

De La Soul

"The Art Of Getting Jumped"

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I WAS..

[Pos]

.. on my way, to the disco

You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night

Midnight to four, name at the door

but the whole crew I can get in as well

So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith

Let this be a jam that we need not miss

"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt

Might even jump up on the mic

to make sure that this party's turned out

And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line

to stand we find girls screamin the blues

Miscellaneous shoes everywhere

"Yo Mase, what happened here?"

("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules

Bump ?? people and out come the tools

Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews

and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped

Done closed the club down,

cause one of they niggaz got jumped

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

Uh-huh, you heard the hook

No matter you Braveheart or shook

You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left

Kicks to the mids relievin you of breath

I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized

Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE

Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

[Dove]

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included

Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads

My New York City dawgs seem to master the art

When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start

It only takes a second less you got on ice

Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you

twice

Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass
My only advice is don't fall and book ass
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your
mascara)
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair

man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots
(ARRRGH!!)

It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops
Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the
midst of the

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

[Pos]

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and
bodies
and ya best believe we came to party
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya
for reasons like - not in the right part of town
actin like you wore a crown
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme
And bein positive is no exclusion
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions
for flossin your hard-earned shine
I'm talkin games ?? ?? the longest
then it's some other niggaz time
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the
** Jump, jump, jump to it! **
** Jump, jump, jump to it! **
** Jump, jump, jump to it! **
** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

[Maseo]

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped
We had to put this one on the album y'know?
Yeah - this is dedicated
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club
Tried to knock me senseless

They just couldn't get me though
That's why I second round outside on 'em
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge
(HAHAHAHA)

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