

Ya Know How It Goes

Grand Puba

Yo Doogie let's hit this off yo
Aiiyo check this
Yo Rob Sutton hit the button
Ha, yeah! You know what time is it
You know what time is it
You know what time is it
Check it, check it, check it out, yo! beg your pardon who's the one with the roughness?
Super extra toughness, Grand Puba
See I'm the chosen, I keep the snakes frozen
Check out how I blows in, girl it feels good when it goes in Here's the situation, supreme motivation
Helps me get the loot and then I knock the boots
I jump high like Jordan, flash like Gordon
'Bos, Girbauds and shorts is probably what I'm sportin' Fuck what you heard, this is what you need to hear
It's the same as last year, so step to the rear
'Cause when I was a shorty couldn't wait to drink my first 40
Find an ex-shorty in the hallway and get naughty Jump on the elevator, hit the lights out
My mom's was a yardie so my pop's kept a stout
Ooh a young boy tipsy, that's without a doubt
It wasn't hard to tell what the Puba was about Love the ladies lovely used to do it on my knees
Certain honey got a problem, go see Puba he can ease ya
Here I am and here I stand
Honey all that good shit tell me, who's the man? From, here to Bangkok, I sign my John Hancock
On the contract, it's like 1-2-3 contact
Kick shit on the really 'cause I do it on the daily
Straight to the hole like my man Malik Seally I hit stunts, on occasion smoke blunts
My mom's don't like me 'cause I wear gold fronts
If honey wants to flam it's no thing to me at all
Alamo and Stud Doogie, it's time to have a ball I'm a go-getter, and I'm out to go-get
If you're makin' movies, cancel that shit
You're still makin' movies? Man, get your cordercam
Oops, camcorder, but shit you know the order Couldn't get no skins, until you got a Benz
Didn't have no friends 'til you started makin' ends
I see it daily, weekly monthly yearly
Think you got it goin' on? Really I never sold gems to the bums in the slums
Only robbed devils, made a few number runs
Brothers round my way they like to blabber at the gums
Just jealous 'cause I got it by the tons Twenty fifty hundred is how I count my bills
Then I take it slow because it runs into the mills
Brothers try to step to this but all they catch is chills

No frills, Puba pays the bills
Ron Studda spin the wheel back like his name was Pat Sajak
On wheel of fortune, that's how we keep it scorchin'
Alamo hey, Sadat X hey, baby pop hey, now let me keep it rollin'
This is just the way I move to keep my pockets swollen
Lights, cameras, action here comes Mr. Satisfaction
I be maxin' and relaxin' 'til it's time to jump in the action
Now for grown I speak with a tone which I choose to call my own
Ghetto prone I guard the zone like the kid from Home Alone
Type of style that flows for days it's like it pays to
save amaze
Now I be careful on the lays because the aids are nowadays is
Grand Puba, S.O.S., Stud Doogie, Alamo
You know how the shit go
So big Jeff hey, B.R. hey, Tislam hey, Jael hey
Stud Doogie hey, Alamo hey, and Uptown hey, Brooklyn hey
And here we go here we go make the dough yo
Here we go, here we go, make the dough yo
Now check it y'all I'd like to say peace
For all the Gods and the earths and the people of the universe
Wanna let you know the black man come first
So don't act up 'cause you might leave in a hearse
Yo check this yo
I wanna give a big up to all my now rule people
You know the flavor, projects M.O
Lincoln Ave M.O., you know what I'm sayin'?
City park in the dark, M.O., you know what I'm sayin'?
Big up big up to all my people
All that other shit is dead, dead, dead
Word up
I wanna give a big up to the stinkin' Lincoln mob
You know what I'm sayin'?
And we gonna bounce off like this
Y'all know the flavor, a-b-c

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