

# The Black Eyed Peas, Joints & Jam

Yeah...a chick-a-doom, chick-a-doom chick-a-doom

Chorus:

That's the joint, that's the jam  
Turn that shit up, play it again (3x)

(Will)

I like the way the rhythm makes me jump and move  
It gots the feelin' that makes me wanna do my thing  
Got me feelin' joy, turn my grey sky blue  
And when you hear a cut baby doll I know you  
Will feel it huh? Get up on the floor start movin' some  
Body parts that got brothers actin' dumb  
And they be actin' dumb from the cut that playin'  
People break they neck from this demonstration  
We about mass appeal, no segregation  
Got Black to Asian and Caucasian sayin'...

Chorus:

That's the joint, that's the jam  
Turn that shit up, play it again (x2)

(APL)

Let your body collide to the rhythm provided  
By the mind state affairs classified and make your  
Heat up and flare I swear  
A serenade, a soul and so beware  
And what's happenin' here, seek one to help you  
Feelin' a piece of mind, let your spine unwind  
Maybe in time you can stop this crime  
But until then, yo I'm a rock a rhyme sayin'...

Chorus:

That's the joint, that's the jam  
Turn that shit up, play it again (x2)

(Kim Hill)

It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam  
It's got groove it's got feelin'  
(a chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom)  
It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam  
It's got groove it's got meanin'  
(a chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom)

(Taboo)

Got the state's appeal with the joint's that real  
I don't need no steel to make my point  
Get down and dirty 'cause that's my joint  
Ha! We preferably make all points  
Through a nation we build off the musical field  
Or a visual thrill, we do what we feel  
Any time or place, on stage  
Over tea in Earth and outer space

(Will)

Because we rock that shit, we flip that shit  
You know, some east coast west coast cosmic shit  
Some north bound shit, some some south bound shit  
Some overseas London out of town shit  
Rockin' the joint, rockin' the jams  
Turn that shit up, play it again 'cause...

Chorus:

That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again (x3)

(Kim Hill)

It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam

It's got groove it's got feelin'

(a chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom)

It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam

It's got groove it's got meanin'

(a chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom).

(fades out)