

Sugarhill Groove

The Sugarhill Gang

Yeah! Welcome to the party
Yeah! Welcome to the party
Yeah! (To the biggity-bang-bang the boogie) Welcome to the party
Yeah! Welcome to the party

Well, I'm Wonder Mike and I'm ready
Yeah, I mean ready to rock the house
And I'm Big Bank Hank and I'm ready, baby doll
And I'm ready to shock the house
And of course it's me, the Master Gee
I said ladies you know I'm ready

Dibby-dibba-bop-lada-di-da-da
Twiddlee diddly do and you do that rock
I said you do that rock, now
Then you hear the guitar and then the bass
Then hit that chord that'll shake this place

S-U-G-A-R-H-I-double L
We go by the name of The Sugarhill Gang and that's how it's spelled!
(Check it out!) Just freak it to the rhythm and don't stop
Just freak it to the rhythm and don't quit
Just freak it to the rhythm and don't move
'Cause this is known to be the Sugarhill Groove, get down!

Come on, and get down
To the boogie to the boogie the up jump the boogie to the
Now sugar, let me have a little bit of your time
Sugarhill say you need to relax your mind
Let your spirit go, and your body be free
All we're here to do is make you party!
Till you're going down with the help of the Gang
So get off, and do your own kinda thing
I say don't be scared to let down your hair
'Cause this is the Sugarhill Gang affair
We say you rock and you don't stop
You go on and you do the rock

So you feel the bass and then feel the highs
We're better, comin' at you, than salt and french fries
Turn the boogie around, you got franks and beans
Check it out everyone, as we start to sing:
You can't get enough of that Sugarhill, Sugarhill, Sugarhill
You can't get enough of that Sugarhill, that makes you do the freak!

Hey Mike, do you see that girl over there?
Who, the one with the long black pretty hair?
I don't know about you but I'm going to see
Maybe she might do the bad and do it with me
Now no one else is with her, and I'm telling you no lie
That there's beams of light sparkling in her hair, and a flicker in her eye
So let's change the beat to make her move her feet
So if you lower that allergy [?]
And let's kick up the band with a wave of a hand, and a simple 1, 2, 3

Dibby-dibba-bop-lada-di-da-da
Twiddlee diddly do it, do that rock

Now there's a reason why I rock all the season with a little a touch of savo
ir faire

'Cause I am down with the Sugarhill Gang and we rock with pin-point flair

First you hip the hop and then hop the hip
And then you hippit the hop and don't quit
Then you hip the hop and then you hop the hip
And then you hippit the hop and don't stop
Just on and on and on, on, on and on
Like hot butter the pop, the pop, the pop
Hippie-dibby, pop-a-the-pop-pop
You do that rock and get right on down and give me what you got

Stop!

Before it gets too hot now

Now, why in the world did you do that for?
Everybody in this spot was begging for more
Now, both of you know we have to hit the streets
And you just start rapping to the beat
So come on

(Wait a minute)

First things first, first high then low
We think we're coming to someone's stereo
And if you're thinking what I'm thinking someone's around
To check us out when we throw down!
Young ladies, young ladies, young ladies drive me crazy!
We go back and forth, and forth and back
We're The Sugarhill Gang, we take no smack
We don't wear diamond rings and drive big cars
But the people just treat us like movie stars
We're just three young rappers who want to be known
As professional magicians of the microphone
Well I'm Big Bank, rhymes are my game
And soon I'll be elected to the hall of fame
Like a lime to a lemon, a cherry to a plum
We won't stop rappin' till we all get some!

Wonder Mike, it's on you

You're the freak of the night, so what you wanna do?

Just give me the mic in the middle of the night
And I'll show you how to rock real tight
When I was young I ate my Wheaties every single day
But it wasn't the Wheaties that helped me jerk
But groovin' the things I say
It's the rhythm of WBGL that helped me sing my song
So you can rock with such finesse to the devil beat all night long

If you do the mad dance and you get on the floor
And you decide to put the boogie to shame
Well, the Baby bubbah, don't you fret because you'll come back
To that the other boogie, people'll do the same

Dibby-dibba-bop-lada-di-da-da
Twiddlee diddly do it, do that rock
Well I counted to a hundred and now I'm through
Bet you know who's rappin' to the groove
It's Wonder Mike and I'm ready, young brother
Gonna give you a hip and hug you a hop
I'll take the hop and with the help of a pop

You know I'm coming to the top alley bop
Leavin' you a tip that turns into a hip
And and then you stomp it to a freaking scholarship

Dibby-dibba-bop-lada-di-da-da
Twiddlee diddly do it, do that rock
I'm the Master Gee, a man you know
A man who rocks in stereo
I said hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle
We let in a bat and a dog and a middle
I'm gonna rock this mic to who knows when
Get up in the morning and do it again
I'm gonna hit you with rhymes you've never heard before
And direct them to the lady that I adore
'Cause I'm on the go, I'm on your mind
All I'm here to do is shake your behind to the beat
You don't stop
Rock the rhythm that'll make your body rock
Break it on down!

(Come on, party angel) [?]

Well, he's featured on the drums and he came to stay
And he goes by the name of Tito Puente!

To the beat that makes you want to
A-to the beat that makes you want to
A-to the beat that makes you want to dance
A-come on, young ladies let's take a chance

Dibby-dibba-bop-lada-di-da-da
Twiddlee diddly do it, do that rock
To the beat that makes you want to
To the beat that makes you want to
I'm like a double stack mac at twelve o'clock
We're like Big Bang but with the gangsta rock
To the boogie to the boogie be up jump the boogie to the...
Hippity-ba-hoppas who so-so socialize
Won't you open up your ears and open up your eyes?
To find out whether you're qualified, and one more thing, we're all the way
live
Like a lime to lemon, a lemon to a lime
You can give me your number 'cause I got a dime
Like a tick to a tock, a drip to a drop, like snap, crackle to the pop
When I'm rappin' to the rhythm of a funky beat, I rap and tell no lies
'Cause the way I spell relief you know it's P-A-R-T-Y!
Like a lemon to a lime, a lime to a lemon
Got a black book filled with all the fly women
Tweedle-di-dee or Tweedle-di-dum
Hear the tight pitter-patter of a big bass drum
Baby stand on the rhythm of the big top beat
While I snap my fingers and tap my feet

To the beat that makes you want to... sugar sugar sugar!...

To the beat that makes you wanna dance, sugar sugar sugar!

To the beat that makes you want to... sugar sugar sugar!...

To the beat that makes you wanna rock, sugar sugar sugar!

To the beat that makes you rock the beat, sugar sugar sugar!