

# Lickshot

## Tes La Rok

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  
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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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