

Magoo and Timbaland

"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 feel for all beats like girls jump for tricks

Don't sult the next man, keep that Lindberg hit

Up in the cut, like barbers in hair cut

I'm black with Indian, my race should be mut

I cut wit razorblades play spades wit unvenus

A value with this rap take heed a freakin genius

Up in tha sky, up high, don't puff lie

Do you smoke crack Sam prepare you gonna die

Bump 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 jeep, five-o now here we go

Please, please brother don't slam my car doe

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 ass off timin

Verse Three: Missy

I'm in the Marriott, the place to get dot

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 be ?

And then leave yo ass, 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 short can't reach the top, I might give you a boost

I bump like acne, take honey from a bee

My style is like a safe, I swallowed the master key

I gas, cause I'ma fart, don't paint, but make art

Like black and white people, I'm splittin rap apart

So sit you bleadin dog and bow to my hit

Nitwit you stupid, I'm butter don't need grit

Make fits like seizure, my knowledge feeds a

study then read a, follow the leader

Like ? 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 the beat

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 me and I'm capital

I hang on like testicles

MC's wanna copy these many flows, nigga, betta back
up

Foe you get slapped up, back up and go tell mommy

that I backed up you, you you you you and yo whole
crew

What whatcha whatcha gone do

Uhhhhhhhh what whatcha gone do, to me

The M-I-double S-Y-E

Run it back to me

It's gonna be some tragedy

Chorus: repeat until fade

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