Jump Around

House Of Pain

Get up, pack it in, let me begin
I came to win, battle me that's a sin
I won't tear the sack up, punk you'd better back up
Try and play the role and the whole crew will act up
Get up, stand up, come on, throw your hands up
If you've got the feelin' jump across the ceilin'
Muggs is a funk fest, someone's talkin' junk
Yo, I'll bust 'em in the eye and then I'll take the punks home
Feel it, funk it, amps it are junkin'
And I got more rhymes than there's cops that are dunkin'
Donuts shop, sure 'nuff I got props from the kids on the Hill
Plus my mom and my pops
I came to get down, I came to get down
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around, jump up and get down
Jump around, jump around
Jump up and get down
Jump up, jump up and get down
Jump, jump, jump
Jump, jump, jump
Jump, jump, jump
Jump, jump, jump
Jump, jump, jump
Jump, jump
I'll serve your ass like John McEnroe
If your girl steps up, I'm smackin' the hoe
Word to your moms I came to drop bombs
I got more rhymes than the Bible's got Psalms
And just like the Prodigal Son I've returned
Anyone steppin' to me you'll get burned
'Cause I got lyrics and you ain't got none
So if you come to battle bring a shotgun
But if you do you're a fool, 'cause I duel to the death
Try and step to me you'll take your last breath
I gots the skill, come get your fill
'Cause when I shoot ta give, I shoot to kill
I came to get down, I came to get down

So get out your seats and jump around

Jump around, jump up and get down
Jump around, jump around
Jump up and get down
Jump up, jump up and get down
Jump, jump
Listen to the sound that pounds, I jump around
I'm no clown, I get down
To the funk, listen to the wig out
And step to the rear, dear, 'cause I'm here
The P to the E to the T E rockin'
The runs in your stockin'
So hon, put the lock in
Chillin' with the House Of Pain
Blood stains the ground, huh, I jump around
I'm the cream of the crop, I rise to the top
I never eat a pig 'cause a pig is a cop
Or better yet a Terminator, like Arnold Schwarzenegger
Try'n to play me out like as if my name was Sega
But I ain't going out like no punk bitch
Get used to one style and you know I might switch
It up up and around, then buck, buck you down
Put out your head then you wake up in the Dawn of the Dead
I'm comin' to get ya, comin' to get ya
Spittin' out lyrics homie I'll wet ya
I came to get down, I came to get down
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around, jump up and get down
Jump around, jump around
Jump up and get down
Jump up, jump up and get down
Jump, jump, jump
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