Reel To Reel

Grand Puba

Here's that shit, yaknahmsayin'?
As we bounce it like this
For those who don't like itUh! hey, uh, yeah, yeah
Yeah yeah, hey!
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah, hey!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, hey!
It's just that shit (just that shit)
That same ol' shit (that same ol' shit)
Yeah yeah, it's time to hit the wreck
What you expect, check out how we connectWell it's the reel to reel (it's the reel)
Well it's the reel to reel (well it's the reel)
It's the reel to reel (it's the reel)
Well it's the reel to reel (it's the reel)It's time to shake that shit because you know this one's the answer
Hon's cut off, 'cause I smoke boom, my sign is cancer
Time to clear the pack 'cause here comes Mr Jolly rancher
Who's gonna flip that shit? you know the answer
Jump into my briefs, because the boxers my jewels jingle
I got a girl, but you can play me like I'm single
Don't worry hon, my pops showed me where it tingle
It's time to catch on, to this grand puba lingo
No fuss, don't worry, toys ain't us
Some call me horny so just call me Mr Lust
Dope shit we got it so it's time to get retarded
So play like handiman and lah guu guu got it!
No fakes see we got it what it takes
We stay far away from snakes, sippin' on the chitlin shakes
You know the deal, on how we really feel
C'mon hon, this shit is real'Cause it's the reel to reel (it's the reel)
Well it's the reel to reel (it's the reel) stud doogie
Ey yo it's the reel to reel (it's the reel) alamo
Well it's the reel to reel (it's the reel)Now back at it is a dope rhyme addict
Niggas try to copy but man your shit has had it
So just let me do my thang, for all my people, hey hey hey!
It doesn't matter the demo, just to keep it simple
Take the a-train to the show so you can cancel the limo
Stud doogie, alamo is on the top top (top top)
And if ain't a zigga zigga then it ain't hip-hop (hip-hop)
I like when girls shake they booty to the rhymes that I send em
Some look good, so pardon if I bend em

Used to live in the rule, smoke a mic like kools
Niggas that I used to swing with is smokin' wools
Damn they won't drop it, I strive to make them stop it
That shit's depressin' so let me change the topic
Honey how's it feel when the real shit hits ya?
(hey yo puba that shit is real!) chill I get witcha
Here's my number, just gimme a callOh shit! bust how I played her out
Yeah fuck it so I go and get a Guinness stout
Just waitin' for the next young girl to sprout
Aw man, mommy better not let her out
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie, alamo to hit the right spot
Back up diddy claat!
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah, here's the resume for the day
Check the 4-1-1 hon
Now check it yo, before we bounce on off
Like we gon' end it like this, on that realism
Yaknahmsayin? the flavortism, check it yo
Do them oneNow big up to my people in 60 (60)
Big up to my people in 70 (70)
Big up to my people in 81 (81)
Big up to my people in 51 (51)
Big up to my people in 80
This is how we move on, so don't act shady
Grand puba, stud doogie and Alamo
Catch on yo, 'cause this is how it go
Yeah yeah, ha hah!
You know the flavor! right up on out of here yaknahmsayin?
The big kids in the house, toys ain't us
Word is bond, this is that high tech shit knahmsayin?
(this ain't no playland shit)
Nah great adventures (or ashley park)
All of that shit, kingdom of whatever
I don't give a fuck where you're at
This is where you got to be, youknowhati'msayin?
Stud doogie how we bounce on, yaknahmsayin?
Yeah yeah
Coney island, word up
That's good

Songwriters
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