

Young Turk F/ B.G.

"Simon Says Remix"

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[Pharoahe Monch]

GET THE FUCK UP!

Simon says "GET THE FUCK UP!"

Throw ya hands in the sky (buck buck buck buck buck!)

Queens is in the back sippin 'Gnac, y'all wassup?

Girls, rub on your titties (yeah)

Yeah fuck it I said it rub on ya titties

New York City gritty committee, pity the fool that act
shitty

In the midst of the calm, the witty

[Lady Luck]

Yo SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Luck said "SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

Bitches in the back, like crack get it cut up

I speak on behalf of them broads you call stuck up

Act like a man and get cocked, smacked or fucked up

Pull the truck up, Luck you know the name

Assed out in the bleachers stay shittin on the game

I suppose what you're spittin is flames, cowards

Know your crew was vaginal, I could smell the dooch
powder

Summer's Eve, I drop degrees chill

Come four by four, lose one like Dru Hill

Stay fly till you air sick, now that's ill

Two choices, either squeeze or peel, now that's real

[Pharoahe Monch]

WHAT THE FUCK'S goin on here, just a minute now,
hold up

Sinister wit hit the time I diminish him finish him, roll up

When I'm, ? cinematography state of mind

My rap trip, rip, clip, say the rhyme

Shit, I spectacular run hit spit bitches venacular

Miraculous rhyme flow, back track to the Immaculate

Binaca blast nigga that's fast, son I'll box ya

Ladies rub the ta-ta's, bras, titties and knockers on the
floor

OWWW! Fellas pull ya cock out

On the verge to splurge verbs for third round knock out

Uh I bust a rhyme that dust frustrated rappers

Dust crush competition, lights out like the Clapper
The mic ripper, whip a nigga like a slave
Separate him from him from his fam, he don't know
how to behave
Now, drag his ass, bag dun for his loot
Figure me to give a nigger-y twenty-one gun salute
That's seven shots for Tupac
Seven for Biggie Smalls
Seven for Freaky Tah up in your neighborhood malls
How's that, fat action packed rap remain tame
Pharoahe fuckin Monch, ain't a damn thing changed

[Redman]

Yo yo get the fuck up
Funk Doctor Spot said "Get the fuck up"
I got a bitch named Nina and I tuck her
I leave a nigga hangin like ya mom's muffler
Snuff her, then my boys follow up
Respect like the Fonze, you see the collar up
I spit out a bullet, load the barrel up
I kamikaze ya town off a Arab bus
Karat cut, yeah mami pull over
I bend ya pussy like for years I knew yoga
I'm too smoked up, I can't remember me
Off Hennessy, that's why I carry Mini-Me
I need fifty feet when my performance starts
I push a armored car wit ?Lauren Harts?
Nineteen inches, I'm not on the charts
Doc turnin dark off a warning shot
Drive off and pop, six in ya hood
[Monch] Fuck the limelight, we rhyme tight, plus snatch
the goods
Yea-yeah my nigga, one rhyme you fold over
I'm hot-headed cuz I walk wit cold shoulders
Yeah GET THE FUCK UP!

[Pharoahe Monch]

Simon Says "GET THE FUCK UP!"
Throw ya hands in the sky (buck buck buck buck buck!)

[Redman]

Jersey in the back jackin cars now wassup!
Girls, rub on ya titties
(Yeah) That's right I said it, rub on ya titties
Brick City gritty committee
Pity the fool that act shitty, in the midst of the calm, the
witty

[Method Man]

Yo yo get the fuck up
Yo yeah I said it, get the fuck up

Walk through Shaolin after dark, you get stuck up
Seek and destroy, baddest boy when I'm puffed up
Ya know my name, and Pharoahe Moch, why we came
what?

We off the chain, plus we plottin on the chain, what?
Know ya role, by the way tuck ya gold
And you and your mic can ease on down the road
Assholes are like opinions, everybody got to have one
Shootin in the sky tryin to blast sun
Zero to sixty in a second, pull a fast one
Fifty cent flashin they hate us wit a passion
Mashin, still fresh in three-day old fashion
Your plaid, I'm stripes, together we be flashin
Here's a Tunnel banger
Wu-Tang death penalty, the gas chamber
This gon' hurt me more than it hurts you
Slap ya like the doctor the day your momma birthed
you

Just so you can feel me
The same way I'ma feel this world when it kill me
Even if time stands still, I'ma still be
Underground and filthy, gotta have our Way like the
Milky
Innocent until I'm proven guilty
Never got caught in the game of tag
Momma never kept a boyfriend wit kids this bad
No justice, RAIDER RUCKUS!
Underground till we under ground
But y'all first MOTHAFUCKERS!

[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

My thugs, throw up ya set
And shorties rub on ya breasts
GET THE FUCK UP, outta that dress, I palm tits
You herbs get flipped like jeeps on mountain cliffs
I'll rip through your chest, hollow-point talent tips
Double-S, double the threat, double your bet
Double up on that cash if you decide to invest
You sound like Big, you sound like Jay, you sound like D
And I bet, when I go plat, you'll sound like me
Shabaam Sahdeeq, injure your fleet into delete
Y'all crabs are weak, frail like a fiend's physique
I stay on the street, stay on the beat, stay wit the heat
Stay stickin fools like you for the rocks that gleam
So toss that link, dummy, shoulda insured that link
Straight to Canal I'll praise that link, then pawn that link
You froze up, Sahdeeq says "Shut the fuck up!"
Punk niggas get gun-butt up and tied up

[Busta Rhymes]

Busta Rhymes is like Hacksaw Jim Dugan

Been thuggin, lovin the way we flood jewels for nothin
Lay it over, another ambush we take over
Yo we don't only get money, we cut the coke and cook
the shake over
You better guard your head right, especially if it's late
at night
Or find your picture of your autopsy up on the web site
Yo if you ever violate my space
Fuck a fat lip, I'll leave you wit a fuckin fat face
Nigga, Busta Rhymes the handsome, I'll hold you for
ransom ansom
Like the ghost in a haunted house, I'll forever live in a
mansion
Bitches, snitches comin out and you know who's showin
it
Like when British civil servants pass secrets to the
Soviets
Y'all niggas is seamless blends of seamless friends
Live on about ? ? on a bunch of seamless ends
Collosal, me and my nigga Pharoahe Moncho
The head honcho, gettin this money like Leonardo (do
do do)
Enough substance in the roughness
Now watch it come around in an amazing large
abundance
Now let me clear the smoke screen you blow fiend
Live nigga shit that'll rebuild your whole self-esteem
Pledge allegiance to the flag of united live niggas of
America
Let us control and own the fuckin area
Wildin in your whip until your crash the whole truck up
And if you know what's good for you nigga you better
GET THE FUCK UP!!!
Hehehe

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