

## **Sarah Brightman F/ José Cura**

### **"Rejuvenation"**

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[Maseo (DV Alias Khrist)]

Whooo!

C'mon, (yea yea)

C'mon, (Brooklyn)

My colleges

I want y'all to do one thing (What's that, what's that?)

You hear it? (What, what?)

(Uh-huh, uh-huh)

{"Move, stomp, move, stomp" - repeat in background  
of all choruses}

[Chorus - DV Alias]

All my people get up and do your, thing

All my ladies get up and do your, thing

All my fellas get up and do your, thing

Everybody get up and do your, thing

[Verse 1]

Ladies and gentlemen, yeah it's me again

DV slash to K

The master from how to MC-n-sing

But I keep a humble attitude

Far from rude, ex that

I hear the beat and hundreds improve

Get up on the dancefloor

It's been a long time comin like Sam Cook

So what this man cooks has gotta be hot to keep you  
movin

It's time to blast off

Cuz most cats ain't singin nothin,

and they think that's the formula

Don't quit ya day job fella

Cuz ya dealin with brothers that do this for a livin

Dynasty, Beega Marv, we here to stop all the drillin

For those who like sinnin

[Chorus - DV Alias]

All my people get up and do your, thing (Come on!)

All my ladies get up and do your, thing (Come on!)

All my fellas get up and do your, thing (Come on!)

Everybody get up and do your, thing

[Verse 2]

Aiyyo stop what ya doin cuz DV's about to ruin  
The wick-wick wack that your used to  
Got thugs, slammin they deuce-deuce  
When ya hear this club-banger, produced by Maseo  
Brooklyn, yea you know how it go  
Got Brownsville up in my veins  
So much that a tattoo couldn't even hide my tracks,  
but I maintain and stay calm - and drop bombs  
Like if my name was, Flex or Saddam  
Don't be alarmed huh, cuz this ain't a test  
It's DV Alias live in the flesh  
When SMG's in the house there's no contest  
So I suggest that..

[Chorus - DV Alias]

All my people get up and do your, thing (Come on!)  
All my ladies get up and do your, thing (Come on!)  
All my fellas get up and do your, thing (Come on!)  
Everybody get up and do your, thing (Come on!)

[Verse 3]

Yo, all my people in the place if ya loud  
let's turn the threb' up  
While the "Ain't No Wait" thump pumps hard in ya chest  
Everybody drenched in the sweat from dancin all night  
It's a party y'all, so there's no need for the fights  
We gets viza-viggity crunk, like the Malerna cats  
Where the porevas and the players sip the Henny,  
Coniyac  
Gangsta Boo's in the back yellin "Where the dollas at? "  
And the thugs reply "In my pocket, where it's stayin at"  
I'm scratchin off, any course placed in my way  
Then my plan is, to snatch a couple Grammys off the  
stage,  
and yell "Brooklyn!"  
And hold one up for Front Page  
You and the little ones see though for my dawgs are  
out the way  
I ain't comin in this game to play  
I ain't really with the fame, but I love what I do  
And I hope some'll feel the same  
But if not, it's all good  
I'ma get mines regardless cuz it's all 'bout the goo

[Chorus - DV Alias] 2x

All my people get up and do your, thing (Come on!)  
All my ladies get up and do your, thing (Come on!)  
All my fellas get up and do your, thing (Come on!)

Everybody get up and do your, thing (Come on!)

[DV Alias]

Yea yea

DV Alias Khrist

'Roll or be rolled over'

That's the slogan

Stop playin

VMR, Dynasty

De La Soul, Native Tongues, takin over

Pop that deck...

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