

Joint Is Jumping

Lisa Hunt

They have a new expression,
along ol' Harlem way.
That tells you when a party
is ten times more than gay
To say that things are jumpin'
leaves not a single doubt.
That everything is in full swing
when you hear someone shout Here 'tis: This joint is jumpin',
It's really jumpin',
Come in cats an' check your hats,
I mean this joint is jumpin'.
The piano's thumpin',
The dancers bumpin'.
This here spot is more than hot,
In fact the joint is jumpin', Check your weapons at the door,
Be sure to pay your quarter.
Burn your leather on the floor,
Grab anybody's daughter.
The roof is rockin',
The neighbor's knockin'.
We're all bums when the wagon comes.
I mean this joint is jumpin'. [Spoken]
Let it be! Yas!
Burn this joint, boy!
Yas!
Oh, my! Yas!
Don't you hit that chick, that's my broad!
Where'd you get that stuff at?
Why, I'll knock you to your knees!
What?
Put this cat out of here!
What?
Get rid of that pistol! Get rid of that pistol! Yeah! Get rid of it, yas!
Yeah!
That's what I'm talkin' about! Ha, ha! Yas!
Now it's really ready!
No, baby, not now, I can't come over there right now.
Yeah, let's do it!
[Party noises and shouting]

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