

# I Like It (I Wanna Be Where You Are)

## Grand Puba

Yeah

Ladies and gentlemen, I've found him  
I want you to meet the baddest motherfucker  
(Right on, right on, right on) Who is it?

Well it's Grand Puba honey

With my man Stud Doogie love

Droppin' 2000, dig the way this go down  
Check it I hit a flow all dipped in lotion

Sit back and sip moe as I'm countin' my doe

Grand Puba Maxwell, Doogie, comin' with the New York

We keep it real like jail when we mic talk

Honies know cause when I'm in the set

Grand Puba is the one who makes they stink box wet

So let me tell ya somethin' lady

When ya flow this flow then its all cream and baby

I made this one for the brothers in the party

To find a hottie

And dance body to body

Step one: first you grab honey by the waist

Step two: then you move at a ghetto pace

Step three: then ya look her dead in the face

Step four: now its time to leave this place

Hold up, be careful of the cheesa's

The teasa's, the one who wants the money and the visa's

I'mma tell honies straight off the bat

But please don't even go there with that

Dig it, this one's designed to make your spine in your back wind

Grand Puba lights it up for you every time

Ooooh, yeah I like it

And ya say New York City (I like it)

Ooooh, yeah I like it

And ya and ya say New York City (I like it)

Ooooh, yeah I like it

And ya say New York City (I like it)

Ooooh yeah I lke it

And ya say (I like it) Could it be I've stayed away too long

Theif MCs be wishin' I was gone

Because they wanna be where I are

But ya can't get that far

So stop wishing on a star

Its only one Grand P

So honey do what you did on the night you creeped with me

Its no doubt I come real with that

The butter track  
The one that makes the honeis hit the bed mat  
Im energetic, poetic, athletic, with good credit  
So just move like I'm simon and I said it  
Ya see my flow is just a step ahead  
I'm still wicked in a bed because I'm down right nasty like newlyweds  
So back up and let me breathe, cause when it comes to gettin' down  
I'm gettin' looser than a crackhead's hair weave  
And I, betcha by golly wow ya never find another style like this  
If ya search a million miles  
So why'n cha let Puba nice your party  
I hit a flow like Al Jarreau  
See I've been doin' this for years  
I'm leavin' MC's in tears, tears; dig it  
Cause they fallin' just like the rain  
Grand Puba's too much for the brain  
Now gold diggers who try to get it  
I left 'em backwards, they thought they farted when they shitted  
Cause Puba's everything, and everything is Pu  
Cause I hit'em with the (one), and then with the (two)  
Yeah, cause that's just how Grand Pu and Stud Doogie do  
Ya didn't know I was the bomb baby  
Somebody should've told you, somebody should have told you  
Ooooh, yeah I like it (I like it)  
Ooooh, yeah I like it (I like it)  
And ya say New York City  
Ooooh, yeah I like it (no doubt)  
And ya say New York City  
Ooooh, yeah I like it  
Ha ha, and ya say  
Cause we get down for ours we get down no doubt  
Down for ours we get down no doubt  
Down for ours we get down no doubt  
Down for ours we get down  
Cause we get down for ours we get down no doubt  
Down for ours we get down no doubt  
Down for ours we get down no doubt  
Ninety-five flav, and I'm out  
(Oooh, yeah I like it)  
(Oooh, yeah. . . . I like it)

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