

# Punk5, Hey Mamma(Punk5 Version)

la la la la la)

Hey mama, this that sh\*t that make you move, 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 feel nauuughty  
Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty  
Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and  
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I got a naughty naughty style and a naughty naughty crew  
But everything I do, I do just for you  
Im a little bit of Or, and a bigger bit of Nu  
The true n\*ggers know that the peas come thru  
We never cease(NOO), we never die no we never disease(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' hot 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 druma)

Hey mama, this that sh\*t 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 sh\*t 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 and big sound pumpas  
The beat bump bumpas 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)  
Dont wanna squize trigger, just wanna squize t\*ts  
(lupaluba)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, its dirty, from the crew  
BET, come and take heed, as we take the lead  
(so come on bubba, dance to the druma)

Hey mama, this that sh\*t that make you groove, mama  
(yaw)get on the floor and move your booty mama  
(wuh)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma  
(NAWWWW, NAWWW)  
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 feel nauuughty

But the race is not, for the swiss  
But who really can, take control of it  
And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be thhhheerre  
til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti  
Tippa is ouuuuuut

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 end of the thing  
and we're really to nice, it finga akin  
like rice and peas and chicken and bling

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(la la la la la \*fade\*)