

# Pump It Up

Joe Budden

Pump p p pump pump p p p pump  
Pump p p pump pump it up  
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Pump p p pump pump it up  
(Just Blaze)  
Pump p p pump pump it up  
We gon do it like (Uuh, uuh, uuh)

Look, pump it up if you came to get it krunk  
With a dame and shit that's drunk  
You came to get it on, more than 5 O's in your bank  
Then get it on, roll up like that stank  
And get it on, slank that fitted on  
Came to get it on  
Hold up she want work that twork that  
Then again let me hurt that murk that  
Til you gotta hurt back  
Can't spit it out, boo you gotta slurp that  
Can't cuddle after we done, it wasn't worth that  
Joey I'm responsible for bringin Jersey back (And we bad huh)  
She at the bar stylin' she throwing it up  
She drink a little hypno, throwing it up  
But I'm only dealing with freaks that wanna cut  
Ma if you agree I want nut  
Camcorder, get it played late night on BET Uncut (uhh)

Fellas - do your thing let me do my thang  
I mean - do your thing let me do my thang  
Shorties - move that thing, mami move that thing  
C'mon - move that thing, mami move that thing  
Hustlers - do your thing let me do my thang  
Please tell the DJ - pump p p pump pump it up!

I see some haters grilling  
I see some ladies chilling  
I see dat girlie  
I been plottin to get  
She can hop in the whip  
And we can  
Pump p p pump pump it up

OK we was leaving we was done  
Then she said can my people's come  
Here we go I see it don't stop  
They wanna ride in something were the rims don't stop  
Look baby you fine, but your girlfriends not  
And then she wanna hold out getting cute on the phone  
I ain't gotta be bothered, be cute on your own  
My jump off doesn't run off at the mouth so much  
My jump off never ask why I go out so much  
My jump off never has me going out of my way  
And she don't want nothing on Valentines Day  
My jump off don't argue or get rebellious  
And she don't mind hanging out wit da fellas  
My jump off's not insecure or jealous  
(Uuh, uuh, uuh)

Y'all dudes keep talking bout your ice and all the shine to it  
That's a white gold cross with a real fine cubic  
Ma wanna fall in love like I'm cupid  
Telling me she don't give brain like I'm stupid  
You can do anything if you put your mind to it  
(Get it)  
Think about it the game is bad playa  
Ain't it bad playa  
Don't worry Joey'll change it back playa  
Might of heard me spittin wit Cain and Fab playa  
I got the set boards to bring it back playa  
Bang and clap playa  
Front man no longer playin the back playa  
Plain as that playa  
808's pumpin bang the track playa  
Want my 2nd wind change the rap playa  
Jump off 1 man gang I'm back playa  
Look, Want you want bump double click pump  
Ride, ride swamp dump off homie jump off  
All these haters on my (huh) won't jump off  
When all the streets need is J J J Jump off  
J J Jump J J J J J Jump off  
Uuh, uuh, uuh

[Chorus]