

Punk5

"Hey Mamma(Punk5 Version)"

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la la la la la)

Hey mama, this that sh*t that make you move, mama

Get on the floor and move your booty moma

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 realli make me feel nauuugthy

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 realli make me feel nauuugthy

I got a naughty naughty style and a naughty naughty crew

But everything I do, I do just for you

Im a little bit of Or, and a bigger bit of Nu

The true n*ggers know that the peas come thru

We never cease(NO), we never die no we never disease(NO)

We multiply like we mathamatic

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' hot without bodygaurds

(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 druma)

Hey mama, this that sh*t 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 sh*t 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 and big sound pumpas
The beat bump bumpas 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)
Dont wanna squize trigger, just wanna squize t*ts
(lupaluba)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'all's boulevards
How we rockin' it girl, without body guards
Now she be, its dirty, from the crew
BET, come and take heed, as we take the lead
(so come on bubba, dance to the druma)

Hey mama, this that sh*t 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
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
the way your body look realli make me feel nauuughty

But the race is not, for the swiss
But who really can, take control of it
And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be
thhhheerre
til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti
Tippa is ouuuuuut

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 end of the thing
and we're really to nice, it finga akin
like rice and peas and chicken and bling

Hey mama, this that sh*t 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 sh*t 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 *fade*)

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