

## Ciara Feat. Chamillionaire "Get Up"

Visit "[Get Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ladies and gentlemen, Ciara!

He said, "Hi, my name is so and so, baby, can you tell me yours?"

You look like you came to do one thing, set it off

I started on the left and I had to take him to the right  
He was out of breath but he kept on dancin' all night

You try an' admit it but you just can fight the feelin'  
inside

You know it and I can see it in your eyes

You want me, you smooth as a mother

You're so undercover by the way that you was watchin'  
me

Ooh! Uh, the way you look at me I'm feelin' you, uh

I just can't help it tryin' to keep it cool, uh

I can feel it in the beat, uh, when you do those things to  
me, uh

Don't let nothin' stop you

Move, ring the alarm, the club is jumpin' now

So get up!

I said "Ciara's on your radio" everybody  
turn it up

Spicy just like hot sauce careful you might burn it up

You can do the pop lock, ragtime, don't stop

That's the way you gotta get, get it, make ya body rock

You try an' admit it but you just can beat the feelin'  
inside

You know it 'cause I can see it in your eyes

You want me, you smooth as a mother

You're so undercover by the way that you was watchin'  
me

Ooh! Uh, the way you look at me I'm feelin' you, uh

I just can't help it tryin' to keep it cool, uh

I can feel it in the beat, uh, when you do those things to  
me, uh

Don't let nothin' stop you

Move, ring the alarm, the club is jumpin' now  
So get up!

Ooh, I love the way you vibin' me  
Dance with me forever  
We can have a good time, follow me  
To the beat together

You and me, one on one  
Breakin' it down  
You can't walk away now  
We got to turn this place out, ooh

It's the kid that stay ridin' big  
The one the police tried to catch ridin' dirty  
In the club before eleven o'clock  
Like I'm tryin' to catch it down kinda early

Lookin' thick, her hair brown and curly  
She love the way my ride shinin' pearly  
City boys say she fine and pretty  
In the country boys say she fine and purrty

Yeah, my pocket's thick as green, it's curvy  
And the ladies know soon as they see my jewelry  
If bein' fresh to death is a crime  
I think it's time for me to see the jury

You know Chamillionaire stay on the grind  
A hustla like me is hard to find  
I ain't really impressed, yes  
Unless it's about some dollar signs

Ain't really no need to call you fine  
I know you be hearin' that all the time  
I'm watchin' you do ya step, do ya step  
Yep, it's goin down

Ooh! Uh, the way you look at me I'm feelin' you, uh  
I just can't help it tryin' to keep it cool, uh  
I can feel it in the beat, uh, when you do those things to  
me, uh  
Don't let nothin' stop you

Move, ring the alarm, the club is jumpin' now  
So get up!

Ooh! Uh, the way you look at me I'm feelin' you, uh  
I just can't help it tryin' to keep it cool, uh

I can feel it in the beat, uh, when you do those things to  
me, uh  
Don't let nothin' stop you

Move, ring the alarm, the club is jumpin' now  
So get up!

I got to have you baby  
Uh, I feel it, I got to have you baby  
I got to have you baby  
Uh, I feel it, I got to have you baby

Visit [Ciara Feat. Chamillionaire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.