

## **P. Diddy F/ Loon, Usher**

### **"Simon Says"**

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Get the fuck up!  
Simon Says get the fuck up!  
Throw your hands in the sky (BO! BO! BO! BO!)  
Queens is in the back sippin yak y'all what's up?  
Girls, rub on your titties (yeahhhhhh)  
Yeah I said it -- rub on your titties  
New York city gritty committee pity the fool that  
act shitty in the midst of the calm, the witty

Y'all know the name  
Pharoahe-fuckin-Monch, ain't a damn thang changed  
You all up in the Range, then your shit's inebriated  
Phased from your original plan, you deviated  
I alleviated the pain, with a long-term goal  
Took my underground loot, without the gold  
You sold platinum round the world, I sold wood in the  
hood  
But when I'm in the street, then shit it's all good  
I'm soon to motivate the room, control the game like  
Tomb Raider  
Roc-clock dollars flip, tips like a waiter  
Style's greater, let my lyrics annoint  
If you holdin up the wall, then you missin the point

Get the fuck up!  
Simon Says get the fuck up!  
Put your hands to the sky (BO! BO! BO! BO!)  
Brooklyn in the back shootin craps now what's up?  
Girlies, rub on your titties (yeahhhhhh)  
Fuck it I said, rub on your titties  
New York City gritty committee, pity the fool that  
act shitty in the midst of the calm, the witty

(Yo, where you at?) Uptown let me see em  
Notorious for the six-fives and the BM's  
Heads give you beef, you put em in the mausoleum  
And the shit don't start pumpin til after 12 PM  
Ugnh, ignorant minds, I free em  
If you tired of the same old everyday you will agree  
I'm,  
the most obligated, hard and R-Rated

Stated to be the best, I must confess the star made it  
Some might even say this song is sexist-es  
Cause I asked the girls to rub on their breast-eses  
Whether your ridin the train or in Lexus-es  
This is for either/or Rollies or Timex-eses  
Wicked like Exorcist, this is the joint  
You holdin up the wall, then you missin the point

Get the fuck up!  
Simon Says get the fuck up!  
Throw your hands in the sky (BO! BO! BO! BO!)  
The Bronx is in the back shootin craps, now what's up?  
Girlies, rub on your titties (yeahhhhhh)  
I said, rub on your titties!  
New York city gritty commitee, pity the fool that  
act shitty in the midst of the calm, the witty

New Jeru, get the fuck up!  
Shaolin, get the fuck up!  
Long Isle, get the fuck up!  
Worldwide, get the fuck up!

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