

Stomp!

Quincy Jones

The summer heat, the drummer's beat
Listen to rhythm of the coming of a 1000 stomping feet
The dip-diver, old school soul survivor
My sound is gonna hit ya like a drunk driver

Stomp-step down with it
Put your feet where you're feeling it
Stomp-you don't wanna quit
Put your head where you're feeling it
Stomp

It's like 1 to the 2 and straight to the 10
Turn up the sound cause the Q's back again
With a whole new set, here to make you sweat
Put on ya stompin' boots if you love to jet, son
Call up George, too
And tell them Q got the funk to make ya move that New York
Should I say that body? Welcome to the party
A little somethin' somethin' for each and everybody
It's Coolio loc representin' West Coast
So raise up a toast, Mr. Jones is ya host
From the top to the bottom and the back to the front
Everybody on the side go slip in and slide
Just stomp

Stomp

Guess who? The one and only Yo-Yo dammit
Bet you can't stand this track that's slammin' (stomp)
Catch the vibe from the West side
The one and only Bonnie without Clyde
I'm stomping through your town
In your hood up your block
Giving props to hip-hop, 'cause it don't stop
Stomping with the humps in the back of the trunk
'Cause all that funk makes me wanna bump

In the mountains, in the valleys
In the backstreets, in the alleys

Party people this is what you want

Aya aya, mama mia
Mercy me-a, things ain't what they used to be-a
Stomp opposition, stomp competition
Stomp like frat brothers, step to this
Let me mention Quincy Jones is butter on toast
Superman of rap, Shaq, is feared to most
Brag and boast about my steelo style
Kick your butt for a mile and smile as I (stomp)

Stomp the pedal to the metal in the ghetto
Struggle with a top notch hustle
Time to scuffle