

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

"The Art of Getting Jumped"

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I WAS..

[Pos]

.. on my way, to the disco
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night
Midnight to four, name at the door
but the whole crew I can get in as well
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith
Let this be a jam that we need not miss
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt
Might even jump up on the mic
to make sure that this party's turned out
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line
to stand we find girls screamin the blues
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules
Bump ?? people and out come the tools
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped
Done closed the club down,
cause one of they niggaz got jumped
** Jump, jump, jump to it! **
Uh-huh, you heard the hook
No matter you Braveheart or shook
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left
Kicks to the mids reliev'in you of breath
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the
** Jump, jump, jump to it! **
** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

[Dove]

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs
included
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll
start
It only takes a second less you got on ice

Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you
twice

Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass
My only advice is don't fall and book ass

For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your
mascara)

Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots
(ARRRGH!!)

It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops
Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits

Waitin for the first vic to disrespect

Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the
midst of the

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

[Pos]

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and
bodies

and ya best believe we came to party

Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya
for reasons like - not in the right part of town
actin like you wore a crown

Some occasions long and mean to earn the right
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme

And bein positive is no exclusion

That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions
for flossin your hard-earned shine

I'm talkin games ?? ?? the longest

then it's some other niggaz time

You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage

Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage

Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

** Jump, jump, jump to it! **

[Maseo]

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped

We had to put this one on the album y'know?

Yeah - this is dedicated

to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany

That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club

Tried to knock me senseless

They just couldn't get me though
That's why I second round outside on 'em
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge
(HAHAHAHA)

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