

Get Loose

Shystie

[VERSE ONE] Me and my whole squad pull up on the night
Taking up the whole road with out cars and our super bikes
Now were outside but the queue's long
So I get bredrin to dance to the thong song With a bouncer she's licking her lips
Rotating her hips, bum flicks on his (Oooh)
He whispers in her ear, and then I hear him say
Her and her whole crew get in and they don't have to pay Hey, now were in Harlem shaking to the ground
DJ Scottie B don't stop playing that sound
We make our way to the bar in the club
And my whole crew buying bare bottles of bub Oh shit, my vision seems blurred
I'm laughing to myself cos my words seem slurred
I'm feeling tipsy
But I don't give a dam I've come to party [CHORUS] If you're standing up against the wall
Yo what's wrong, 'your shoes too small'?
Put them hands in the air-yah
If not ain't they fresh under deyah Wile out on the dance floor
I mean what the hell did you come here for
Move like your crazy and hard
If you get weird looks shout so what [Bridge]
GET LOOSE
Ga get ga get, ga get ga get ga get ga get
GET GET GA GET LOOSE
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh [VERSE TWO] When I'm spitting this sounds superb
(Get off me) now give me the respect I deserve
Cos I've had enough now, watch out here I come
I'ma keep swinging you like elephant trunks I've crash-landed, I'm taking over this shit
And since I've come I've made a lot of emcees quit
It's a Shystie phenomenon you can't ignore
I'm on your airwaves, in your high street stores Jezze jezze now should I take a break
Yeah you would it but there's no way
Naa I think I will stay,
Cos to piss a hater off will make my day YUP, I'm not slowing down, I'll keep on going now
New rhymes in my head just keep on flowing now
Ah my time this so I'm doing my thing
Can I get ah wot wot can I get a amen [CHORUS]
[Repeat] Now I got you thinking bout what my next move could be
But concentrate on your own and don't watch me
Shystie is gona be around for a long while
Hitting back again every time with ah new style Oh.. taste my lyrics in your face

If you feel you can keep with my pace
At this rate that I'm going boy I just don't care
Cos another artist couldn't do this here So-come on now tell me why should I fret
Naa come on, tell me why if I'm never gonna let
Nobody come along and ever take my place
Cos I've worked like a bitch to get myself in this race Oh my days, she's going on real
Yeah damn straight cos you know that I'm ill
'Shystie's sick she's real to the game'
Now you know that just remember my name [CHORUS]
[REPEAT]

Songwriters

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