The party people in the crowd, you never get restless
Motivated by the boys from 5th Ward Texas
Fresh and modern day, rest are from the past
And like a hit from the pipe, we give you a blast
I'm on the job I can't STOP, it's you I ROCK
The undisputed in the place, call me jukebox
And there's, no man on earth that's greater, than the top hit creator
Dedicated to my rhymes, Johnny C's - no perpetrator
He's nothin nice, so precise, he's cold as ice
Ready Red the grand wizard of a DJ slice
And we're the Geto Boys, the suckers we de-stroy
So party people get up, and let's make some noise

On jukebox you call me sire, so [?] I'm your thing And to all you suckers punks, who step out ring The executioner of rap, and you'll understand The mic is taken by Johnny, my mellow my man

Well I'm the greatest ever placed on a 12 inch plate Formula consists of all that I think you'll hate Your attitude been mo' bitter, still and all who cares While you're on a pedestal you're living MY nightmares!

Seeeeeee I'm an MC trainer, sucker MC restrainer Picasso was a painter but I'm, an edutainer Entertainin all suckers, make them lose all poise Party people get up, and let's make some noise

I'm a rhyming individual who stays on wax
Kamikaze with the future, and I break backs
So keep the competition comin and I'll box 'til I'm gone
You'll be jockin Prince Johnny 'til the early morrrrrrrn

The most fierce vigilance, and mean jukebox
Has got the fury of the beat that makes yo' body rock
Superior to all foes, inferior to none
Suckers admire just like [?] I've just begun
A harcore commentator with a story to tell
Yo before you battle me you'd rather run through hell
Pushin out of straightjackets, and suckers can't hack it
You say one lyric sire will attack it
Gladiator of records, amputator of wax
And I'm slicin them up, like a ninja in black
I dominate, eliminate, everything you write
I leave a sucker missin 3 every time he bites
And the Boys could never fail, can't you tell
Go ahead and diss us cause we must prevail

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I'm your whack abolitioner, nothing is yet formal Rhyme metriculator, leavin all abnormal Agony's intensified when the battle is made Reputation I'm holdin leaves you suckers afraid Misuse a dumb opponent, determine his fate Vocabulary, is why musically I'm great Seniority over all, supreme assistant to no Johnny C's the commentator — and the best I know See I'll make a song worth singin and it's you who'll sing Just to hear the name Johnny makes your eardrums ring Prematurely you attended, but we was recommended You're a aucker homeboy from a sucker you're descended

GE-TO BOYS WILL, ROCK YOU (YEAHHH~!)
THE GE-TO BOYS WILL, ROCK YOU (HA, HA, HA!)
THE GE-TO BOYS WILL, ROCK YOU
THE GE-TO BOYS WILL, ROCK YOU

Rock you!