

Pump It Up (feat. Spitfire)

Paul Oakenfold

Pump, pump, pump it up
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When I walk into the club,
All the bitches show me love,
Give me kisses give me hugs,
All I wanna do is fuck.
I live for cheap thrills,
I find in little pills,
Or hundred dollar bills,
We all know pop kills.
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands and pump it up
When I step into the scene,
All the bitches they love me,
They wanna dance and talk to me,
All I wanna do is fuck.
I love myself to death,
I'm better than the best,
some say I'm clueless,
DJ this beat is sick.
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands, pump it up
Raise your hands and pump it up
Get your hands up, come on get your hands up
Get your hands up, come on get your hands up
Get your hands up, come on get your hands up
Get your hands up, pump it up, pump it up
When I walk into the club,
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