

# Pump It Up

Missy Elliott

Hey yo, Nelly! This is fire  
{What you talkin' about, girl?}  
Let's make it hot for the clubs  
{Missy!} Wooooo!

Down South girls got them real BIG BUTTS  
Real big butts make ya man wanna look (OH!)  
Back it up, flip it up, skinny girls - eugh!  
Love my guts, so fuck a tummy tuck  
(Oh yeaah?) Yeah! I shakes my butt  
I shakes my gut like "yeah, bitch what?"  
Yeah I likes it rough, tough  
Ask your man how I'm good in handcuffs  
Me and Nelly came to rock the club  
Pack the place, don't push or shove  
Out of the club, straight to the crib  
I'll let you know if the sex was good

Pump it up! {Show me love, G}  
Pump it up! {Let me see what you working wit'}  
Pump it up! {Let me see those big-ass hips}  
Pump it up! {Pump it up}  
This is how me and Nelly pump it up  
Pump it up! {Show me love, G}  
Pump it up! {Let me see what you workin wit'}  
Pump it up! {Let me see those big-ass hips}  
Pump it up! {Pump it up}  
C'mon

DOWN SOUTH PLAYERS! WE GOT THAT FIRE MADE!  
Get up on my booty, tutti-frutti on the rooty  
I'm a thick chick, skinny girls act snooty  
No matter what your size, my big thighs'll do my duty  
Look at the way my rump shake like a movie (SAY WHAAAT?)  
See my tight jeans and the coochie  
Spend a little looty, you gotta WORK for the booty (Yup)  
Me and Nelly HOT ON THE TRACK (Track!)  
Nelly, can't no-one EVER TOP THAT (Top that!)  
Niggaz we came to rock the club (C'mon!)  
DJs better Pump It Up  
Motherfuckers need to back it up  
'Cause we gon' tear the roof off the club

You know, Down South chicks got big asses  
and we a little heavy sometime, but when  
you're from the South, we don't call that  
"fat". We call that "big-boned". Fo' sho

Yeah, ma! I heard you like the magic stick  
Me? I got the gadget stick, it's like "Go, go, gadget dick"  
You know, make you climb the walls and shit  
I make her wanna press pause and shit  
Walk up in the party, girls swingin' they panties  
They was doing that before I had them grammys  
I get a little freaky when I'm in Miami  
I may act a little freaky but I still got manners  
It's Nelly, felony, and Missy Misdemeanor

Both going down, there's just to many heaters  
Check the records, we got records that broke records in record time  
I ain't talkin' about the records that they buyin'  
Lyn', can a nigga keep up with me?  
You see I, still standin VI stackin' the "Ride Wit Me"  
You struggle to recoup  
I struggle on which Coup' to ride in  
See how we be stylin'?

["This is fire!" cut and scratched to fade