

Smash Mouth "Jump Around"

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Pack it up, pack it in let me begin
I came to win battle me that's a sin
I won't tear the sack up
Punk you better pack up
Try to play the role and yo the whole crew will act up
Get up stand up, stand up c'mon throw your hands up
If you get the feeling, jump across the ceiling
Once with the funk flow someone's talkin' junk
Yo I'll bust 'em in the eye and then I'll take the punks
home
Feel it, funk it, amps in the trunk
And I got more rhymes than there's cops at a dunkin
Donut shop
Sure 'nuff I got props
Kids on the hill, plus my mom and my pops

I'll serve your ass like Jon MacEnroe
If your girl steps up I'm smacking the hoe
Words to your mom I came to drop bombs
Got more rhymes than the bibles got psalms
And just like the Prodigal son I've returned
Anyone stepping to me you'll get burned
'Cause I've got lyrics But you ain't got none
If you came to battle bring a shotgun
But if you do you're a fool 'cause I'll duel to the death
Try to step to me and take your last breath
Got the skill come get your fill
'Cause when I shoot to give I shoot to kill

I am the cream of the crop I rise to the top
I never eat a pig, 'cause a pig is a cop
Or better yet a terminator
Like Arnold Scwreznegger
Trying to play me out as if my name was Sega
But I ain't going out like no punk bitch
Get used to one style yo and I might switch
Up up and around then buck buck ya down
Put out your head and you wake up in the dawn of the
dead
I'm comin' to get ya, I'm comin' to get ya
Spitting out lyrics
Homie I'll wet ya

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