

Mortiis

"The Jump Off"

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(featuring Ludacris)

[Mos Def] {Background singers}

Black (Black) Jack...

Johnson ain't scared of you motherfuckers, haha

{It's The Jump Off} Yeah y'all now, c'mon

{It's The Jump Off} Push it up now, ha

{It's The Jump Off} What you want now?

{It's The Jump Off} Keep cool, now

{Put your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}

Yeah! It's that Freak Daddy shit!

{Raise your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}

{Raise your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}

{Raise your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}

{Raise your hands...}

[Verse 1 - Mos Def]

With so much drama in the N-Y-C

It's kinda hard bein' M-O-S Def-initely

But I, some how, some way

Keep comin' up with funky ass shit with the Black Jack

Jay

May, I, spit a lyric for my ghetto Pe-ople?

Show me 'nough respect when I breeze, through

Riders beep they horn

'cause I keep the party jumpin' like yo' mamma ain't

home

I'm just a freak individual singin' my song

Shinin' bright on the mic like it's six in the morn' (six in the morn')

So peep out my manuscript

Reach up, sleeveless up, for a second NOW BOUNCE

This is the one that make the party wile' out

Nigga...I said wile' out

Nigga, I SAID wile' out

Lemme show you what we're talkin' about (C'MON!)

[Mos Def]

Huh, ha, yes, hah, uh, hah, rock wit' me now

Uh, ha, yes, ah, uh, rock wit' me now

(You are now rockin' with the best!)
Uh, hah, yes, unnh, ha, uh, come check me now (Black!
Jack!)
Uh, hah, uh, yes, hah, uh, uh, BACK TO THE BEAT, like

[Hook - Mos Def {Background Singers}]
{It's The Jump Off} Get it up now!
{It's The Jump Off} C'mon, push it up now!
{It's The Jump Off} Get it up now
{It's The Jump Off} and make it jump now!
{Raise your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}
Uh, push it up now
{Raise your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}
Nigga jump now
{Raise your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}
Push it up now
{Raise your hands up, it's The Jump-Off}
{Raise your hands...}

[Verse 2 - Ludacris]
Tables fulla hi-hat, a dash of drums
Sprinkle in a little keyboard, a pint of rum
With just a pinch of purple haze and a gallon of bass
Mix snares with rock 'n' roll and throw it all in ya face
Pre-heat the studio to about a hundred degress
Ludacris, Mos Def and your best emcees
You'll get BURNT just for thinkin' you can step to me
And that's the end of my little ghetto re-ci-pee
My des-tinies are rhythm, hit 'em with the rhythm
Hit 'em, click 'em, then HA, HA-HA strip 'em
Jump the fuck (back), no gun can pump (that)
I punch the engi-(neer) and slap the whole (track)
Then pop all the speakers and stip the wires
Blow smoke from the MPs and amplifiers
Here to spit truth for the LIAR, LIARS
I'm the hottest emcee, y'all a FIRE-FIRED

[Mos Def] {Background singers}
Huh, yes, uh, ah, yes, uh, yes, hah, c'mon
(You are now rockin' wit' the best)
Woo! Brooklyn, New York City
Hah, take 'em there, Doc
Hah, uh, yeah, Black, Jack, c'mon
So incredible! Fantastic! (ohh!)
Freak Daddy shit....FIRE!!

C'mon (woo!) nigga, rock to it
Uh (uh), hah (hah), yeah (yeah)
{Clap your hands now, people, clap your hands}
Ridin' high (high)
Ridin' low (low)

{Clap your hands now, people, clap your hands}
Ridin' clean (clean)
Ridin' dirty (dirty)
No-body high as we are, Black Jack Johnson
{Clap your hands now, people, clap your hands}
Told you my hot was incredible, y'all
{Clap your hands now, people, clap your hands}
Woo! (woo!)
{Clap your hands now, people, clap your hands}
Tell 'em again
{Clap your hands now, people, clap your hands}
Hey, I don't think y'all heard me
...
{Clap your hands now, people, clap your hands}
Black, Jack, Johnson ain't scared of you motherfuckers!

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