

Pitbull

"Pump It Up"

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[Chorus]

So many mamacita's got a brotha burnin' up
Turn it up, pump the volume up
Turn it up (pump up the volume, Pump up the volume) x
2

[Hook]

Houston we have a problem
NASSA better call em'
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 take off

[Verse 1]

I'm so ahead of the game
I'm tryna catch up to myself, it's selfish
Ya'll sound like me in a 2004, its the truth I can't help it
Ya'll so late late late late, ya'll so lame
My father's gone, but thank god he came
Shit is on satellite dishes
Them boys so futuristic
Mama your ass so jupiter, that it's so huge and mystic

[Chorus]

So many mamacita's got a brotha burnin' up
Turn it up, pump the volume up
Turn it up (pump up the volume, Pump up the volume)

[Hook]

Houston we have a problem
NASSA better call em'
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 take off

[Verse 2]

Just like Pun said, even if I stutter, I still sh sh shit on ya
How to sign checks is the only thing that I learned from
literature
Keep thinkin' that I won't get at ya
I'm not a creature I'm a
Beam me up Scotty
G g g give it to her

Shit is on satellite dishes

Them boys so futuristic
Mama your ass so jupiter, that it's so huge and mystic

[Chorus]

So many mamacita's got a brotha burnin' up
Turn it up, pump the volume up
Turn it up (pump up the volume, Pump up the volume x
10)

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