

# Get Down

## DJ Quik

Well it's comfy musical ting called  
Groove Armada, featuring Stush and Red Rat, of course  
Dip and galang, dip and stand up  
Body basic, it won't dance more though  
Dip, galang, stand up  
While every man in the world light up  
So they just dip, get down, get down  
Galang, feel, get down  
Stand up, get down, get down  
While every man in the world light up  
Girls all stand up and watch me  
They want their sushi  
Movement do I look bushy  
And I miss you, they just cut me  
Me have big booty  
They sweet like tutti frutti  
Licks you dance like cherry  
Angels and that's why I'm screeching  
What I wait among the pressure  
Jump and sing for [incomprehensible]  
Body freeze and I pitch you up  
Then boy, easy flick her off  
'Cause of this some girls get envy  
Even then try mess up your party  
Love, but be warned if you beat me  
There is no need to compete  
So they just dip, get down, get down  
Galang, feel, get down  
Stand up, get down, get down  
Every man in the world light up  
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Stand up, get down, get down  
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So me I chill in the VIP suite  
See my DJ playing my beat  
Every newscast adverting me  
The dancefloor is where we will meet  
All over the world, they're feeling

Is so sweet, MIB  
Pop Style, well I'm free  
All jealousy, is for me  
Their contribution fell on the finite  
Why is me smelly? Cos of my feet  
Left all the love alit by the magic  
Then when I boom, then when I freak  
Find my commotions gone through my teeth  
Working the last of style for a beat  
Bow, now break to be the elite  
Jealousy I'll be nice and sweet

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Feel

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