

Arbeidslaget Hass K. V?mm?lbakken "Jet Song"

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RIF:

When you're a Jet you're a Jet all the way
From your first cigarette
To your last dying day
When you're a jet if the spit hits the fan
You've got brothers around
You're a family man
You're never alone
You're never disconnected
You're home with your own
When company's expected
You're well-protected
Then you are set with a Capital J
Which you'll never forget 'till they cart you away
When you're a Jet you stay a Jet!

(Speaking)

Now I know Tony like I know me,
And I gaurantee you can count him in.

ACTION:

In, out, let's get crackin'!
Where you gonna find Bernardo?

RIF:

At the dance tonight at the gym

BABY JOHN:

But the gym's neutral territory

RIF:

I'm gonna make nice with him, I'm only gonna
challenge him

ICE:

Great, Daddy-O

RIF

So listen, everybody dress up sweet and sharp and
Meet Tony and me at ten.
And walk tall!

A-RAB:
We always walk tall!

BABY JOHN:
We're Jets!

BIG DEAL:
The greatest!

DEISEL:
When you're a Jet you're the top cat in town
The Gold medal kid with the heavyweight crown

ICE:
When you're a Jet you're the swingin'est thing
Little boy, you're a man, Little man you're a king!

ALL:
The Jets are in gear
Our cylinders are clickin'
The sharks'll steer clear
'Cause every Puerto Rican's
A lousy chicken!
Here come the Jets like a bat outta hell
Someone gets in our way, someone don't feel so well!
Here come the Jets!
Little world, step aside!
Better go underground!
Better run, Better hide!
We're drawing the line,
So keep your nose's hidden
We're hangin' a sign
Says visitors forbidden
And we ain't kiddin'
Here come the Jets!
Yeah!
And we're gonna beat every last buggin' gang on the
Whole buggin' street.
On the whole buggin', ever lovin' street!
Yeah!

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