

White Boys

"Pump Me Up"

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(*scratching of*)

(Pump me up)

The walls start shakin as my rhymes begin

Like a chiller or a thriller from beginnin to end

You know a song enough to make the London Bridge
fall

Mistake us for a king at a masquerade ball

My microphone mechanics give me superstar status

When I make my space in the place you're glad it's

Me, the E-x-a-c-t

And Precise so nice bustin rhymes with me

Now Exact's on my back when I speak my words

Takin out ill suckers like the neighborhood nerd

I'm stone cold def all around the way

Vocalist supreme, you can call me M.J.

Niggy-not Michael Jackson but I'm still thrillin

Girlies on my jock, I'm stone cold chillin

Servin sap suckers while I'm livin on the edge

When I polish ya off I don't even need pledge

It's a fact and exact when I start to tack

The whole pack on crack, takin out the wack

Now my beat is pumpin, the girlies are jumpin
I'm (?climbin to the throne?) and it's you I'm thumpin
Instead of you walkin you should be runnin
To buy my record cause it's so damn stunnin
When you hear it pump it up, pick up the pace
Yo M.J. (pump that bass)
(*scratching of*)
(Pump me up)
I'm definitely def, dope, damage the dumbs
Speakin slick (?slang?), supervisin the (?slums?)
Pumpin up the volume, turnin out the party
Cold gettin fly on a bottle of Bacardi
The beat (?ain't no?) discrete, just a thunderous boom
Like a tear gas bomb cold clearin the room
And so it's happened, your head's movin back and forth
I'm takin a stand like Oliver North
Now Exact's poppin facts and a little bit of fiction
I'm releasin rhymes with my double-def diction
I'm stylin and smilin, rhymin harder than hell
I'm the professor, you're the student, so I'm rining the bell
I'm not believin I'm receivin all the rhymes that I've heard
To you wack MC's I'm shootin the birds
Instead of passin the j and smokin the dust
Just pump up the volume and rock with us

Like this

(*scratching of*)

(Pump me up)

Mr. Ed's a rock 'n roller on the hip-hop scene

The rhymes that I write, I write em in Queens

Take the Q-111 e train and relax

On my way to the city where I put it on wax

If you're lame and you ain't with the program

Call Freddie Jackson to sing you a slow jam

Put it in drive, the crew has arrived

There's no doubt about it, the party is live

Now my rhymes are so def that they can't even hear

Even with the hearin aid in they ear

The beat is so dope it'll make you high

Like a junkie gettin funky then wonderin why

I bust a rhyme every time I'm given a chance

The beat is pumpin and jumpin, invitin you to dance

The show is on the go and the crowd is hype

You're jammin and slammin and the Boys are white

So bust that

(*scratching of*)

(Pump me up)

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