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Sir Mix-A-Lot "Jump On It"

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Ho, Ho, Ho (I know I ain't hear somebody say Nuthin about hoes up in here, sshhh, ooh lord)

What's up Dallas, what's up (x2) Dallas jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up San Antone, what's up (x2) San Antonio jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Austin, what's up (x2) Austin jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Houston, what's up (x2) Houston jump on it, jump on it, jump on it (Ooh lord)

Welcome to the 214 Big B, D Texas Let mr. sexes flex this lexus And this where the cowboys play They battle with my team from the bay Frisco Now I'm from the northwest But I likes my soul food So I'm calling up an old groove And I'm a brother with a gut So, hello Keana, can ya take us out to Poppa Doughs And don't forget about San Antone The last time I went thru I took three broads home And much love love to the brothers in Austin And the 512 I'm flossin in Lawston A state that's as big as hell And I spot two bad ass girls in a tercel They said what's up (were going to Houston) And I said giddy up, U-turn

What's up Phoenix, what's up (x2) Phoenix jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Cali, what's up (x2) California jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Vegas, what's up (x2) Las Vegas jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Sea-town, what's up (x2)

Seattle jump on it, jump on it, jump on it (Ooh lord)

Welcome to the 6.0.2 It's a 105 in the shade And I'm sippin on a lemonade Phoenix Arizona puts the heat up on ya I should warn ya The girls as fine as California Speaking of Cali Check your mack daddy Hes got game, and knocks dames from Redding to the Valley And I can pull'em on a TJ border I even knock mr. G's daughter And come on up to the 7 0 2 Where it's legal to gamble, and hoing is too The kinda city I could run wit Las Vegas na vi dad, I love it Back to the 206 Double up my grits And Sea-town giving po po fits Chasing the skirts like a playa supposed ta 3 4 8 roasta (ho, ho, ho... Ooh lord)

What's up Atlanta, what's up (x2) Atlanta jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Orlando, what's up (x2) Orlando jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Miami, what's up (x2) Miami jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Tampa, what's up (x2) Tampa jump on it, jump on it, jump on it

Coming thru the 4 0 4 Olympic summer, Atlanta, so lets go Calling up my homeboy Daddy Ray (Aiy Ray, what's up with the girls in GA) And Ray got the situation handled We gonna stack up six deep And ride to Orlando To the 4 0 7 Calling up Magic Mike, we rolls in about eleven The gut getta gotta good ol' nine The next dat I gotta mash to the 3 0 5 I get G'd like I wanna in Miami You undastand me, I put that on my grammie And swing on up to the 813 Around Tampa, I'm dialing up Stephanie She got me polished like chrome Sittin on a throne I'm wore out know, I'm going home (Ooh lord)

What's up K.C., what's up (x2) Kansas City jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Cleveland, what's up What's up Cincinnati, what's up Columbus jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Little Rock, what's up (x2) Little Rock jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Denver, what's up (x2) Denver jump on it, jump on it, jump on it (Ooh lord) What's up Chicago, what's up (x2) Chicago jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Portland, what's up (x2) Portland jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up St. Louie, what's up What's up East Side, what's up St. Louis jump on it, jump on it, jump on it What's up Tacoma, what's up (x2) Tacoma jump on it, jump on it, jump on it

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