

Hey Mama

Black Eyed Peas

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 really make me really 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
the way your body look really make me really feel naughty 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 mathamatices Then we drop bombs like we in the middle east
(The bomb bombas, the base move dramas) Naw 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 (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 squeeze trigger, just wanna squeeze tits
(Lubaluba) cause we the show stoppas
And the chief rockas, number one chief rockas
Naw y'all know, who we are
y'all know, 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
 (NAWWWW, NAWWW)
 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 are you ready. 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 thhhheerre
 til infinity, til infinity, til infinity, til infinity, til infinity
 Tippa is onuuuut 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)

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