

Pumpin' Daze

(Tron / Skelt! / Tron)

I started with Hip Hop sometime ago
Breakin' was my passion, was my soul
I didn't realize what Hip Hop was all about
Until I got my gown style to rock the crowd
I know it's not easy, if you wanna be creative
Try to be you, be a man, look out for ladies
If they don't respect, what you do, never mind
Believe in your real friends, not in white lines
Let's go back in everybody's minds
When Hip Hop jams were fresh
Double Trouble, Busy Bee, the Fantastic Five
Melle Mel and Grandmaster Flash
Do you know the movie Wild Style?
Or Kenny, Lee'n'Jolly in Beat Street?
Subway Stations, Battle Cry
Move your feet!
Everybody over here and everybody over there
Put your hands in the air, let me hear ya say YEAH!!
Everybody, jam in the Foonk!
Jumpin', stompin holes in the ground
I'm the S-K to the E-L-T-!
I'm the Master of the Ceremony
I'm the T-R, to the O to the N
And we're doin' for ya the best we can
Say yeah! – YEAH!
We wanna see your hands in the air
Say ho! – HOOO!
If you wanna jam-jam, then let us know

Say na-na-na-na-na-na-na
NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA!
Say pump it up? – PUMP IT UP!
Now scream!!! OOOOOAAAAA!

Megablast, and the Bass is Hype
The party's rollin', we don't need types of
Gangsta Pranxta, no Hardcore Boys
Here we go, come on, bring the noise
Breakdance, body formin'
Whirlin', spinnin' around like it's stormin'
Electric Boogie, Ro-Bo-Bo-B'Dance
B-Boys, Fly Girls, pump it up!

REFRAIN

Say na-na-na-na-na-na-na
NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA!
Say na-na-na-na-na-na-na
NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA!
Say pump-pump-pump-pump-pump me up! –
PUMP-PUMP-PUMP-PUMP-PUMP ME UP!
Now scream!!! OOOOOAAAAA!

Let's snoot tonite
Be my light tonite
Let's have a Skelebration
I wanna funk you, nation!
Come on, come on, do ya wanna get down?
Ghettoblaster sound, guess who's in town!
Come on, come on, come on, so get down!
Upside, and around
Gimme a soul clap!
Gimme a cold snap!
Gimme a whistle!
Gimme some noise... OOOOOAAAAA!

REFRAIN

Clap ya hands, everybody, and
Everybody just clap your hands, and if you're
Feelin' alright, then we're on point
That'at-a-datta-that's the joint!
If somebody wants to diss you
Then don't care at all
You know what you're doin'
Hip Hop is in our souls
When I'm a clone in my doom, sometimes I care about all
And in the trap of my rhyme, I fear the blunt gets cold
Sellin' me a weeder world, who's the freak with the glove?
For the worst time in his life, I see he needs love
Here we go, a-he-we-he-we go yaa
Sweet like sugar `n sour like souljah
Tag-Team, back again
Skelt! and Tron, with the can-can-can can we
Kick it? – "YES, YOU CAN!"
Who are the men with that Ol'Skool-Slang?
Who is that S, who's that T?
Hey, it's just us, the 27-P!
Hey, Ho, high tops or low

Pump ya sneaks up Sis'n'Bro
Hip Hop, and just don't stop
Pump-pump-pump-pump-me up!

REFRAIN

Vocals **Skelt! & Tron**
Scratches **Tron**

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