

Hot Boys F/ Turk

"Get Your Groove On"

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(Chorus)

This goes out to all of y'all females and males

Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on

(A-get your groove on)

Come and get your groove on

(A-get your groove on)

(Pras)

Refugee Camp, uh-huh

Navy Seals, All-stars, come on, come on, come on

(Pras)

Yo, yo, yo, so you wanna be startin somethin

Not for nothin, but yo, Pras is only good for, steady pumpin

I go bust I'm inflammable yeah, you disgust me

Your flow is horrible, see your man gotta carry you

Hyper water balls say no more your words are too cheap

Too affordable, you incapable of runnin your label

Goin against my crew is very irrational, improbable unthinkable, yeah quite impossible

So what's your motive, tell me, what's your agenda?

Try to slide under my name is all proper beginner

Tackle the crime, run out of time, in the wrong state of the mind

Is a sign of the time, you was quick like Cower Marie

Type a kid, slowly for what, his birth

I'll drink you like a bloody Mary

Why try, you die, black eye, you rough guys

Try to light my fire you get burnt with smoke eyes

(Chorus)

This goes out to all of y'all females and males

Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on

(Get your groove on)

Come and get your groove on

(Get your groove on)

And tell my people that's rowdy bout it

In the click about it, about it

Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on

(Get your thug on)
Come on and get your thug on (come on, come on,
come on)
Everybody come on

Where you been, on tour, niggas get no dumber
It's scary; I know exactly what you did last summer
nothin, chilled low (low), do you feel dough? (dough)
I mean that real dough (dough) bitches still real slow
(slow)
You got show dough, go in, split that
We'll be gone till November, when y'all niggas get back
Ah, did y'all ever go, ever flow, guess we'll never know
A lot of cats talk about it, hoes screamin, whether
shows

Yo it's crunch time, ya want mine, you hardly know me
But when we blow, you'll catch them off guard like Kobe
Now we did star as Rodies, point shampers would not
Lauryn, we know Tone, with the camper would not
I'm not Puff, but I can stop, best you know
Test the flow don't do it, be the next to blow
Nigga check your€! seen my style is fly
Better get her, I'm on point like, Alan Nigh

(Chorus)
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Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on
(Get your groove on)
Come and get your groove on
(Get your groove on)
And tell my people that's rowdy bout it
In the click about it, about it
Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on
Come on and get your thug on
(Come on, come on, come on)
Everybody come on

See cats real clever like me bringin the strong
Had a deal for a year, can't write one song
Been side too long, your advance picked up
I'm like Kane in 88, I'ma tear sh€! up
Spitter, six flows average dudes can't stand me
I'm nice and ease state, bringin heat like Miami
You never got to let me flow I still kick it
Never got to light my six, I still whip it
Tell your chick not to see me no more, I still hit it
She tossed and committed, player the shot did it
And Mr. Dibbs in it, then leave it alone
Watch me floss all night, no, get your own, what

(Chorus)

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(Get your groove on)
Come and get your groove on
(Get your groove on)
And tell my people that's rowdy bout it
In the click about it, about it
Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on
(Get your thug on)
Come on and get your thug on
Everybody come on

(Pras)

Yo, yo, yo a lot of people thought I left welcome me
back like Carter
Play these cats with a vengeance watch them die
harder
You play your sound; we'll play our's louder
And stop askin me who the hell the baby's father
Dirty cash countin, my crew never loosin
Shorty on standby, chief four, jet fuelin
Who is to say (say), how many AK's (K)
Spread your way, what price you wanna pay?
Prices cut, iced seeds, sprinkle on my Rolo
Triple threat trio, you take us in the Limo, dig
I'm the safest ride I hear, next to the Volvo
Six double-o while you lacin a Pinto
No one isn't safe, many had, carry ways
I'm fully irate, most ghettos don't want to gate
We play Grammy's you play Ricki Lake
Baptizin sinners at the Salt Lake City baby

(Chorus)

This goes out to all of y'all females and males
Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on
(Get your groove on)
Come and get your groove on
(Get your groove on)
And tell my people that's rowdy bout it
In the click about it, about it
Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on
(Get your thug on)
Come on and get your thug on (get your thug on)
Everybody come on

(Pras)

Uh, yeah, come on, stop it, stop it

This goes out to all of y'all females and males
Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on

(Pras)
To all-them niggas locked down
All them real niggas nahmean?

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