

Mos Def "The Jump Off"

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Black

(Black)

Jack Johnson ain't scared of you motherfuckers, ha, ha

(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)

With so much drama in the NYC

It's kinda hard bein' MOS 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 people?

Show me 'nough respect when I breeze, through

Riders beep they horn

'Cause I keep the party jumpin' like yo' momma 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, sleeves 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)

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, unh, ha, uh, come check me now
(Black Jack)
Uh, hah, uh, yes, hah, uh, uh, back to the beat like

(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)

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 degrees
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 recipe

My destinies 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 strip 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

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)

Nobody 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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