Jump On It

Ll Cool J

What's up Dallas, what's up (x2)
Dallas jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up San Antone, what's up (x2)
San Antonio jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Austin, what's up (x2)
Austin jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Houston, what's up (x2)
Houston jump on it, jump on it, jump on it (Ooh lord)
Welcome to the 2 1 4
Big B, D Texas
Let mr. sexes flex this lexus
And this where the cowboys play
They battle with my team from the bay
Frisco
Now I'm from the northwest
But I likes my soul food
So I'm calling up an old groove
And I'm a brother with a gut
So, hello Keema, can ya take us out to Pappadeaux,
And don't forget about San Antone
The last time I went thru
I took three broads home
And much love love to the brothers in Austin
And the 5 1 2
I'm flossin in Lawston
A state that's as big as hell
And I spot two bad ass girls in a Tercel
They said what's up? And I said whassup? (We're going to Houston)
And I said giddy up, U-turn
What's up Phoenix, what's up (x2)
Phoenix jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Cali, what's up (x2)
California jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Vegas, what's up (x2)
Las Vegas jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Sea-town, what's up (x2)
Seattle jump on it, jump on it, jump on it (Ooh lord)
Welcome to the 6 0 2
It's a 105 in the shade

And I'm sippin on a lemonade
Phoenix Arizona puts the heat up on ya
I should warn ya
The girls as fine as California
Speaking of Cali
Check your mack daddy
He gots game, and knocks dames from Redding to the Valley
And I can pull'em on a TJ border
I even knock mr. G's daughter
And come on up to the 7 0 2
Where it's legal to gamble, and hoing is too

The kinda city I could run wit
Las Vegas na vi dad, I love it
Back to the 2 0 6
Double up my grits
And Sea-town giving po po fits
Chasing the skirts like a playa supposed ta
348 roasta HIT IT! (ho, ho, ho... ooh Lord)
What's up Atlanta, what's up (x2)
Atlanta jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Orlando, what's up (x2)
Orlando jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Miami, what's up (x2)
Miami jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Tampa, what's up (x2)
Tampa jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
Coming thru the 4 0 4
Olympic summer, Atlanta, so lets go
Calling up my homeboy Daddy Ray
(Aiy Ray, what's up with the girls in GA)
And Ray got the situation handled
We gonna stack up six deep
And ride to Orlando
To the 4 0 7
Calling up Magic Mike, we rolls in about eleven
The gut getta gotta good ol' nine
The next dat I gotta mash to the 3 0 5
I get G'd like I wanna in Miami
You undastand me, I put that on my grammie
And swing on up to the 8 1 3
Around Tampa, I'm dialing up Stephanie
She got me polished like chrome
Sittin on a throne
I'm wore out know, I'm going home (Ooh lord)

What's up K.C., what's up (x2)
Kansas City jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Cleveland, what's up
What's up Cincinnati, what's up
Columbus jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Little Rock, what's up (x2)
Little Rock jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Denver, what's up (x2)
Denver jump on it, jump on it, jump on it (Ooh lord)
What's up Chicago, what's up (x2)
Chicago jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Portland, what's up (x2)
Portland jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up St. Louie, what's up
What's up East Side, what's up
St. Louis jump on it, jump on it, jump on it
What's up Tacoma, what's up (x2)
Tacoma jump on it, jump on it, jump on it

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/