

## Cooper Alice

### "Pump Me Up"

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\* PLEASE send corrections to the typist

Pump, pump, pump, pump me up  
For anything you say  
There is no cure for this  
(Rockness, hooo)

Uh!  
Come on, I said come on, I said come on

[Verse One: Grandmaster Flash]  
Rappers might be willin but they ain't able  
Cause out were was the king straight from my quedo  
I screamed and holla and shout my rado  
And dreamt of a fedo that all in battle  
There was no food in my silverspoon  
So I grew up hard and I grew up soon  
I'm a wreathes king and I'm hungry too  
And I eat up chunks to rap like you  
Then I meat this shark and his name was George  
He was biting my rhymes like you bites yours  
I starting writing my rhymes  
The shark was growing through  
But I was writing more ryhmes than the shark could  
chew (ha!)  
The shark got sick and then he exploded  
Cause he didn't realised that my rhymes were loaded  
He flew in the air and into the sea  
And the whole universe knew that the king was me

Come on, I said come on, I said come on

[Verse Two: Grandmaster Flash]  
I'm not at laserbene or domint mind  
Or a platten watch that some bitches whine  
I'm not a pocket full of pearls  
I'm a ayeowealth  
Like black go baby I'm I & I  
And to all fly girls I come off hard  
Stlarted to swing or nood  
big steel gaurd

I'm wrong to small  
So my pockets are large  
With the wock to the dock  
Oh baby I'm in charge  
Chief N like jewell and down in ring  
So my fingers and arms on everything  
On the streets, on the streets can't be beat  
So don't ask wheres the fied  
Baby here is the meat  
I'm gonna get me some soap a towel in the cup  
Cut the bomb and sea all washed up  
Put your women on the line with the rest of the crew  
So I can make love to her in a nalley shu  
pump, pump, pump ( me up!) me what? (me up!)  
Uargh!

Pump, pump, pump, pump me up

[Verse Three: Grandmaster Flash]

I'm like the genie in the lamp  
And face and yo stamped  
The hiphop rocka  
The microphone champ  
Gotta knock out boys  
Like a rolls royce  
Gotta write them a one  
To be the evil choice  
Cause you humma this and then you humma daw  
Its just like the friendly game of pingpong  
When you hit the boll upside the paddle  
Its just like cowboy rattle on a sadle  
Up above your head is the flash off light  
Cause I can rock to the vido any darker and to the night  
Like to rock like to flow like to entertain  
Whop the car outside waiting for the train  
The train stood across the whop towards ever  
Another Mc rock any type of weahter  
I'm the bold legged broher  
There never be another  
I bought a mantion for my mother

Come on, I said come on, I said come on

[Verse four: Scorpio]

I got a certain cool, that break the rules  
that give me patience and a lot of fuel  
And the women I'm calling day and night  
Thats proofs I getting mine like a peep in the night  
Cause the scorpe is known as the singer  
The quiet storm that lover the linger  
I will not change cause its in my blood

I'm like dynamite and you a rappin thug  
And if its fuzzy is here in the makin  
And than why I can't be part of the satan  
Cause you know I like cars and fancy women  
That give me good love in the beginnest  
Welcome bath ,and casual lights  
And girls say "scorpe you alright?"  
So stop standing there like you from above  
And just relax yourselves and get in this thug

Pump, pump, pump, pump me up  
For all you beutiful people out there, if you having a  
good time, everybody screaaam!

[Verse Five: Grandmaster Flash]  
I'm not at laserbene or domin't mind  
Or a platten watch that some bitches whine  
I'm not a pocket full of pearls  
I'm a ayeowealth  
Like black go baby I'm I & I  
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So I can make love to her in a nalley shut  
pump pump pump ( me up!) me what? ( me up!)  
Uargh!

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