Get up on It

Bob Schneider

Take it out sugar, I'ma let my groove in
It's the reason rhythm, begets you movin'
You got me shakin' sugar, shakin' like a school girl
On the first day, out in the real world
I can make it, I got it all together
I got my, hands on the wheel but it just won't steer
I'm singin' as loud as I can
This is a song you won't, ever hear

Hey
Oh yeah
Get up on it baby
Oh yeah
Oh I know you can
Oh yeah
Get up on it baby
Oh yeah

Shake your hips, shake your hips,
Wet your lips on the, tips of my toes
I can go where the wind blows
No reason shoot me off like a gun
Hundred sons set to stun, we're never on the run
Back to the corner with my automatic weapons
Keep 'em guessin' we'll be comin' up loud and clear
I'm playin' as hard as I can, but
This is a song you won't, ever hear

Hey
Oh yeah
Get up on it baby
Oh yeah
Oh I know you can
Oh yeah
Get up on it baby
Oh yeah

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhhhh!

Bitch this is the wild west
I'll put you through the true test
Slap some sense up in you
With some bullets and a blood vest
Billion little babies, bumper (boxes) and mercedes
They know what you talkin' 'bout
I'm 'bout to knock this fucker out
Back up in the corner with my automatic weapon
Got my finger on the trigger, there's a mean cool feel
I'm paddlin' as fast as I can, but
This is a song you won't, ever hear

Hey
Oh yeah
Get up on it baby
Oh yeah
Oh I know you can
Oh yeah

Get up on it baby
Oh yeah

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