

Black Eyed Peas, The "Hey Mama"

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(La la la la la)

Hey Mama, this that sh*t that make you groove, Mama
Get on the floor and move your booty, Mama
We the blast masters blastin' up the jamma (REWIND!)

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
The way your body look really make me 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 new
The true n*ggers know that The Peas come through
We never cease (naw), we never die, no we never
desease (naw)

We multiply like we mathamaticice
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'all's boulevards

And lookin' hot without bodyguards

(I do) what I can

(Double U) Ill.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 bum bumma, 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, all 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 (naw), we need to carry 9mm clips (naw)
Don't wanna squeeze trigger, just wanna squeeze 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 bodyguards
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 drumma)

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
(Naw, naw)
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

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
Till infinity, till infinity, till infinity, till infinity
Tippa is out

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) [fades]

