

Montell Jordan F/ Flesh-n-Bone**"What's Up Wit It"**

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Yeah, yeah, yeah
Grand Puba, yeah

[Hook]
It's you and me (Get up)
Right now (Get up) on the floor (Get off)
Doin' things (Get up) what's up wit it
What's up wit it, what's up wit it
It's you and me (Get up)
Right now (Get up) on the floor (Get off)
Doin' things (Get up) what's up wit it
What's up wit it, what's up wit it

[Grand Puba]
As I do it like this I be some where on the top of the list
Makin' classic joints way before "The Source" exists
No ice, maybe just a lil' bit on the wrist
And doin' this since Hot 97 was crisp
Now birds wanna press but I ain't with all that
Do y athing, ma no hatin' I just did all that
It's all good, a nigga been bouncin' hot shit through the
hood
When only two or three cars came with wood
A legend MC
Never got rotation on MTV
That don't bother me, got mad love for BET
You can bet cha' last dub
Every time that I drop I get I-u-v
So get up, ain't no need to play the seat now
Put em' cause ya know we bring the heat now
No time to waste cause horsin' be coursin'
Watch me scramble words like they be chicken
abortions

[Hook]

[??]
Yo, I'm from a place where niggas pack rhymes like a
loaded nine
We self-exploit signs and explode in your corroded
mind

I zone the line, I cross it
Ya got the strong arm, enforce it I dare ya
Like these crooked as jakes, niggas compared to
snakes
First mistake thinkin' I bluff then I get irrate
Ya best make side stakes, thinkin' I'ma fall
Y'all do this just for love, y'all niggas got some gall
I'm the answer on the mic like A.I. on the ball
If you talkin' money I'm part of that conversation
If you talkin' funny, plannin' ya expiration
And I ain't even hak on niggas, it's just the truth
I rock with a crooked tooth
My bedroom's the mic booth
I'm 80 percent proof, 20 percent show
50-50 on the dough, 50 percent chance ya live
If ya ain't got 50 percent to show

[Hook]

[Sadat X]

I think I just found the sound that we was lookin' for
It's what I have to go downtown to the booking for
My four eyes could've saw right through her thighs
Intertwined bodies, I don't really play the party
These fraudulent niggas handshake me to death
The industry types try to mop up what's left
By the code of my dead ancestor's, no doubt
All four wheels, so we can be out
I drink the mean green six pack
And keep police back at bay
Work or play, I stay a beast
She bitin' on my ear, telling me to release
I'm for this winner's side
Straight rims and Chucka Tims
Black leather, black all weather skullies
And 20's of dro, I'd thought I'd let you know
That I'm a be here till the black wax melt
I'm felt like the Garden fight
On my arm is something tight

[Hook]

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