

# Let's Get Down

## Tony! Toni! Tone!

Yes  
Tony Toni Tone  
And DJ Quik  
You didn't think we could flip it on yo ass, huh?  
Something for the dance floor  
In a real way  
It's going down like this forever  
And a day  
Now what you hear is not a drag  
'Cause Mr. DJ Quik got a brand new bag  
But first I gotta bang bang  
A boogie for the boogie  
To the rhythm of the ghettoey streets  
Check it out now  
You trying to give me some Eight Ball  
But no way  
I'd rather have a Mimosa  
With Crystal and O.J., yeah  
Just a little something bubbly and tingly  
To have me walking around naked  
But wait a second  
The function's on  
Around midnight  
What time is it  
Are you inside  
Available  
To come and play  
Give me a clue  
So I don't have to  
Look for you  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
Come on let's get down  
In my black Chevrolet  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
Come on let's get down, let's get down  
Yeah, now we don't need a club  
We can do it at my house  
My front door's open so homey's can bust it out  
And ladies if you're coming leave your children at the nursery

So you can get slow on the Anniversary  
Kill me  
I dip dip da  
So don't be looking stupid when I unfasten your bra  
You know you want to mack this  
Because I come stronger than the IRS  
Whenever you done got delinquent on your taxes  
Now here I am  
Staring at you  
I need a drink  
You need one too  
Who is your friend  
She don't look nice  
But I know she will  
Later on tonight  
Come on lets get down  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
Come on let's get down  
In my black Chevrolet  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
Come on let's get down, let's get down  
Now I'm at the club  
And I'm off that drug  
The one they call alcohol got me acting y'all  
I hump two first before I hump two more  
And now I'm throwing up my guts out the car door  
Over consumption you know how it is y'all  
Got your homey beggin' for some Pepto Bismol  
But when my stomach's right I'll be back tonight  
To get that lady I was grinding on the wall  
Now that I feel a little better than I felt a little while ago, yeah  
I'm going back to the same spot  
Where I met you on the floor  
Now table one, that's my folks  
And table two, that's my folks  
And everybody knows my name  
Now table three that's B. Grund  
And table four that's G-One  
You best be prepared  
'Cause it's all a game you know  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down  
In my black Chevrolet

I gotta get my groove on (keep movin', movin' and groovin')  
I gotta get my groove on (keep shakin' that ass, shakin' that ass)  
I gotta get my groove on (keep movin' and groovin', movin' and groovin')  
I gotta get my groove on (keep shakin' that ass, shakin' that ass)

I'm groovin' (say what?)

Movin' (yeah)

Yeah

Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down

Come on let's get down

In my black Chevrolet

Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down

Come on let's get down, let's get down

Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down

Come on let's get down

In my black Chevrolet

Come on let's get down, let's get down, let's get down

Come on let's get down, let's get down

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