Pack it up, pack it in

Let me begin, I came to win

Battle me that's a sin

I won't tear the sack up, punk you'd better back up

Try and play the role and the whole crew will act up

Get up, stand up, come on throw your hands up

If you've got the feeling jump up touch the ceiling

Muggs is a funk fest, someone's talking junk

Yo, I'll bust'em in the eye, and then I'll take the punks ho

Feel it, funk it, amps in the trunk y'all

And I got more rhymes than there's cops that are Dunkin' Donuts shop

Sure 'nuff I got props from the kids on the Hill plus my mom and my pops

I came to get down, I came to get down So get out your seats and jump around Jump around (3x)
Jump up, jump up and get down
Jump (18x)

I'll serve your ass like John MacEnroe
If your girl steps up, I'm smackin' the ho
Word to your moms I came to drop bombs
I got more rhymes than the bible's got psalms
And just like the Prodigal Son I've returned
Anyone stepping to me you'll get burned
'Cause I got lyrics and you ain't got none
So if you come to battle bring a shotgun (shotgun)
But if you do you're a fool 'cause I duel to the death
Try and step to me you'll take your last breath
I gots the skill, come get your bill
'Cause when I shoot to give, I shoot to kill

I came to get down, I came to get down So get out your seats and jump around Jump around (3x) Jump up, jump up and get down Jump (18x)

I'm the cream of the crop, I rise to the top
I never eat a pig 'cause a pig is a cop
Or better yet a Terminator, like Arnold Schwarzenegger
Try and play me out like as if my name was Sega
But I ain't goin' out like no punk bitch
Get used to one style and you know I might switch
It up up and around, then buck buck you down
Put out your head then you wake up in the Dawn of the Dead
I'm comin' to get ya, I'm comin' to get ya
Spittin' out lyrics homie I want ya

I came to get down, I came to get down So get out your seats and jump around Jump around (3x)
Jump up, jump up and get down
Jump (18x)