

The Meatmen

"Gettin' Down at the Amphitheater"

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"Ga-ga-gangbusters!!"

[Dove]

Hey give it Boogie like the BX, sex regular booger
bitches
get the backseat, G-bumps'll make you buy tapes
Ex-cape the fire tonight, switch like Jekyll and Hyde
and shit, wreckin we live and shit
This swamp water style'll keep em dirty and wet
I bet mills on the rhyme skills, we walk away set
Rich like topsoil, connect coin with currency
Places that I couldn't pronounce, and then bounce
Illegal ain't illegal if it's less than an ounce
Keep it come in T. La Rock amounts, see +It's Yours+
Study scrolls that includes the clause
Get your dirty paws out my bowl, your hustle's too old
to deal
with the shuffle, you exhaust me like a muffle
Get zapped and zipped in the duffle
Came to the set splashed, no Roley on the wrist
To Hell with a guest list, we all up in this!
A two dollar somethin got your eyes on him
But yo she pinchin my ass so we go, limb for limb
Lights studio dim, it's EXACT tonight
So we can drop the Rap Delight, on one!

Just dance, you know you gots the feelin
Just dance, ah come on and get down
and just dance, you know you gots the feelin
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and just dance, you know you gots the feelin
Just dance, ah come on and get down
"Just get on down.."

[Common]

Underground under pressure, my style is the child
of a lesser, God, I Master like Farad
Persona in between the El Rook'n, and El DeBarge
Metaphorically massage, verbal hajj

I take over breaks and chop loops
Glorifyin, one-eighty hat cats can rock in my troops
Wisdom like a tooth, mock new shits I knock loose
Datin game Thursday's I spot juice, Plug like Pos'nus
Before you get a style, let's get a style
My style pans the crowd back and forth
You were soft as the tracks you rappin off, I pop shit
You tried to laugh it off, actin like you had to cough
and didn't hear it, my spirit sustains in the same
pattern
emcee, familiar sample period; spottin where you
sampled
your rhyme scheme from -- I ain't clearin it
I drop science and experiment -- contractually
came to terms of endearment with my label
Want to pick out a day to smack wack niggaz, I contact
niggaz
like P.O.'s, you spit background lyrics, I rip Lee flows
Wipin your nose like you need blows
Claimin it's a allergy, I react allergic to cats
or is it how they word it
If you had weight it must have been some pussy you
served with
Thoughts fermented, I rode rhythms and words tinted
Many lip profess, I'm verb centered

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"Just get on down.."

[Pos]

It's like rip y'all, add it on to lip
Wonder Why's upon this, just to flex my strength
I was the one who killed wackness so I had to do a bid
of twelve years on the mic, before parole with Tommy
'Kid'
Infinite landscaper, green paper maker
Leap far from home with chrome rims and trims
Man these people still takin rappin for a joke
The pimp, I rock it one-double-oh percent
Some of you MC's should be called CM's, Carbon
Monoxide
on the mic exposin your polluted bloodtype
Y'all niggaz need a visit from the Brain Fairy
Walk around dead, like your physical's buried

Wrote the rhymes durin a earthquake, cause your
style's
shaky as SHIT! Just need to come clean and admit
that yo' quick draw fails the test, and mine was
flawless
My DJ gave the scratch, yours was clawless
Your crew couldn't even measure to mine
That's why yo' bitches is busted, and mines is fine
Performin with an upper design, so back on off the
plank
We bringin this Big and Bad like Hank

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"Just get on down.."
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and just dance, you know you gots the feelin
Just dance, ah come on and get down!!!
"Just get on down.."

* cut and scratch of "Just get on down.." to the song's
end *

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