

Jars Of Clay

"Aladdin's on a Rampage"

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(That's right y'all)
(Aladdin) ('s on the cut)
(If you wanna come and battle)
(Get some)
(So yo, go for what you know)
(It go a little somethin like this)

Mic check, now in effect
Suckers still comin short
That's why I'm callin order in the court
It looks like a lotta suckers gotta learn the hard way
It doesn't pay when you tamper with my deejay
Back and forth, up and down on the (cut)
Aladdin's in the house, so yo, move your butt and strut
Turn up what I call Aladdin's On A Rampage
Dim the lights, roll the carpet on the stage
My man, now I can talk about him all night long
Yo yo (but at this time I introduce)
(My homeboy) (so) (get ill) (yeah)

(Hey yo, Aladdin)
(Hah?)
(Get retarded)

Turn up the radio, punk, grab a pen, take notes
I'm not one to brag, but this here's dope
Straight from the W, boy, step back
Because I (got the master of a disco scratch)
Aladdin, he's on a rampage for days
The last sucker played brave, winded up gettin slayed
Dissed to the rhythm, like somethin hit him
He's like venom, that's why you suckers can't get with
him
My man pointure punks like dried-out snails
Yo yo, Aladdin how hard are you? (Hard as hell)
Homebody, now how you feel about punks on your
jock?
(The way I feel now I just got to rock)
(Aladdin rocks the house) it ain't a mystery
That everything (has got to be funky)
Yeah, up and down and all around the crossfader

Hands start to bleed as if the table was a grader
Without hesitation, here's a tastin demonstration
How we got a standin ovation
Straight from Low Pro, he's ready to attack
Yo yo, Aladdin, hit em with a (funky scratch)

(1-2-3
3-2-1)

Yo yo, Aladdin
I wanna know, man
What would you do to cut these suckers up?

Aladdin's in the house cold rippin it up
(Sure enough you move your butt when you hear him cut)
He's on a rampage, brace yourself and get stable
For the (king of the cuts on two turntables)
(Suckers) how can you hang upon stage
When your deejay cuts like he's out the yellow page
When he scratch on a record, when the crowd to applaud
With a posse on your cover, so you can look hard
Punks, you're lookin pitiful, Aladdin is original
East Coast, West Coast, Compton, South Central
It doesn't matter, Aladdin's on the cut
And the Doub is on his side to make you move your butt
Aladdin, show em somethin new for those who don't know ya
(If you want a fresh style, let me show ya)

What can I say but Aladdin breaks iller than ill
Yo, he's a top-rank chief (on the wheels of steel)
Seems everywhere we go, Aladdin's rippin it up
You know what (when he cuts, girls move their butts)
Aladdin, I'ma let you go solo, bro, so do your show
What it means to be down with Low Pro
Yo, gimme somethin funky, somethin bout to sell
To show these party people what happens when you
(rock the bells)

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