

Come on out child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
Come on out child, child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
We gonna shake up the neighborhood  
Lord, we're bound to have some fun  
We can take a plane to Paris  
Lord, we can fly to Rome  
We can take a plane to Paris  
Lord, we can fly to Rome  
I get a lump in my throat every time I go back home

I'm gonna go to church on Sunday  
Just like my mama did  
I'm gonna go to church on Sunday  
Just like my mama did  
We gonna put everything up front  
Cause there's nothing that we want to keep in  
We gonna put everything up front  
Cause there's nothing that we want to keep in

I'm gonna go to church on Sunday  
Just like my mama did  
I'm gonna go to church on Sunday  
Just like my mama did  
We gonna put everything up front  
Cause there's nothing that we want to keep in  
We gonna put everything up front  
Cause there's nothing that we want to keep in

Come on out child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
Come on out child, child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
We gonna shake up the neighborhood  
Lord, we're bound to have some fun  
We gonna shake up the neighborhood  
Lord, we're bound to have some fun

Come on out child  
Come on out child, child  
Come on out, come on out, come on out child  
Come on out child  
Come on out child, child  
Come on out child, child  
Come on out child