

# Get Your Groove On

## Pras

f/ Most Wanted, The Product G&B

(Chorus)

This goes out to all of y'all females and males

Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on

(A-get your groove on)

Come and get your groove on

(A-get your groove on)

(Pras)

Refugee Camp, uh-huh

Navy Seals, All-stars, come on, come on, come on

(Pras)

Yo, yo, yo, so you wanna be startin somethin

Not for nothin, but yo, Pras is only good for, steady pumpin

I go bust I'm inflammable yeah, you disgust me

Your flow is horrible, see your man gotta carry you

Hyper water balls say no more your words are too cheap

Too affordable, you incapable of runnin your label

Goin against my crew is very irrational, improbable

unthinkable, yeah quite impossible

So what's your motive, tell me, what's your agenda?

Try to slide under my name is all proper beginner

Tackle the crime, run out of time, in the wrong state of the mind

Is a sign of the time, you was quick like Cower Marie

Type a kid, slowly for what, his birth

I'll drink you like a bloody Mary

Why try, you die, black eye, you rough guys

Try to light my fire you get burnt with smoke eyes

(Chorus)

This goes out to all of y'all females and males

Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on

(Get your groove on)

Come and get your groove on

(Get your groove on)

And tell my people that's rowdy bout it

In the click about it, about it

Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on

(Get your thug on)

Come on and get your thug on (come on, come on, come on)

Everybody come on

Where you been, on tour, niggas get no dumber

It's scary; I know exactly what you did last summer

nothin, chilled low (low), do you feel dough? (dough)

I mean that real dough (dough) bitches still real slow (slow)

You got show dough, go in, split that  
We'll be gone till November, when y'all niggas get back  
Ah, did y'all ever go, ever flow, guess we'll never know  
A lot of cats talk about it, hoes screamin, whether shows  
Yo it's crunch time, ya want mine, you hardly know me  
But when we blow, you'll catch them off guard like Kobe  
Lauryn, we know Tone, with the camper would not  
Now we did star as Rodies, point shamper would not  
I'm not Puff, but I can stop, best you know  
Test the flow don't do it, be the next to blow  
Nigga check your... seen my style is fly  
Better get her, I'm on point like, Alan Nigh

(Chorus)

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(Get your groove on)  
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(Get your groove on)  
And tell my people that's rowdy bout it  
In the click about it, about it  
Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on  
Come on and get your thug on  
(Come on, come on, come on)

Everybody come on

See cats real clever like me bringin the strong  
Had a deal for a year, can't write one song  
Been side too long, your advance picked up  
I'm like Kane in 88, I'ma tear sh... up  
Spitter, six flows average dudes can't stand me  
I'm nice and ease state, bringin heat like Miami  
You never got to let me flow I still kick it  
Never got to light my six, I still whip it  
Tell your chick not to see me no more, I still hit it  
She tossed and committed, player the shot did it  
And Mr. Dibbs in it, then leave it alone  
Watch me floss all night, no, get your own, what

(Chorus)

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And tell my people that's rowdy bout it  
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Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on  
(Get your thug on)  
Come on and get your thug on  
Everybody come on

(Pras)

Yo, yo, yo a lot of people thought I left welcome me back like Carter  
Play these cats with a vengeance watch them die harder  
You play your sound; we'll play our... louder  
And stop askin me who the hell the baby's father  
Dirty cash countin, my crew never loosin  
Shorty on standby, chief four, jet fuelin  
Who is to say (say), how many AK's (K)  
Spread your way, what price you wanna pay?  
Prices cut, iced seeds, sprinkle on my Rolo  
Triple threat trio, you take us in the Limo, dig  
I'm the safest ride I hear, next to the Volvo  
Six double-o while you lacin a Pinto  
No one isn't safe, many had, carry ways  
I'm fully irate, most ghettos don't want to gate  
We play Grammy's you play Ricki Lake  
Baptizin sinners at the Salt Lake City baby

(Chorus)

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(Get your groove on)  
And tell my people that's rowdy bout it  
In the click about it, about it  
Let me see ya scream and shout, a-get your thug on  
(Get your thug on)  
Come on and get your thug on (get your thug on)  
Everybody come on

(Pras)

Uh, yeah, come on, stop it, stop it  
This goes out to all of y'all females and males  
Without it, with a job, a-get your groove on  
(Pras)

To all-them niggas locked down  
All them real niggas nahmean?

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