

# Everlast, Jump Around

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 yo the whole crew will act up  
Get up, stand up, come on!  
Come on, throw your hands up  
If you've got the feeling jump up touch 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'in, funk'in  
Amps it are junking  
And I got more rhymes than there's cops that at a dunkin  
Donut shop  
Sure 'nuff I got props from the kids on the Hill  
Plus my mom and my pops

## Chorus

I came to get down (2x)  
So get out your seats and jump around  
Jump around (3x)  
Jump up Jump up and get down.  
Jump (17x)

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 on 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'in ta step to me you'll take your last breath  
I got the skill, come get your fill  
Cause when I shoot ta give, I shoot to kill

## Chorus

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 you 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

## Chorus

Jump (32x)

Yo, this is dedicated  
To Joe, da flava, Dakota  
Grag yo bozac, punk