

# Lickshot

## Grand Puba

Alright y'all

I want y'all to put your hands together

And to bring on a brother

That's bound to lay more dips in your hips

More gliiiiide in your stride

And if you don't dig what's next

You got the wrong damn address He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming

He's coming, he's coming, he's coming Bo! Lickshot for the blood claat

Talkin that what not, Puba come and hit on the right spot

Rhyme teller for the ladies and the fellas

And I only kick the flavor for my fellow ghetto dwellers

No rock'n'roll, it's just soul

Ain't nuttin changed, I still like to hit the hole

With my pole, smoke a stog' and then I roll

And when my corn hurts I wear a Dr. Scholl

I make beats, then I hit sheets

Then I build with the Gods to get the addicts off the nod

Grand Puba, and I drop a album yearly

And I'm very nearly really come to droppin shit like daily

My knowledge is bond, so you brothers better move on

You brought your wack style, come play the horn

Grand Puba Maxwell, not on the Hollywood tip

Here comes a brother more than, 2 Legit to Quit

I'm not sleazy but I like it nice and easy

Ain't nuttin changed, I still wear my hair peasy

I like to dig it, that's how we done done dug it

I tend to work for all the ones who like to wig it I got a story I want to tell you, I like to tell it like it is Second

time around Check, I get boom service just like room service

And when I jump upon a stage I'm not a bit nervous

I kick the reel to rell, I never been to jail

Oops maybe one time but I had a good time

I keep my pants saggin, I'm never lolligaggin

Niggaz try to copy this they on the bandwagon

I shake my thing I do I pull a hamstring and then I call a old fling  
Gotta Spike her and tell her, Do the Right Thing  
Ron Studda do the rap, Alamo'll do the overdub  
'Fore we hit these 40's G, we gotta get some grub  
Grand Puba, Let me take a breather  
Get you hot like a fever, you'll be slammin even  
So don't bother, it's the new Godfather  
Tell your godson that Grand Puba is the oneWay back in, history, the Prodigal Son  
Was a, wealthy man  
Way back in, history, the Prodigal Son  
Was a, wealthy manSing it baby, ha ha ha, bust it  
No more skid row, can't get a show  
Time to kick a new flow, and make the dough y'know?  
I'm a Pisces I like to drink iced teas  
I'm a Reese's with all the pieces  
Or the Alomnd with the Joy, ten years from a boy  
When I work out Puba go see Roy's  
Next to thirty three, where Stud lives  
You won't catch the Puba doin nothin negative  
Now honey don't like me cause I won't dance like Hammer  
Honey ask Hammer, can he speak Puba's grammar?  
I can shake a leg if I want to, but I don't want to  
Cause that's what my dancers do  
Now I give the next man his props  
But when it comes to micraphones, c'mon, give me mine Hobbes  
I won't diss the next brother to be great that's not my trade  
But every brother, ain't a brother, word to the mother  
Or praises to the father, you wanna try to see this  
Don't even bother  
Grand Puba, for those who came late  
You try to step to this, then I'll end up-state  
Word is bond, let's move on and on and on  
Here we go, here we go, here we go, here we go  
Big up to my Now Rule brothers  
All the cool ones, not the fool ones  
And we gon' move it like this for the year ninety-two  
Big up to my man, Positive K  
Big up to my cousin Jeff  
And allatha and allathat  
This is how we gon' move this yo, word is bond  
S.D., in the house  
Definitely pumpin the shit like this  
And this is how we gon' do it yo  
Knowledge Knowledge  
Uhh

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