

The Art of Getting Jumped

De La Soul

I WAS on my way, to the disco
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night
Midnight to four, name at the door
but the whole crew I can get in as well
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith
Let this be a jam that we need not miss
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt
Might even jump up on the mic
to make sure that this party's turned out
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line
to stand we find girls screamin the blues
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules
Bump people and out come the tools
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped
Done closed the club down,
cause one of they niggaz got jumped
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Uh-huh, you heard the hook
No matter you Braveheart or shook
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left
Kicks to the mids reliev'in you of breath
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start
It only takes a second less you got on ice
Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass
My only advice is don't fall and book ass
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your mascara)
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots (ARRRGH!!)
It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops
Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies
and ya best believe we came to party
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya
for reasons like - not in the right part of town
actin like you wore a crown

Some occasions long and mean to earn the right
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme
And bein positive is no exclusion
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions
for flossin your hard-earned shine
I'm talkin games the longest
then it's some other niggaz time
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped
We had to put this one on the album y'know?
Yeah - this is dedicated
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club
Tried to knock me senseless
They just couldn't get me though
That's why I second round outside on 'em
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge (HAHAHAHA)