

# DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince, Get Hyped

Here we go

George george george of the jungle watch out for that tree

Or if you're an emcee watch out for me and my man Jazzy

Ahh just hitting it

Beat back an

Ain't no slackin

I'm unbeatable

Undefeatable

I kick the flow way way up tempo

And now you must know that I got gusto

Don't be jugglin or else we knucklin when I get in my car my seat belt im bucklin

It ain't that I'm afraid but I'm trying to get paid

From a high school to bare ain't no money to be made

Mary had a little lamb and her fleece was white as snow

But I'm Hannibal Lector I silence the lamb while I watch the crowd go (here we go)

Yo

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on

When all night

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on

We doing it right

Keep it going

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on

When all night

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on

We doing it right

1986 we first came out

Girls ain't nothing but trouble to get our name out

It was a fun record but a bit silly

They said we wouldn't make it cause we come from Philly

1988 we won a grammy all the critics could say was ooh damn he

Keeps going and going it ain't funny going and going just like an energiser bunny

Faster faster who's the master

They could only watch while we shot right past the

Grammy awards 1992

Open the envelope who's it go to

DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince

Well thank you thank you

Call the bank ooh I'm getting checks and

Plenty of sex and

Flexin like a texan

They desire to dust the fire

We keep hitting em higher

Raps the thing that I am best and

Muscle bound rhymes that's why I'm flexin

Um de dum de dum dum di

When I walk by girls cry cause I'm fly

Dang digi dang de dang dand digi dang

I'm the king of this thing

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Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on

We doing it right

Ooh ahh you wanna piece of pie (what)

The pie to sweat (so)

You wanna piece of meat (what)

The meat to tough (so)

You wanna ride a bus (what)

The bust too full  
Aight cool

Enough of the ol skool back to the new  
I wont let the mic go till y'all get psycho  
Louder louder let yourself go  
(oh oh oh oh yeah)  
Mirror mirror on the wall now who is the top choice of them all  
Well I know that its me I just thought id ask  
Cause if you said it wasn't me then you can kiss my behind  
Ride em cowboy  
Mic like a bronco but I wont let go  
Heads are boppin knees are flying  
Arms are swingin ears are ringin  
That's what a real house party should be like 2 turntables a mic and a blue light  
One fan blowing windows open  
Crowd feels high cause the rhymes are dope an  
But I don't stop though  
They riding my jock so hard  
I'm thinking my nads getting scarred  
You walk through the door  
Get right to the floor  
Cause that's what you came here for  
Come on check it

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
When all night  
Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
How we doing it right we doing it right

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
When all night  
Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
We doing it right

Come on

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
When all night  
Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
We doing it right

Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
All night  
Get hyped get hyped to the groove it goes on  
We doing it right

Yeah Yeah Yeah

That joint was live yo