

# Timbaland, Up Jumps Da' Boogie (Remix)

Da boogie, da boogie, da boogie, da boogie  
Like dat  
Up Jumps  
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Like dat  
Up Jumps

## Verse 1: Magoo

Mag and double-oooh came to move your body  
M-C old school like Lodi Dodi  
When you hear Up Jumps Da Boogie  
Dance till you can't and shake your cookie  
People to the left like Mag to def  
People to the right need to clean your breath  
Bigger than my butt, pulled out some cheese  
We the best on the scene since the three degrees  
Aachoo sneeze  
Cool like the breeze  
Me and Timbaland two Master P's  
I hope you bout it  
Cause I been bout it  
South on the rise, V-8 bout it bout it (uuuh)  
Driven in my '89 Mercury  
Record label don't you try to carry me  
Got some of that project in me  
Get dem flashback, you besta all flee

## Verse 2: Timbaland

I'm the dope producer in the industry  
I'm tired of producers bitin' on my beats  
Baby, thats cool, I ain't got no beef  
But you must pay me producers fee  
I am the man with the ill ass sound  
I got all the execs saying I love that sound  
Timbaland was next on the agenda  
A house, some stocks, three zorts for the winter  
Don't y'all sappy fools get mad at me  
Because I became a millionaire in a year times G  
I thank god for blessing me  
I give all my thanks to the all mighty  
Now I'm just chillin in my house in Rohb beach  
Now it's time to catch a plane to N-Y-C  
This is the remix to Up Jumps Da Boogie  
Boogie, woogie, woogie  
Oogie, oogie, oogie

## Verse 3: Missy

M-C's mad at me  
But you better get back  
I'm bout to ratta-tat-tat  
Tiggy-tigga-tat  
Lay me flat on my back  
In fact, I interact and make the track turn phat  
You heard that  
Have it, give it to me daddy

Cut it like confetti  
I know y'all said mother uuh wasn't ready  
You back in the studio, yeah I got you sweatin  
Timbaland my man, chica my man  
Beep beep  
In the caravan, there go my man

Magoo, what you got plans for pullin down your pants?  
So Magoo know dat, why you trippin like dat?  
Is it pissed  
I make a list, of those who diss  
Who try to be me cause my style sickening  
He-huh  
Yeah and my phone's ringing  
Bdadadrrrrrrrrr..mmmm  
Gone

Chorus:

Up jumps da boogie  
Boogie jumps me (say what?)  
Up jumps da boogie  
Boogie jumps me (say what?)  
Up jumps da boogie  
Boogie jumps me (say what?)  
Up jumps da boogie  
Boogie jumps me (say what?)

Verse 4: Magoo

Verse number two  
Two verse rhyme  
When I get greens, I gets a dime  
Peace to god, my neice, to Mario  
Y'all don't know nuthin bout Jamario  
Huckle Berry Finn  
I'm country and I'm thin  
They make rock eat and buy my black Benz  
Hook it up with tens with candy coat  
Me and Cheech and Chong rope, but still smoke  
Smell like butter  
Salt n' Pepa push me  
How to be a player squeezin on your tushy  
Mag in a row of all wannabee's  
When Wimbledon drank all the teas  
Eating Rice-A-Roni with Toni Toni Tone  
Keep Cindy Crawford, to me she's to boney  
See another Rain, unless you know Missy  
Clown suit on so don't you dare diss me

Verse 5: Timbaland

Now I'm gonna make my rap only eight bar  
On this track Maganoo's the star  
One of my favorite rapper's Nas Escobar  
I listen to his tape driving in my car  
Now let me get back into the groove  
Tap the person standing next to you  
Tell him or she to move side to side  
And tell them to keep the party live to live

Verse 6: Missy

Up jumps da boogie

Boogie jumps me  
Got to move my knees straight down to my feet  
Down to my hands, clap, clap  
Tell me where the party at? Where we boogie at?  
Up jumps da boogie  
Boogie my flow  
Yo-ziggy-yo Timbaland here we go  
Y'all to slow to make this kinda doe  
Shoot you don't know, shoot you don't know

Chorus