

Lala Song

Bob Sinclar

Oh Yeah... what's up world?
It's Master Gee and... Sugar Hill Gang,
Wonder Mike... and diggety I'm here with my man Bob Sinclar
let's do it (one, two, three...)

Lalalalà lalàla... lalàlallà
lalalalà lalàla... lalalà-lalàla-lalà

Back, back, back in the day when the Djs spoile on night.
When the party fun, the mc's come drop and test the mic. (oh yeah)
Don't need to worry, don't need to hurry the grooves are just for you
(come on)
Keep it pop it and locking, breaking and rocking.
Everybody knows there ain't no stopping.
Come on ya'll get on the floor, I'm gonna take you back make you beg
for more.
Aint no party like an old school party got an old school party don't
stop.
So Dj (clock my fav joy) and let me rock the mic.
Now throw your hands high in the air, everybody say: Oh Yeah.

Lalalalà lalàla... lalàlallà (Yeah just do it, do it, do it)
lalalalà lalàla (High) lalalà-lalàla-
lalà (Now somebody, anybody, everybody Scream!)
Lalalalà lalàla... (yeah this do it, do it, do it) lalàlallà (Oh yeah
... uh get body come on)
lalalalà lalàla (It's only, only, only own) lalalà-lalàla-
lalà (I like that)
(talk to me) (Wonder Mike, come on and get down)

Yes, yes yo! It's Wonder Mike and I like to rock the hell.
I'm work that body, work that body and baby just work it out (Aah).
Abidihibidihiphop and don't get stopped, let me see that body rock.
Put your afrojack kup to the side, let me hear you say Alright,
Grooves so funky furiousdid make you get so serious,
when the people hearin' us they starting called delirious.
Work it, let's work it, let's work it, work it, work it.
Now somebody, anybody, everybody Scream!

Lalalalà lalàla... lalàlallà (Yeah just do it, do it, do it)
lalalalà lalàla (High) lalalà-lalàla-
lalà (Now somebody, anybody, everybody Scream!)
Lalalalà lalàla... (yeah tell wave your hands from side to side) lalà
lallà (eh, oh, eh)
lalalala lalala (It's only, only, only own) lalalà-lalàla-
lalà (... here, come on)

One, two, three, four. Step the honor avert for the Master Gee show.
Once upon a time but not long ago when there was no rapstars on tv-
shows, no moviedeal, commercials (...) starting to grow.
In them days when you cup the art, you did a sake for the money and a
vert for the hart.

Back then you had to be a true believer. Every (..) hang at the disco fever.

Dj Flash in Hollywood. Many happend in the streets of Manhatten.

(group and queens and long like ... an you a gave for mons brown seas and down and song steary kate to the fact an techicachiu fans hill)

Lalalalalà lalàla... (oh) lalàlallà (Yeah just do it, do it, do it)

lalalalalà lalàla (High, down) (come on) lalalà-lalàla-

lalà (Now somebody, anybody, everybody Scream!)

Lalalalalà lalàla... (yeah this do it, do it, do it) lalàlallà (Oh yeah ... uh get body come on)

lalalalalà lalàla (It's only, only, only own) lalalà-lalàla-

lalà (I like that) (.....)