Get Up Everybody (Get Up)

Salt-N-Pepa

Ok, y'all, this is it now bust it
The mic will sing soon as I touch it
Do this smooth and easy like
So we might get hyped in here tonight
Be nice, relax, MC's further back
If you ain't with that, I'm-a have to attack you with a bad rap
That can smack the smile off your face Jack
So don't start no crap
Givin' a little bit of heart and soul
As we do it to you in your earhole
Huh, I ain't going out like a sucker
And if you think so, boy, then pucker up
And kiss the butt of this lyricist
Blow on the mic and make a wish
This groove is set to soothe and move you
Party people now it's time toGet up
I think the sound will make you (get up)
Word up, I swear you got to (get up)
Everybody get up
Get up
Everybody get up
Get up
Everybody get upSpinderella my DJ's a turntable trooper
My partner Pepa she's a power booster
Word to life, I swear, she'll seduce ya
Don't take my word, I'll introduce her
I don't need no introduction, I just bust in
Grab a microphone and then start dustin'
So-called lyricists can never deal with this
Swift-lipped vocalists either and also if
I was a mute, I'd still knock boots
Put up your dukes, troop, and I'm-a play ya like a flute
To show you all on me you can't sleep on
Spinderella, please drop some beats on
This crowd, pump it up loud
Gimme a scratch, OK now
It's time for hell to be raised
As I kick some lyrics on the beats Hurb made
Salt's at my side with a shotgun

A little action? I just had some
Wicked I say, the girl don't play
Gonna skip town on Judgement Day
So don't just sit there like a poo-putt stupid
The record's called "Get Up", I think you better do itGet up
Everybody get up
Get up
Everybody get up
Get up
Everybody get upSalty that's me flippin' on MCs
I'm not gonna waste your time on the strength, I'll be
Def, dumb, dope, completely phenominal
You didn't know? Yeah, right, come on now
Oh, I'm supposed to believe E-M-C-E-E's
Are glad Salt is makin' G's?
Save that crap, I got my public to rap to
Tried to play me out, I ought to slap you, punk
For being disrespectful
I grip the microphone like a pitbull terrier
Yes, but I'm scarier
Under a ton of rhymes I'll bury ya
Hyped like a poet, on the mic I'll show it
Do-re-mi fa-so-la ti-do it
Jazz, rhythm, blues, soul, pop, rock 'n roll, even hip-hop
Lovers, are my brothers and sisters
All in all over ten billion listeners
Lend me your ear when you want to hear
The hypest and ripest sound of the yearGet up
Everybody get up
Get up
Everybody get up
Get up
Everybody get up
Get up
Get up
Get up
Get up

Songwriters
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