

# Reel To Reel

## Grand Puba

Here's that shit, yaknahmsayin'?  
As we bounce it like this  
For those who don't like it Uh! 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 connect Well 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 call Oh 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 one Now 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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