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 addressHe'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 comingBo! 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 itI got a story I want to tell you, I like to tell it like it isSecond time aroundCheck, 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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