

Soundtracks

"Get up - ciara /feat chamillionaire"

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(Ciara):

Uh/ Yeah/ Uh/ Ow/ U/ Yeah/

(Jazze Pha): Ladies and gentlemen, Ciara/

(Verse)

You said/ Hi, my name is so-and-so, baby/

Can u tell me urs/

You look like u came to do one thing/

Set it off/ I started on the left/

Then I had to take him to the right/

He was out of breath/

But he kept on dancing all night/

Keep tryin/ Oh, baby/

But u just can

You know it/ And I can see it in ur eyes/

U want me/ Smooth as a motha---/

U was so undercover/

By the way that u was watchin

(Chorus)

Ooh, the way u look at me/ I

I just can

I can feel it in the beat/

When u do those thangs to me/

Don

Move/ Ring the alarm/

The club is jumpin

(Verse)

I said/ Ciara

Spicy just like hot sauce/ Careful, u might burn it up/

U can do the pop-lock, ragtime/ Don

That

But u just can

U know it/ Cause I can see it in ur eyes/

U want me/ Smooth as a motha---/

U was so undercover/

By the way that u was watchin me/

(Chorus)

Ooh, the way u look at me/ I

I just can
I can feel it in the beat/
When u do those thangs to me/
Don
Move/ Ring the alarm/
The club is jumpin

(Hook)
Ooh, I love the way ur vibin
Dance for me, forever/
We can have a good time/
Follow me/ (Follow me)/
To the beach, together/ (To the beach)/
U and me/ One on one/ Breakin
U can walk away, now/ (Oh-oh-oh)/
They bout 2 turn this place out/ Ooh-ooh/

(Chamillionaire)
It's the kids, they ridin' big; the one police try to catch
ridin' dirty/
In the club, before eleven o'clock, like I'm tryna catch a
dime kinda early/
Lookin' thick, her hair brown and curly, she love the
way my ride shinin' pearly/
City boys say she fine and pretty, and the country boys
say she fine and purty/
Mom and pops think it's green as curry, and the ladies
know soon as they see my jewelry/
If bein' fresh to death is a crime, I think it's time I see a
jury/
You know, Chamillionaire stay on the grind, a hustler
like me is hard to find/
I ain't really impressed, yes, unless it's about some
dollar sign/
Really no need to call ya fine, I know you be hearin' that
all the time/
Watchin' ya do ya step, do ya step, yes, it's goin' down/

(Chorus)
Ooh, the way u look at me/ I
I just can
I can feel it in the beat/
When u do those thangs to me/
Don
Move/ Ring the alarm/
The club is jumpin

I got to have ya, baby/
I feel it, I feel it/
I got to have ya, baby/
Uh-uh/ I got to have ya, baby/

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