Maganoo's the star

One of my favorite rapper's Nas Escobar

I listen to his tape driving in my car

Now let me get back into the groove

Tap the person standing next to you

Tell him or she to move side to side

And tell them to keep the party live to live

Verse 6: Missy

Up jumps da boogie

Boogie jumps me

Got to move my knees straight down to my feet

Down to my hands, clap, clap

Tell me where the party at? Where we boogie at?

Up jumps da boogie

Boogie my flow

Yo-ziggy-yo Timbaland here we go

Y'all to slow to make this kinda doe

Shoot you don't know, shoot you don't know

Chorus

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