

Black Eyed Peas "Cali To New York"

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[Incomprehensible]

As soon as A La stepped off the floor
People started hollerin' for more
Beggin' us to bless 'em with an encore
You know the Peas, they game to do that for sure

No matter what the coast we be on
Pacific or Atlantic, we stay strong
Foreign or domestically, we conquer
All obstacles professionally an' rock on

An' that's exactly how we made it rock, made it rock
We turn this on an' then we make it hot, make it hot
We also known to cause a state of shock, state of shock
We start at 2, then go to 10 o'clock, 10 o'clock

10 o'clock the next day that is, day that is
No matter what city or state that is, state that is
Don't ask no questions, that's the way that is, way that
is
Don't ask no questions, that's the way that is
[Incomprehensible]

Back, back, back, back, an' forth
From Cali to New York
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From Cali to New York

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Introduce Posdonus, y'all, 'nus y'all
Sticky like cous-cous, y'all, cous, y'all
Be the words that I apply, apply
My peeps mass, karma N.Y, N.Y.

Check it out, you see, you other emcees sound like
brother emcees
Raised by the same pop an' mother emcees

While I got a lot of brand in my name, I'm recognizable
Leavin' me the cash amount that's quite sizable

Rich in that English that's broke as hell
That's why my niggaz in the hood understand me so
well
Its the modern rap type talk, used to walk
All over your ears, you hear the thump, this track
pumps like

Well order, some others fell short of the line of finish
You didn't practice harder at the scrimmage
Now my image is the golden cup
My career is dirty compared to yours, it's all washed up

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We, we, we, we regulate an' cross plates, destructs ya
Toss coins to distract it an' we bust ya
Minds blow bigger than tempers out in Russia
Cuss like a sailor, make you shame like Thelya

Stitch a verse tailored to fit, spray paintin' your spit
On the deco we art, spread apart
I raid mo' tracks than flicks in "Beat Street"
With kicks until the sole wear out, never that

We weather that, you light in the ass an' feather that
Heavy like black leather coats, you pleather that
Last dick on the line, we way ahead of that
Squeezin' like Freddie Foxx an' his two glocks

Rocks don't impress niggaz who speak to God
We get jams to make a tuna melt
Held down by the beep, beep, beep, we strictly, new
getty
Two fifty up in front of the mic, so what it look like?

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Back

[Foreign content]

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