

Black Eyed Peas, Hey Mama

(La la la la la)

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama

Get on the floor and move your booty mama

We the blast masters blastin' up the jamma

(REEEEEEEWIIIIIND)

Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty

Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and

Hey shorty, I know you wanna party

the way your body look realli make me really feel naunughty

Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty

Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and

Hey shorty, I know you wanna party

the way your body look realli make me really feel naunughty

I got a naughty naughty style and a naughty naughty crew

But everything I do, I do just for you

I'm a little bit of old, and a bigger bit of Nu

The true niggers know that the peas come thru

We never cease (NOO), we never die no we never decease (NOO)

We multiply like we mathamaticice

Then we drop bombs like we in the middle east

(The bomb bombas, the base move dramas)

Naw y'all knaw, who we are

y'all knaw, we the stars

Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards

And, lookin' hard without bodygaurds

(I do) what I can

(Y'all come thru) will.i.am

And still I stand, with still mic in hand

(So come on mama, dance to the drama)

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama

(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama

(Yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma

(Hey) so shake your bambama, come on now mama

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama

(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama

(Yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma

(La la la la la)

We the big town stumpas, and big sound pumpas

The beat bump bumps in your trunk trunkas

The girlies in the club with the big plump plumpas

And when I'm makin' love, my hip hump humps

It never quits (NOOOO) we need to carry 9mm clips (NOOOO)

Don't wanna squize trigger, just wanna squize t'ts

(Lubaluba) cause we the show stoppas

And the chief rockas, number one chief rockas

Naw y'all knaw, who we are

y'all knaw, we the stars

Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards

How we rockin' it girl, without body guards

Now she be, Fergie, from the crew

B.E.P., come and take heed, as we take the lead

(So come on papa, dance to the drama)

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama

(Yaw) get on the floor and move your booty mama

(Wuh) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma

(NAWWWWW, NAWWWW)

Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty

Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and

no fakin I know you see me shakin'

and the way I break it down I got the whole world quakin

Off the Richter, off the Richter, off the Richter, off the Richter, off the Richter, off the Richter steady

Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
the way your body look realli make me really feel naunughty

But the race is not, for the swift
But who really can, take control of it
And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be thhhheeerre
til infinity, til infinity, til infinity, til infinity, til infinity
Tippa is onuunuut

Nosa dima shock, nosa dima ting
everytime you sit there I hear, bling bling
O wata ting, hear blacka sing
grinding, and winding
and the madda be moving in a perfect timing
and we dance and dance to the dancehall riddim
and we're really to nice, it finga lickin'
like rice and peas and chicken stuffing

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(Yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(Hey) so shake your bambama, come on now mama
Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(Yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(La la la la la [fade])