

# Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five "Pump Me Up"

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Pump, pump, pump, pump me up  
For anything you say, there is no cure for this  
(Rockness)

Come on, I said, "Come on", I said, "Come on"

Rappers might be willin' but they ain't able 'cause I was  
their king straight from my cradle  
I screamed and holla and shook my rattle and dreamt  
of a defeatin' them that all in battle  
There was no food in my silver spoon, so I grew up  
hard and I grew up soon  
I'm a writhes king but I'm hungry too and I eat up  
chumps that rap like you  
Then I meat this shark and his name was George, he  
was biting my rhymes like y'all bite yours  
I starting writing my rhymes, the shark grew and grew  
But I was writing more rhymes than the shark could  
chew

The shark got sick and then he exploded 'cause he  
didn't realised that my rhymes was loaded  
He flew in the air and into the sea and the whole  
universe knew that the king was me  
Come on, I said, "Come on", I said, "Come on"  
I'm not at laser beam or diamond mine or a platen  
watch that some bitches whine  
I'm not a pocket full of pearls, I'm a oil well  
Like black gold baby I'm Melle Mel and to all the fly girls  
I come off hard

The slightest wink or nod makes me your guard  
Though my rhymes are small, so my pockets are large  
When I'm walkin' the dog, oh baby I'm in charge  
I tread ladies like jewel and diamond rings on my  
fingers, on my arms on everything  
On the streets, on the sheets I can't be defeat, so don't  
ask "Where's the beef?"

Baby here is the meat  
I'm gonna get me some soap a towel in the cup 'cause  
the bum MC's are all washed up  
Put your women on the line with the rest of the crew, so  
I can make love to her and annihilate you  
Pump, pump (Me up), me what? (Me up)

Pump, pump, pump, pump me up  
I'm like the genie in your lamp and face on your stamp  
The hip-hop rocket, the microphone champ  
Gotta knock out boys like a Rolls Royce  
Gotta write to number one to be the peoples choice  
'Cause you hum "ding" and then you hum "dong", it's  
just like the friendly game of ping pong  
When you hit the ball upside the paddle, it's just like  
cowboy ridin' on a saddle

Up above your head is the flash off light 'cause I can  
rock to the beat on any god given night  
Like to rock like to roll like to entertain while my car's  
outside you're waiting for the train  
The train to the bus, the bus to whatever and I'm the Mc  
that'll rock in any type of weather  
I'm the bow legged brother, there never be another, I  
bought a mansion for my mother  
Come on, I said, "Come on", I said, "Come on"  
I got a certain cool, that breaks the rules, that gets me  
paid and a lot of fuel  
And the women are calling day and night, just proofs  
that I'm getting mine like a thief in the night  
Because the Scorpe is known as the singer, the quiet  
storm that lover did linger  
I will not change 'cause it's in my blood, I'm like  
dynamite and you're a rappin' thug  
And if it's future is here in the makin' than why I can't  
be part of the takin'?  
'Cause you know I like cars and fancy women that give  
me good love in the beginnest  
Bubble bath and casual lights and girls say, "Scorpe  
you alright?"  
So stop standing there like you from above and just  
relax yourselves and get in this tub

Pump, pump, pump, pump me up  
For all you beautiful people out there, if you having a  
good time, everybody scream

I'm not at laser beam or diamond mine or a patented  
watch that some bitches whine  
I'm not a pocket full of pearls, I'm a oil well  
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I come off hard  
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