

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 got 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)