

Next Up (feat. Big Daddy Kane & Kool G Rap)

UGK

Gawd-DAYUM! I don't know what y'all been thinkin bout
But I think this right here is about to shut dem damn haters down! I'm from the streets that make
niggaz walk slow talk low

With white chalk-o, mi casa be siete uno ocho
Brooklyn motherfucker, handle this - pardon my Spanish and French (Brooklyn baby!)

Okay, I stay clever like Mayweather with lay leather

'til your face sever, one of the greatest ever

Beyond ringing bells, my name's so demanding

Shit! - I got the swagger that'll leave Dakota "Fanning" (That boy still standing!)

I hope you niggaz over standing; I stay sucker-free

The next kaing of in the game, you ain't got enough to be

Your career last a week, that'll be luckily

Fuck with me, the rap game'll need protective custody

(AHH!) I'm the same thug to be, surrounded with women

Gave the game "True Religion" before you found it in denim

Feel the, "Wrath of Kane," and you could not escape

The hip-hop version of "The Ring" and you just watched the tape (Next up!)

And keep your eyes on the niggas in Ward

Triple black in the candy painted car is the color of board

Me or my brother on pall with n'am nigga

We Trill workin the wheel, understand nigga? (UNDERSTAND?)

I smother and split a bitch down to the tendon

High pressure, if you don't break your ass bendin

I'm way past endin in my series of warnin

You flex with me tonight playa you dead by the mornin (Woo!)

Bun Beater the best ever breathin or deceased

From the South to Midwest, Cali to the East

Got to any city nigga and bring my name up (all o'em!)

I bet I eat the best rapper they got in the game up

Call a nigga up, email him or chirp him

Make a meal out his motherfuckin ass and then burp him

(DAYUM!) Don't fuck around I'm not your lil' homey

I'm the king of the underground so act like you know me (Next up!)

Feel me...

Homie, we big steppin, big reppin

We givin kids Smith & Wesson's lessons, you get left with a sketchin

Left with the Midwest, clique Texans (who dat?)

G. and Daddy Kane, the click Texas, (word) pop you to death

I put private planes on swift Jetsons, niggaz know what it is

When you see the ball cap and a slick Thessons (woo!)

(Aight) Til you strip vexing to a movie clip from the Westerns

Shit from the Uzi clip lift up your midsection (Tell em G. Rap)

He will introduce you to the nose on the Glock fam
Give you metal jackets like clothes from a rock band (rock band!)
Multiple holes, you get those on your top, man (AOOOW!)
High roller dose some hoes on the cock plan
Froze but never coldly rolls with a hot hand
We stackin cheese til the rubberbands pop screams
And I ain't breakdancin when I'm in the pop stance
Bank pounds like James Brown give 'em "Hot Pants" (Next up!)I make your girl get down and
open it up
Put my dick up in they jaws and go in they butt
I'm a young hot street flame (Flame)
They call me Sweet James, or call me Sir Jones
Two hundred dollar cologne
(Uh!) Board Nine, or Issey Miyaki
I got your girl mine, meat strong like saki
I ain't Rocky but I keep her rockin
Fuck around I'll knock your tuna fish out of socket
Your bitch out of pocket, she under pimpery
She reckless eyeballin watchin my top fall in
On my Lambourghini with the quick scream
Fettucini, linguini, shrimp and a bowl of lean!
What you know about gettin cross country
Nigga your piece big but your diamond look monkey
You need to take that shit back
That ain't no emmy diamonds what the fuck you done to that...
Bitch what the fuck you done to that?!Now, damn somebody need to beat Jacob's ass over that!
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