

Up Jumps Da Boogie
Timbaland

Album: Welcome to Our World
Released: 1997
tabbed by: qweyet Gi

I also provided lyrics so people don t have to go searching for it.
Leave your criticisms.

Rhythm: Play the first, second and fourth time

e	----- ----- -----6--- -----9-7-----
B	----- --9-----9-10- -----10----- -----10-9--9-
G	--6----- ----- ----- -----
D	----- ----- ----- -----
A	----- ----- ----- -----
E	----- ----- ----- -----

Rhythm: Play the third time

e	----- ----- -----9--7--- -----6-----
B	----- --9-----9-10- -----10----- -----10--9-
G	--6----- ----- ----- -----
D	----- ----- ----- -----
A	----- ----- ----- -----
E	----- ----- ----- -----

Verse 1: [Magoo]

I fiend for all beats, like girls jump for dicks
 Don t salt the next man, keep that Lindbergh s***
 Up in the cut, like gay n*****, in butt
 I m black wit Indian, my race should be mutt
 I cut with razor blades, play spades with Aunt Venus
 Evaluate this rap, take heed a f***** genius
 Up in the sky, up high, don t puff lye
 Do you smoke crack Sam? Prepare to f***** die
 F*** Crazy Joe, my name is Crazy Flow
 You thought I had eight, but I got ten mo
 Off beat and on beat, old school like beat street
 I stink like pop s feet, make sweat wit no heat

I m up on this track, like Pam Grier in movies
 I heats up the beat, like water in a jacuzzi
 I fly to L-A, then come back to Virginia
 Then call, Maganoo, to see if he s got some Indo
 Then back to the crib to pick up my brother, G
 G don t forget, to bring the house keys
 Hops in the eight, five-oh now here we go
 Please, please, brother don t slam my car do
 It costs too much money to get that s*** fixed

I need all my money to pay my bills with
Don t have no time, for the shuckin and jivin
Peep my rhyme, cause that, s**** off-timin

Verse 3: [Missy]

I m in the Marriott, the place to get got
After I smoke pot, he sticks me like shots
Funky like farts, connect tongues like dots
Lick his lollipop, this kid named Scott
Me my hot self, myself be so hot
Touch my hot spot, I scream til I can t stop
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh (what, what?)
Give it to me daddy and
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh (what, what?)
Yup, yup like Teddy
Teddy, ready with the one, two checka
No diggity, Missy be the bedroom wrecka
Double decka, make you wanna beat your pecka
And then leave your b****, cause this uhhh! be betta

Chorus:

(Give it up!)
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me
(Give it up! we gon show, you how we party)
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me
(Give it up! we gon show, you how we party)

Verse 4: [Magoo]

Prepare to get wet, like jheri curl juice
You tight like virgin p****, my rap get you loose
I bump like ac-ne, take honey from a bee
My style is like a safe, without the f***** key
I c** cause I m a nut, don t bleed when I m cut
No fan of Madonna, she just a damn slut
So sit, you damn dog, and bow to my s***
Nit-wit you stupid, I m butter don t need grits
Make fits like seizure, lick c*** to please ya
I book then read ya, follow the leada
Like Jews and Chinese, I own your rap lease
The wackness must cease, prepare for yo release

I m up in these labels tryin to, handle my business
Been makin more beats before, Jehovah had witness
Up jumps da boogie, boogie jumps me
Brother brother, please, turn on the TV
See a black man dead, from a white mans powder
See a white man scared, from a black mans power
Back to reality, please don t freakin smile at me
This is a stick-up, so give up yo wallet please

Verse 6: Missy

I m the best, and thats B , and thats capital

I hang low like testicles, emcees wanna copy these many flows

Hoes, better back up, foe they get slapped up

Pack up and go tell mommy, that I backed up you

You, you, you, and your whole crew

What, whatcha whatcha whatcha gon do uhh, what whatcha gon do

To me, the M-I-double S-Y-E

Wanna battle me, its gonna be some tragedy

[Chorus]