

47 Pop Stars

KJ-52

Hey yo, as if 47 MCs wasn't enough
I got 47 pop stars, rock stars comin' at you
Yo, count 'em, here we go Just do it, just do it
Just do it do it do it
Just do it rock to it
Put ya hands up high and move it Sometimes I feel weird throw verbal Spears like Britney
That literally go from here to Houston, be just like Whitney
Battle me ya kiddin' me you a funny cat
I bet 50 Cents for Eminems ya won't get a Nickelback
The track I'm rippin' ain't really that hard
See Jesus gives destiny to every child of God I'm battle scarred kind of raw but what did you, you think?
No matter race religion or the color or the Creed
If ya black brown pink or in or out of sync
Or hang with the Beastie Boys just on the backstreet
You can live in Linkin' Park no matter just to me
See the Prince of peace is guaranteed to give ya what you need Just do it, just do it
Just do it do it do it
Just do it rock to it
Put ya hands up high and move it Just do it, just do it
Just do it do it do it
Just do it rock to it
Put ya hands up high and move it One day these peep they were goin' past me
Walkin' with a limp eatin' Bizkits they hair was all Shaggy
I said, "What's all y'all name?" That's the question that I'm askin'
I'm Michael, that Celine, that's Dion, that's Jackson
That's Rickey, that's Martin, that's Tony and that's Braxton
Dru is on the Hill just chillin' and relaxin'
Alicia lost her keys and she's really kind of sad and
I said, "U2 no doubt I know how that be happening" But I need all the Dixie Chicks to gather in
And let me explain just the reason why I'm rappin' and
So I told Mariah, he carried my sin and died for me
My faith is in Christ who on hill called calvary
Gave his life for mine so Genuine I try to be
If the world tries to stop me, I Rage Against The Machine
So I turn ya radio up and head to the spot
Get loose like a Slipknot watch the Kid Rock Just do it, just do it
Just do it do it do it
Just do it rock to it
Put ya hands up high and move it Just do it, just do it

Just do it do it do it
Just do it rock to it
Put ya hands up high and move itMy uncle was eatin' Korn on a Cracker all alone
It was 98 Degrees out he was out Counting Crows
And it was just then when my papa saw a roach
He dropped his Red Hot Chili Peppers and then he ran home
And just went and called up John the Mayor on the phone
It's a 311, 3 doors down now don't be slow
But he was like wait a second hold up a minute bro
Before I Usher over their's somethin' you should knowJesus is the firm rock not a Rolling Stone
With Him Heaven not Nirvana is where you'll go
I try to show and let ya know but ya Third Eye is Blind
So need to open them up real wide
Even if you have to Blink 182 times
It's just so obvious that it can't hide
TLC tender lovin' care he'll provide
From girls to boys to men need to let him insideJust do it, just do it
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