

Fat Joe

"Get On Up"

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Here we go, now I'm back
I got soul, although I'm not black
Pass the mic and I'm a spark it
'Cause I'm the hottest rapper on the market

I used to shoot dice to the curb
Peace to my brothers on 163rd
Hold your head and stay strong
My main man Roadie got it going on

So now you know the time
Bust how I flip it, check the rhyme
I kick the hits even with the big belly
'Cause I freak the funk like my man R. Kelly

So give me that honey love
You know what I'm thinking of
Joe's the man with the master plan
I got more rhymes than the beats got fans
Peace to Greg Nice and Smooth B

And if you don't believe then you soon shall see
That I'll be the last to survive
I won't fake the funk, I won't take a dive
So now you know what's up
I make the crowd bounce and get on up

Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up

This is a jam for the radio station
Peace to the whole Zulu Nation
I'm so bad, call the cops
I got props, I'm gonna rule hip-hop

'Cause I'm the only real rap monster
I love eating shrimp and lobster
City Island is my favorite place
Step in Sammy's and dog my face

Losing weight, that must be a joke
'Cause I eat four steaks and drink a Diet Coke
Although I'm big I won't take a swig
Of the Moet, it makes me a much worse poet

And you know that's not the mood, black
Diamond always hits me with the crazy fat tracks
So now you know what's up
I make the crowd bounce, get on up

Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up

'Get on up' is the name of this song
Bounce to the beat if you got it going on
Now in '93, maybe '94
They'll have a Fat Joe tour

Coming to your town with the brand new sound
Representing for the whole Boogie Down
So don't grab the mic or you'll get hurt
If you come in a Benz then you'll leave in a hearse

That's that, everybody knows the flav
Misbehave and you'll dig your own grave
Fat Joe, chopping down trees
Nuff respect to Showbiz and A G

Peace to my buck-wild crew from the Bronx
I hope you'll strike me gets a good response
And if you like the vibe, act like you know
You can get on up with your man Fat Joe and I'm out

Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up

To my people from Brooklyn, get on up
And to my people from Manhattan, get on up
To my people from the Bronx, get on up
To my people from Cali, to my people from Texas
To my people from Atlanta, to my people in Detroit
Everybody in the world just get on up

Get on up, get on up
Get on up, get on up
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Get on up, get on up

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