

Pump It Up

Brooklyn Bounce

AiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiYO! I-IGHT?! (repeat 4X)

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo remix by my man Allstar, check this out
B-b-b-bounce money bounce, only one things counts, huh
{*music*} And I'm here to announce
The flex, the X when the wood is erect
And to the Mecca Audio crew, nuff respect
And to the one-one-two, nuff respect
It's time to put, the bugger umm business in check
Cause when I flex for the sex and expect who's next
I see the booty, be bouncin at the discotech
I like to know what I got and where I'm at is all that
Y'knowwhatI'msayin? (Why must I, chase the cat?)
Because it's nice and.. fat
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)
Say what? (Pump pump pump pump me up!) C'mon

[Chorus] - 1/2

[Doug E. - over chorus]

Uhh, I see Brooklyn tryin to get into the joint here too now
Huh, y'know, yo

I call her S-E-X-ee, because she sex me
And there's nobody that can disconnect me
Disrespect me, or try to test me
If he do, you know the boy's through
Because it is a rule
I don't get played or made into a fool
It's boom bye bye with the hands, the tools
or the burner, you got to learn a
lesson, like Ike, taught Tina - (turn away)
Because I'm free with the style so I'm here to stay
The last survivor, hip-hop McGyver
TV show I can't come no liver
with a tick and the kick of the party reviver
And the {*beatboxes*}
I forgot about the {*beatbox*} here and the {*beatbox*} here
{*beatboxes*} Throw a hand in the air, c'mon!

[Chorus]

[Doug E. - over chorus]

Uhh
I see Uptown is in here tonight
East coast West coast
Represent.. kick it!

{*sample: my mouth is for the record and my voice is for the beat
.. for the beat, Doug E. Fresh will make ya move your feet*}

You don't understand.. I ain't scared of you motherfuckers

[Doug] I-IGHT?!

You don't understand.. I ain't scared of you motherfuckers
[Doug] I-IGHT?!
You don't understand.. I ain't scared of you motherfuckers
[Doug] I-IGHT?!
You don't understand..

[Doug E. Fresh]

You know

Some people say that they real but they're as fake as a cartoon
The only thing they pop was either gum or a balloon
They jump on fads like it's a wanted rap ad
Hardcore is hittin so now I gotta act bad
But you was just, happy when I seen you in the street
But now you're a killer, and you can't be beat
You used to dance at the parties now you can't move your feet
Because you're scared, that people might say you're weak
And it ain't nuttin worse than a real fake brother
Yes it is, WHAT? A real fake sucka
And if this fits you money, then take your picture
and put it in the frame with your name and your shame
Cause your whole style, is nothin but mad game
You can call me old school, but I'm no fool
Cause back then, at least we had a hip-hop rule
And the rule was you got to be original
But in ninety-three it seems originality
is on the verge of becoming extinct to me
And some of you rappers just stink to me
And none of y'all really seem to think to me
about respect, or no type of dignity
And gettin pumped like a ho by the industry, so..

[Chorus]

[Doug E. - over chorus]

Uhh..

Say what?

C'mon, pump it up, yeah

Now now now now watch this..

[Doug E. Fresh]

To the Uptown crew, nuff respect
To my man Shock Dog (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)
To the Uptown crew, nuff respect
To my man Barry B (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)
To the Uptown crew, nuff respect
Funkmaster Flex (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)
To the Uptown crew, nuff respect
Hey, K-Superior (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)