

Hey Mama

The Black Eyed Peas

[Intro: Fergie]

La la la la la la

[Chorus: will.i.am]

Hey mama, this that shit that make you move, mama
Get on the floor and move your booty, mama
We the blast masters, blastin' up the jamma
(REEEEEEEWIIIIIND)

[Post-Chorus: Tippa Irie]

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 really make me feel naughty
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
And the way your body lookin', really make me feel naughty

[Verse 1: will.i.am]

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 little bit of new
The true niggas know that the Peas come through
We never cease (No), we never die, no we never deceased (No)
We multiply like we mathematise
And then drop bombs like we in the Middle East
(The bomb bomba's, the base boom dramas)

[Pre-Chorus: will.i.am]

Now y'all know, who we are
Y'all know, we the stars
Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards
And, lookin' hard without bodyguards
(I do) what I can
(W)ill-I-am
And still I stand, with still mic in hand
(So come on mama, dance to the drama)

[Chorus: will.i.am]

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
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 (Whoa)
(La la la la la)

[Verse 2: will.i.am]

We the big town stumpas, and big sound pumpas
The beat bump bumps in your trunk trunkas
The girlies in the club got the plump plump plumpas
And when I'm makin' love, my hip hump humps
It never quits (No), we need to carry nine millimeter clips (No)
Don't wanna squeeze trigger, just wanna squeeze tits
(Lova, lova) 'cause we the show stoppas
And the chief rockas, number one chief rockas

[Pre-Chorus: will.i.am & Fergie]

Now y'all know, (Who we are)
Y'all know (We the stars)
(Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevard)
How we rockin' it girl (Without bodyguards)
She be (Fergie)
From the crew (BEP)
(Come and take heed, as we take the lead)
(So come on bubba, dance to the drummer)

[Chorus: will.i.am]

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 (Naw, nawy)

[Post-Chorus: Tippa Irie]

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 really make me feel naughty

[Bridge: Tippa Irie & will.i.am]

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 there
'Til infinity, 'til infinity, 'til infinity, 'til infinity, 'til infinity, 'til infinity
Tippa is out
Nuff a dem a shock, nuff a dem a sting
Every time you see dem appear bling bling

Oh what a ting! Pure modeling
Grinding, and winding
And the madda dem a move inna perfect timing
Dem a dance and dance to di dancehall riddim
And di way di tune nice, it finga-licking
Like rice and peas and chicken stuffing

[Chorus: will.i.am]

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
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 (Whoa)
(La la la la la)

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