

Mouth Smash

"Jump Around"

Visit "[Jump Around](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Mouth Smash](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.