

# Get Up Everybody

## 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 to  
Get 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 up Spinderella 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  
What can 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 it  
Get up, everybody get up  
Get up, everybody get up  
Get up, everybody get up Salty that's me flippin' on MCs  
I'm not gonna waste your time on the strength, I'll be  
Def, dumb, dope, completely phenomenal  
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 year Get up, everybody get up...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>