

# Pump It Up

## Brooklyn Bounce

AiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiYO! I-IGHT?! (repeat 4X)

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo remix by my man Allstar, check this out  
B-b-b-bounce money bounce, only one things counts, huh  
{\*music\*} And I'm here to announce  
The flex, the X when the wood is erect  
And to the Mecca Audio crew, nuff respect  
And to the one-one-two, nuff respect  
It's time to put, the bugger umm business in check  
Cause when I flex for the sex and expect who's next  
I see the booty, be bouncin at the discotech  
I like to know what I got and where I'm at is all that  
Y'knowwhatI'msayin? (Why must I, chase the cat?)  
Because it's nice and.. fat  
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)  
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)  
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)  
So whatchu want money? (Pump it up ha!)  
Say what? (Pump pump pump pump me up!) C'mon

[Chorus] - 1/2

[Doug E. - over chorus]

Uhh, I see Brooklyn tryin to get into the joint here too now  
Huh, y'know, yo

I call her S-E-X-ee, because she sex me  
And there's nobody that can disconnect me  
Disrespect me, or try to test me  
If he do, you know the boy's through  
Because it is a rule  
I don't get played or made into a fool  
It's boom bye bye with the hands, the tools  
or the burner, you got to learn a  
lesson, like Ike, taught Tina - (turn away)  
Because I'm free with the style so I'm here to stay  
The last survivor, hip-hop McGyver  
TV show I can't come no liver  
with a tick and the kick of the party reviver  
And the {\*beatboxes\*}  
I forgot about the {\*beatbox\*} here and the {\*beatbox\*} here  
{\*beatboxes\*} Throw a hand in the air, c'mon!

[Chorus]

[Doug E. - over chorus]

Uhh  
I see Uptown is in here tonight  
East coast West coast  
Represent.. kick it!

{\*sample: my mouth is for the record and my voice is for the beat  
.. for the beat, Doug E. Fresh will make ya move your feet\*}

You don't understand.. I ain't scared of you motherfuckers

[Doug] I-IGHT?!

You don't understand.. I ain't scared of you motherfuckers  
[Doug] I-IGHT?!

You don't understand.. I ain't scared of you motherfuckers  
[Doug] I-IGHT?!

You don't understand..

[Doug E. Fresh]

You know

Some people say that they real but they're as fake as a cartoon  
The only thing they pop was either gum or a balloon  
They jump on fads like it's a wanted rap ad  
Hardcore is hittin so now I gotta act bad  
But you was just, happy when I seen you in the street  
But now you're a killer, and you can't be beat  
You used to dance at the parties now you can't move your feet  
Because you're scared, that people might say you're weak  
And it ain't nuttin worse than a real fake brother  
Yes it is, WHAT? A real fake sucka  
And if this fits you money, then take your picture  
and put it in the frame with your name and your shame  
Cause your whole style, is nothin but mad game  
You can call me old school, but I'm no fool  
Cause back then, at least we had a hip-hop rule  
And the rule was you got to be original  
But in ninety-three it seems originality  
is on the verge of becoming extinct to me  
And some of you rappers just stink to me  
And none of y'all really seem to think to me  
about respect, or no type of dignity  
And gettin pumped like a ho by the industry, so..

[Chorus]

[Doug E. - over chorus]

Uhh..

Say what?

C'mon, pump it up, yeah

Now now now now watch this..

[Doug E. Fresh]

To the Uptown crew, nuff respect  
To my man Shock Dog (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)  
To the Uptown crew, nuff respect  
To my man Barry B (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)  
To the Uptown crew, nuff respect  
Funkmaster Flex (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)  
To the Uptown crew, nuff respect  
Hey, K-Superior (I-IGHT, I-IGHT!)