

Get Up (feat. Chamillionaire)

Ciara

He said "Hi, my name is so and so baby, can you tell me yours?
You look like you came to do one thing" (Set it off)
I started on the left
And I had to take him to the right
He was out of breath
But he kept on dancin' all night You tryin', admit it
But you just can fight the feelin' inside
You know it and I can see it in your eyes
You want me you smooth as a mother
You're so undercover
By the way that you was watchin' me Ooh, uh the way you look at me
I'm feelin' you, uh I just can't help it
Tryin' to keep it cool, uh
I can feel it in the beat, uh
When you do those things to me, uh
Don't let nothin' stop you
Move, ring the alarm
The club is jumpin' now, so get up! I said, "Ciara's on you radio
Everybody turn it up."
Spicy just like hot sauce
Careful, you might burn it up
You can do the pop lock
Ragtime, don't stop
That's the way you gotta get
Get it, make ya body rock You tryin', admit it
But you just can fight the feelin' inside
You know it 'cause I can see it in your eyes
You want me, you smooth as a mother
You're so undercover
By the way that you was watchin' me Ooh, uh the way you look at me
I'm feelin' you, uh I just can't help it
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Don't let nothin' stop you
Move, ring the alarm
The club is jumpin' now, so get up! Ooh, I love the way you vibe with me
Dance with me forever
We can have a good time, follow me

To the beat together
You and me, one on one
Breakin' it down, you can't walk away now
We got to turn this place outIt's the kid that stay ridin' big
The one the police tried to catch ridin' dirty
In the club before eleven o'clock
Like I'm tryin' to catch it down kinda early
Look, ya thick, her hair brown and curly
She love the way my ride shinin' pearly
City boys say she fine and pretty
In the country, boys say she fine and 'purty'
My pockets thick as green, it's curvy
And the ladies know soon as they see my jewelry
If bein' fresh to death is a crime
I think it's time for me to see the juryYou know Chamillionaire stay on the grind
A hustla like me is hard to find
I ain't really impressed, yes
Unless it's about some dollar signs
Ain't really no need to call you fine
I know you be hearin' that all the time
I'm watchin' you do ya step, do ya step
Yep it's goin' downOoh, uh the way you look at me
I'm feelin' you, uh I just can't help it
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I'm feelin' you, uh I just can't help it
Tryin' to keep it cool, uh
I can feel it in the beat, uh
When you do those things to me, uh
Don't let nothin' stop you
Move, ring the alarm
The club is jumpin' now, so get up!I got to have you, baby uh, I feel it
I got to have you, baby
I got to have you, baby uh, I feel it
I got to have you, baby

Songwriters

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