

Down With The Trumpets (Noize Le-Roc Remix)

Rizzle Kicks

Yo, you might hear me make a racket like Wilson
Cause I love summer no Rachel Bilson (yes)
The winter will come,
We just have parties inside it's still fun,
(We're jammin') pump this (we're bangin'),
Chase your boyfriend let's 'av him,
We're rowdy, girls make our judgement cloudy,
But when the sun comes up we're still alcys,
We don't wanna be lowsy, or shameless,
But we're running round like we're brainless,
Now I've got grass stains on my brand new white trainers
(On my brand new white trainers)
Um I know a few guys hate us,
They're as compelling as neighbors so later,
It's blaters we've got our own sound, you know now,
So go wild and get hosed down, n-no noYeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
What
Let's get down with the down with the
What
Let's get down with the down with the
What
Let's get down with the down with the
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpetsWhen I get down,
I get respect now,
And when our tunes drops,
You know it makes your head bounce,
Yeah I move with the flow,
And when I enter the room it shows,
I move sick (when I dance)
Then chicks (wanna dance)
Move in and move quick (when I dance)

At risk (when I dance)
Just be careful you don't lose your chick (when I dance) That might just happen,
So listen deep,
Stick with your madame,
Or she might just leave Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
What
Let's get down with the down with the
What
Let's get down with the down with the
What
Let's get down with the down with the
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets Um how much sound from the brass to the air,
Will it take, to put your bras in the air? (pardon me there)
Just don't pretend that,
If I wasn't older you wouldn't wanna dance with me yeaah
You're the last of my fears,
I was top boy of the class in my year,
Well not really but I was half way there,
And I coulda been the headmaster so yeah
Got vibes and charisma (lighter and rizzla)
Baccy and filter (shine for me mister)
I want the sun to (sh-I-I-ine)
Till I'm looking at a bright blue (sky-y-y)
Yes, and we drop it like anvils,
Bring your whole crew to a stand still, still,
Stick us on at clubs and I
Guarantee that no body would stand still Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets
What
Let's get down with the down with the
What

Let's get down with the down with the
What
Let's get down with the down with the
Yeah yeah
Let's get down with the trumpets

Songwriters

HARLEY SYLVESTER ALEXANDER-SULE, JORDAN STEPHENS, DARREN LEWIS, IYIOLA
BABATUNDE BABALOLA, DAG PATRICK TORGERSBRATEN, WILL DAVIESPublished by
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG
RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, CV AMERICA Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>