

# Pump It Up

Joe Budden

Pump p Pump Pump  
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(Just Blaze)

We gon' do it like  
(Uuh, uuh, uhh)

Look, pump it up if you came to get it krunk  
With a dame and shit that's drunk  
You came to get it on

More than 5 O's in ya bank then get it on  
Roll up like that stank and get it on  
Slank that fitted on, came to get it on  
Hold up she want work that, twork that  
Then again lemme hurt that, murk that  
Til ya gotta hurt back

Can't spit it out

Boo you gotta slurp that  
Can't cuddle after we done, it wasn't worth that  
Joey I'm responsible for bringin' Jersey back  
(And we bad huh)

She at the bar stylin' she throwin' it up  
She drink a little hypno, throwin' it up  
But I'm only dealing with freaks that wanna cut  
Ma if you agree I want nut

Camcorder, get it played late night on BET Uncut  
(Uuh)

Fellas, Do ya thing lemme do my thang

I mean, Do ya thing lemme do my thang  
Shorties, Move that thing mami move that thang  
C'mon, Move that thing mami move that thang

Hustlers, Do ya thing lemme do my thang  
Please tell the DJ, pump p p pump pump it up  
I see some haters grillin' I see some ladies chillin'  
I see that girlie I've been plottin' to get

She can hop in the whip  
And we can

Pump p p Pump Pump it up

OK, we was leaving we was done  
Then she said "Can my people's come"

Here we go I see it don't stop

They wanna ride in something where the rims don't stop  
Look baby you fine but ya girlfriends  
not

And then she wanna holdout getting cute on the phone  
I ain't gotta be bothered, be cute on ya own  
My jump off doesn't run off at the mouth so much  
My jump off never ask why I go out so much  
My jump off never has me going out of my way  
And she don't want nothin' on Valentines Day  
My jump off don't argue or get rebellious  
And she don't mind hangin' out with the fellas  
My jump off's not insecure or jealous  
(Uuh, uuh, uuh)

Y'all dudes keep talkin' 'bout ya ice and all the shine to it That's alright go cross-world find  
cubic Ma wanna fall in love like I'm cupid  
Tellin' me she don't give brain like I'm stupid  
You can do anything if you put ya mind to it (Get it) Think about it the game is bad playa  
Ain't it bad playa  
Don't worry Joey will change it back playa  
Might of heard me spittin' with Cain and Fab playa  
I got the set boards to bring it back playa  
Bang and clap playa  
Front man no longer playin' the back playa  
Plain as that playa  
808's pumpin' bang the track playa  
Want my 2nd wind change the rap playa  
Jump off 1 man gang I'm back playa  
Look, whatchu want bump double click pump  
Ride, ride swamp dump off homie jump off  
All these haters on my (huh) won't jump off  
When all the streets need is j j j jump off  
j j Jump j j j j j Jump off  
(Uuh, uuh, uuh)

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