

# Grand Puba, I Like It (I Wanna Be Where You Are)

Intro:

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 its Grand Puba honey

With my man snug doogie love

Droppin' 2000, dig the way this go down

Check it

Verse 1:

I hit a flow all dipped in lotion

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

Grand Puba macks well, Doogie, comin' with the New York

We keep it real like jail when we might 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'ma tell honies straight off the bat

But please don't even go there with that, Dig it

This ones designed to make your spine in your back wind

Grand Puba lights it up for you every time

Chorus:

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)

Verse 2:

Could it be I've stayed away too long

Seems MC's be wishing 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 crackheads hair weave

And I, bet ya my dolly, while ya never find another style like this

If ya search a million miles

So why'n cha let Puba ingnite your party

I hit a flow liike Al Jarrow

But 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 backwardds, 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 Sadat doogie do  
Ya didn't know I was the bomb baby  
Somebody should've told you, somebody should have told you

Chorus:

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)