

# Get Up

## Lyricist Lounge Vol. 2

(Let's go)  
Uh huh, uh yeah  
(Uh)  
Uh huh uh, yeah  
(Turn it up)  
Uh huh, hey, J man?  
(Yeah)  
This one of J.D.'s So So Def hits right here  
(I know)  
Get up, get get up  
(Yeah)  
Uh huh, fo' sho', that's right, get up, get get up  
The game's in the twist now  
(Is that right?)  
And I'm the blame  
Lil' shorty wanna rock the twists  
Cornrows and rep like this, huh, I'm the blame  
All they do is skip skip when the beat come on  
Sing the words to every song  
See they know what it is and who got style  
Lil' Bow Wow be the golden child  
And I keep y'all suckas shook up  
Y'all shoulda never let me and J.D. hook up  
That's fo' sho' 'cause since day one, we ain't miss  
Now don't y'all wish y'all could do it like this  
Of course they do, we keep tearing it up  
So So Def playa, who hotter than us?  
Name one person wit a stack like this  
Gotta track records like this  
And y'all know around here, homie, we ain't playing  
We demand you respect this afro, man, that's why  
I got paper rock fresh clothes  
I get the girlies out on the floor  
Y'all know me, S.S.D.  
At the tippy top is where we'll always be, so, uh  
Get up, get, get up  
That's the  
Get up, get, get up  
Affects of

Get up, get, get up  
Bow Weezy  
When I do it, I do it like it's for TV  
Call me the big cheese of the C.O.  
Known for getting up out the store  
From here to Rio  
I'm so irresistible, so in demand  
So not having it, I hope you understand  
That means don't step in my rim  
I'm like Shaq, young boy, don't step in my gym  
I got this here and that's where you standing at  
So going up against me ain't a good idea  
You the apartment below, I'm the penthouse above

And I sparkle 'round the neck like Jackal's club  
I'm hard not to love, that's what the girl's say  
Hard not to wanna touch, that's what the girl's say  
They run up tryna to give me a kiss  
I said, "You can't have me, I'm too young for you, Miss"  
They say, "No you're not," then they start crying  
I said "I'm fourteen," and they say, "Stop lying"  
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La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
(Skip it up, skip, skip it up, do my dance)  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
I got paper rock fresh clothes  
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