

## Juvenile F/ Baby, B.G., Turk

### "Bring it On"

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(Bring it) --> Redman

[ CHORUS ]

Ah bring it on  
Ah bring it on, bring it on, bring it on  
Ah bring it on, bring it on, bring it on  
Ah bring it on, bring it on, bring it on

(Bring it)

[ VERSE 1: Ali Dee ]

Breaker breaker, send you to the undertaker  
The rapper that's comin to take ya  
Cause I shake ya like a Laker  
Whether knockin boots, shootin hoops, alley hoops  
Ali Dee's hoop funk follow your nose for these here  
Fruit Loops  
You bite like bats if you heard me rap  
Drop somethin fat on a track and take on thirty cats,  
you dirty rats  
So here we go, yell Geronimo  
Then pass up a hiney, yo  
The flow will make you feel like a tiny hoe  
I grand-slam like I'm Van Damme  
Act like a lumberjack, in fact the track will slam like a  
Rams fan  
You suck so much you need a nipple  
I squeeze a trigger, squeeze a Charmin and I cripple  
Mr. Whipple  
And triple any rapper runnin his trapper tryin to kick it  
Pull a pump out on a chump and make him jump like  
Jiminy Cricket  
Flippin it like a page until the damn stage is torn  
So bring it on, kid, bring it on

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 2: Kool G Rap ]

Send in the fire engines cause G Rap is startin fires  
Rappers are jumpin like Evil Knievel  
You better believe it, I'm comin like Michael Myers

So run and go hide as I get rid of the ones that hid  
But on the lid what I did was, "Yo honey, I blew up the  
kids"  
My broom's not singin the blues, so bring on the crews  
that try to do me  
I'm skimpy like ?Kimp?, snappy like Daffy and  
yahoowee!  
See, I disrespects em, indeed I disrespect her  
Your damn Sam Goody's record makes me laugh like  
Woody Pecker  
Got price on hot mics so your spotlights are dimmin  
Lyrics are fatter than womens that you see with Richard  
Simmons  
So back up, don't act up, just be on some good  
behaviour  
You thought it was Lifesavers, the flavor I just gave ya  
In fact I pack a disco, my lyrics are slicker than Crisco  
Give thrills from Blueberry Hill down to the streets of  
San Franscico  
Like Tabasco I'm hot, if I wanna get ripple go sip on a  
Cisco  
You hookey-playin rookies like they cookies from  
Nabisco  
I shake it, I bake it, I take it to the break of, break of  
dawn  
So bring it on, sucker, bring it on

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Ali Dee ]

I make examples out of suckers that I trample  
Givin plenty lumps to them chumps, I'm a champ  
Here's a sample, I catch flashbacks while I smash  
tracks  
Then I blast stacks of wack and sad sack rappers get  
your ass waxed  
Frontin get you nothin but a coffin  
I bother your father and bring the drama to your  
mama, make your ass an orphan  
I put some lead inside your head, you're dead and  
gone  
So bring it on, trooper, bring it on

[ CHORUS ]

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