

Get Up

Young Fathers

(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"
I got paper rock fresh clothes
I get the girlies out on the floor
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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, 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, la
I got paper rock fresh clothes
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