

Swv**"Gettin' Jiggy Wit It"**Visit "[Gettin' Jiggy Wit It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bring it.
Whoo!
Unh, unh, unh, unh
Hoo cah cah
Hah hah, hah hah
[mimicking bass line] Bicka bicka bow bow bow,
bicka bow bow bump bump
What, what, what, what
Hah hah hah hah
Unh,
on your mark ready set let's go
dance floor pro I know you know
I go psycho when my new joint hit
just can't sit
gotta get jiggy wit it
ooh that's it
now honey honey come ride
DKNY all up in my eye
you gotta Prada bag with alotta stuff in it
give it to your friend let's spin
everybody lookin' at me
glancin' the kid
wishin' they was dancin' a jig
here with this handsome kid
ciga-cigar right from Cuba-Cuba
I just bite it
it's for the look I don't light it
illway the an-may on the ance-day oor-flay
givin' up jiggy make it feel like foreplay
yo my car-dee-o is Infnit-
ha ha
Big Willie Style's all in it
Gettin' Jiggy Wit It

Chorus:

na na na na na na na nana
na na na na nana
gettin jiggy wit it
repeat 3x

what you wanna ball with the kid
watch your step you might fall
trying to do what I did
mama-unh mama-unh mama come closer
in the middle of the club with the rub-a-dub, unh
no love for the haters, the haters
mad cause I got floor seats at the Lakers
see me on the fifty yard line with the Raiders
met Ali he told me I'm the greatest
I got the fever for the flavor of a crowd pleaser
DJ play another
from the prince of this
your highness
only mad chicks ride in my whips
south to the west to the east to the north
bought my hits and watch 'em go off a go off
ah yes yes y'all ya don't stop
in the winter or the (summertime)
I makes it hot
gettin jiggy wit 'em

Chorus

eight-fifty I.S. if you need a lift
who's the kid in the drop
who else Will Smith
livin' that life some consider a myth
rock from south street to one two fifth
women used to tease me
give it to me now nice and easy
since I moved up like George and Wheezy
cream to the maximum I be askin' 'em
would you like to bounce with the brother that's
platinum
never see Will attackin' 'em
rather play ball with Shaq and um,
flatten 'em
psyche
kiddin'
you thought I took a spill
but I didn't
trust the lady of my life she hittin'
hit her with a drop top with the ribbon
crib for my mom on the outskirts of Philly
you trying to flex on me
don't be silly
getting jiggy wit it

Chorus

