Get Loose

Vanilla Ice

Get Loose
Vanilla Ice is here with the juice.
No use for steppin' so give the bass a boost
Produced by the 3 man crew
Not a deuce just a hit man.
Keepin' rappers necks in a noose
I'm gettin' juiced up,
But Vanilla's not souped up.
Check out the read dope track that I looped up
All you poo but sucka's plain' the back in fact black.
If you run up I'll flip you like a flapjack,
An' roll you up like a knappack
Crack that skull with bat
You should've known you're rap's wacked
You lack the style and skill to even get paid.
Grab the mic and you will verbally get slayed.
I raid the track like a terrorist
And with my napalm bomb lyrics,
I got 'em scared of this.
So be prepared to be taken to the Twilight Zone
And the VIP is bad to the bone.
Ain't no way against me you can get juice
Ain't no way against me you can get juice
Ain't no way against me you can get juice
Back off the stage,
An' watch Vanilla Ice get loose.Get Loose...all the Ladies, Get Loose...all the Fellas, Get Loose...all the brothers, Get Loose...all the Mothers, Get Loose...all the Sisters, Get Loose...now the Dogs, Get Loose...Everybody, here we go, here we goGet loose as I boost the juice
Once more for the people who wanted it.
an' didn't know what's in store,
I've got another big hit
Of course a Vanilla rides the groove like a Gemballa Porsche.
I got Zero on the cut like a lumberjack better yet a Butcher
Guaranteed to put cha in the right mood
We make ya dance in a frenzy.
Sucka's gettin' mad 'cause I'm getting all the Skins "G"

Plus I'm makin' all the ends "G".
And the women wanna ride my pickle like it was a bicycle
Or just lick it like a popsicle.
I got a little time to waste so baby put it in my face
I wanna taste you neta and I bet-cha,
I get-cha, right where I wan-cha,
And I'm about to let-cha have it.
I'm talking about my carrot, you're the bunny rabbit
Here it is baby doll, honey, grab it
Open up so I can have it.
Ooh...whee do like BBD and do me baby
You're the lady who makes
Me looney screamin' Ice ice Baby
Straight knockin' the boots just 'cause I'm a super star.
And she knows this that's why I do her far
Or should I say long, if you know what I mean.
I'm talking about my Ice cream - yea
I make the girls scream, as I give up the juice
Vanilla Ice is here, to make the girls get loose...

Songwriters
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