

## Judith

# "Gitty Up"

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Spin: Gitty up babe

Cheryl "Salt" James & Rufus Blaq:

You can buy that  
Full of bass and hi-hat  
You can buy that  
Full of bass and hi-hat

Cheryl "Salt" James & Rufus Blaq:

I'm-ah make you bounce till your hip hurts  
Make you work  
Sweat till you drench your blouse, and your skirt  
And I'm-a freak you till you pass out  
Pay cash out, baby tear your back out  
Keep bangin'  
Ho, B.L.A.Q. make you say, ho  
S and P, chi-ca, chi-co  
Everybody put your hands in the sky  
Gitty up, gitty up, let's ride

Chorus:

Gitty up baby (Gitty up, gitty up), say what  
Give me all that you got, baby don't stop  
Keep it comin' strong, make it hot, say what  
Gitty up baby (Gitty up, gitty up), say what  
Give me all that you got, baby don't stop  
Keep it comin' strong, make it hot, say what

Cheryl "Salt" James:

Gitty up baby, I'm-ah take you for a ride  
It makes your soul wild, when I release vibes  
Freak ya down, 'til your asthma hit ya  
Salt, non-stop styles, lift ya  
Make you wanna get your stash  
Rollin' like a Ben, no need  
Got my own end, payer-haters never win  
Cuz I'm involved to the end

Send chill up your skin, Poppie  
Who debate, not me  
Can't take what I got, can't stop me  
You still divide by, bass slide  
Yo, can't fight it, ho, let's flow run and move  
Show and prove, we can do this  
Shake your groove thing, hold tight  
Ain't nothin' to this  
When they get down with skills  
Romance and no frills, uh  
It feels ill, don't it

Chorus

Sandra "Pepa" Denton:

I keep it hot like a block full of hustlers  
Who can make it blaze like us  
Bless you to death  
Wanna freak me from the back (Girl, don't even play  
like that)  
Keep it comin' strong, give me all that you got (Yo, true  
baller don't stop)  
I throw it like a pitcher, let my sex appeal hit ya  
Game so sharp that it split ya, tell ya what  
Keep a stylin', boy (I ain't been hooked since Yin was a  
hoiler, what)  
Can't nobody do it this tight (Say what)  
Pep be the bomb, that's right (What)  
Look at all the players tryin' to get with me, sit with me  
Yo, it ain't shh to me  
I'm-ah party 'til I see the sunrise  
It hurts to keep the party live  
Keep it comin' baby

Chorus

Rufus Blaq:

Gitty up baby  
Give me that S and P, that's who the funk is for  
Give me that S and P, that's who the funk is for  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me  
Give me the funk, that's me

Deidra "Spinderella" Roper:

S to the P-I-N, spare with a rella  
Ain't no fella, uh, well a  
Freak your body, keep the party hot

Give me all that you go,t and it don't stop  
When it moves down on me  
Put your grooves down, homie  
Can't lose now, come on  
Can you break it down to the bone  
Boo you actin' like you grown  
Before I take you home (Watch out)  
You better move

Chorus

Gitty up baby

You can buy that  
Full of bass and hi-hat  
You can buy that  
Full of bass and hi-hat

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