

Cypress Hill, Cypress Hill & House Of Pain - Jump

<!--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'd better back up
Try and play the role and ya da whole crew'll act up
Get up, stand up, (come on!)
Come on, throw your hands up
If you've got the feeling jump across the ceiling
Muggs is a funk fest, someone's talking 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 that are dunking
Donuts shop
Sure 'nuff I got props from the kids on the hill
Plus my mom and my pops

I came to get down (x2)
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around (x3)
Jump up jump up and get down.
Jump (x18)

I'll serve your ass like john macenroe
If your girl steps up, I'm smacking the ho
Word to your moms I came to drop bombs
I got more rhymes than the bible's got psalms
And just like the prodigal son I've returned
Anyone stepping to me you'll get burned
Cause I got lyrics but you ain't got none
If you come to battle bring a shotgun
But if you do you're a fool, cause I duel to the death
Try and step to me you'll take your last breath
I gots the skill, come get your fill
Cause when I shoot ta give, I shoot to kill

I came to get down (x2)
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around (x3)
Jump up jump up and get down.
Jump (x18)

I'm 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 schwarzenegger
Try'n to play me out like as if my name was sega
But I ain't going out like no punk bitch
Get used to one style and you know I might switch
It up up and around, then buck buck get down
Put out your head then you wake up in the dawn of the dead
I'm coming to get ya, coming to get ya
Spitting out lyrics homie I'll wet ya

I came to get down (x2)
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around (x3)
Jump up jump up and get down.
Jump (x18)

Jump (x32) -->

