

# Pharoahe Monch, Simon Says (Remix)

(feat. Busta Rhymes, Lady Luck)

[Pharoahe Monch]

GET THE FUCK UP!

Simon says "GET THE FUCK UP!"

Throw ya hands in the sky (buck buck buck buck buck!)

Queens is in the back sippin 'Gnac, y'all wassup?

Girls, rub on your titties (yeah)

Yeah fuck it I said it rub on ya titties

New York City gritty committee, pity the fool that act shitty

In the midst of the calm, the witty

[Lady Luck]

Yo SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Luck said "SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

Bitches in the back, like crack get it cut up

I speak on behalf of them broads you call stuck up

Act like a man and get cocked, smacked or fucked up

Pull the truck up, Luck you know the name

Assed out in the bleachers stay shittin on the game

I suppose what you're spittin is flames, cowards

Know your crew was vaginal, I could smell the dooch powder

Summer's Eve, I drop degrees chill

Come four by four, lose one like Dru Hill

Stay fly till you air sick, now that's ill

Two choices, either squeeze or peel, now that's real

[Pharoahe Monch]

WHAT THE FUCK'S goin on here, just a minute now, hold up

Sinister wit hit the time I diminish him finish him, roll up

When I'm, ? cinematography state of mind

My rap trip, rip, clip, say the rhyme

Shit, I spectacular run hit spit bitches venacular

Miraculous rhyme flow, back track to the Immaculate

Binaca blast nigga that's fast, son I'll box ya

Ladies rub the ta-ta's, bras, titties and knockers on the floor

OWWW! Fellas pull ya cock out

On the verge to splurge verbs for third round knock out

Uh I bust a rhyme that dust frustrated rappers

Dust crush competition, lights out like the Clapper

The mic ripper, whip a nigga like a slave

Separate him from him from his fam, he don't know how to behave

Now, drag his ass, bag dun for his loot

Figure me to give a nigger-y twenty-one gun salute

That's seven shots for Tupac

Seven for Biggie Smalls

Seven for Freaky Tah up in your neighborhood malls

How's that, fat action packed rap remain tame

Pharoahe fuckin Monch, ain't a damn thing changed

[Redman]

Yo yo get the fuck up

Funk Doctor Spot said "Get the fuck up"

I got a bitch named Nina and I tuck her

I leave a nigga hangin like ya mom's muffler

Snuff her, then my boys follow up

Respect like the Fonze, you see the collar up

I spit out a bullet, load the barrel up

I kamikaze ya town off a Arab bus

Karat cut, yeah mami pull over

I bend ya pussy like for years I knew yoga

I'm too smoked up, I can't remember me

Off Hennessy, that's why I carry Mini-Me

I need fifty feet when my performance starts

I push a armored car wit ?Lauren Harts?  
Nineteen inches, I'm not on the charts  
Doc turnin dark off a warning shot  
Drive off and pop, six in ya hood  
[Monch] Fuck the limelight, we rhyme tight, plus snatch the goods  
Yea-yeah my nigga, one rhyme you fold over  
I'm hot-headed cuz I walk wit cold shoulders  
Yeah GET THE FUCK UP!

[Pharoahe Monch]  
Simon Says "GET THE FUCK UP!"  
Throw ya hands in the sky (buck buck buck buck buck!)

[Redman]  
Jersey in the back jackin cars now wassup!  
Girls, rub on ya titties  
(Yeah) That's right I said it, rub on ya titties  
Brick City gritty committee  
Pity the fool that act shitty, in the midst of the calm, the witty

[Method Man]  
Yo yo get the fuck up  
Yo yeah I said it, get the fuck up  
Walk through Shaolin after dark, you get stuck up  
Seek and destroy, baddest boy when I'm puffed up  
Ya know my name, and Pharoahe Moch, why we came what?  
We off the chain, plus we plottin on the chain, what?  
Know ya role, by the way tuck ya gold  
And you and your mic can ease on down the road  
Assholes are like opinions, everybody got to have one  
Shootin in the sky tryin to blast sun  
Zero to sixty in a second, pull a fast one  
Fifty cent flashin they hate us wit a passion  
Mashin, still fresh in three-day old fashion  
Your plaid, I'm stripes, together we be flashin  
Here's a Tunnel banger  
Wu-Tang death penalty, the gas chamber  
This gon' hurt me more than it hurts you  
Slap ya like the doctor the day your momma birthed you  
Just so you can feel me  
The same way I'ma feel this world when it kill me  
Even if time stands still, I'ma still be  
Underground and filthy, gotta have our Way like the Milky  
Innocent until I'm proven guilty  
Never got caught in the game of tag  
Momma never kept a boyfriend wit kids this bad  
No justice, RAIDER RUCKUS!  
Underground till we under ground  
But y'all first MOTHAFUCKERS!

[Shabaam Sahdeeq]  
My thugs, throw up ya set  
And shorties rub on ya breasts  
GET THE FUCK UP, outta that dress, I palm tits  
You herbs get flipped like jeeps on mountain cliffs  
I'll rip through your chest, hollow-point talent tips  
Double-S, double the threat, double your bet  
Double up on that cash if you decide to invest  
You sound like Big, you sound like Jay, you sound like D  
And I bet, when I go plat, you'll sound like me  
Shabaam Sahdeeq, injure your fleet into delete  
Y'all crabs are weak, frail like a fiend's physique  
I stay on the street, stay on the beat, stay wit the heat  
Stay stickin fools like you for the rocks that gleam  
So toss that link, dummy, shoulda insured that link

Straight to Canal I'll praise that link, then pawn that link  
You froze up, Sahdeeq says "Shut the fuck up!"  
Punk niggas get gun-butt up and tied up

[Busta Rhymes]

Busta Rhymes is like Hacksaw Jim Dugan  
Been thuggin, lovin the way we flood jewels for nothin  
Lay it over, another ambush we take over  
Yo we don't only get money, we cut the coke and cook the shake over  
You better guard your head right, especially if it's late at night  
Or find your picture of your autopsy up on the web site  
Yo if you ever violate my space  
Fuck a fat lip, I'll leave you wit a fuckin fat face  
Nigga, Busta Rhymes the handsome, I'll hold you for ransom ansom  
Like the ghost in a haunted house, I'll forever live in a mansion  
Bitches, snitches comin out and you know who's showin it  
Like when British civil servants pass secrets to the Soviets  
Y'all niggas is seamless blends of seamless friends  
Live on about ?? on a bunch of seamless ends  
Collosal, me and my nigga Pharoahe Moncho  
The head honcho, gettin this money like Leonardo (do do do)  
Enough substance in the roughness  
Now watch it come around in an amazing large abundance  
Now let me clear the smoke screen you blow fiend  
Live nigga shit that'll rebuild your whole self-esteem  
Pledge allegiance to the flag of united live niggas of America  
Let us control and own the fuckin area  
Wildin in your whip until your crash the whole truck up  
And if you know what's good for you nigga you better GET THE FUCK UP!!!  
Hehehe