Black Eyed Peas, The "That's the Joint"

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[Intro]
That's the joint...
That's the joint {*6X*}
That's the jam
Play it again

[Verse One]

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
That's the joint... that's the joint...
That's the jam... play it again...

[Verse Two]

Let your body collide to the rhythm provided by the mind state affairs, classified to make y'all heat up and flare, I swear I serenade the soul and, so beware And what's happenin here, seek one to help you Feelin a piece of mind, let your spine unwind Maybe in time we can stop this crime But until then, yo I'ma rock a rhyme sayin

[Chorus]

That's the joint {*8X*}

[Verse Three]
Got some streets appeal with the junk's that real I don't need no steel to make my point

Get down and dirty cause that's my joint

Ha! Ha! Ha! That's my joint
Ha! Ha! Ha! That's my joint
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha that's my joint
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha that's my joint
We preferably, make our point
Through a nation we build, off the musical field
Or a visual thrill, we do what we feel
Any time or place, on stage in your face
Orbiting in Earth, and outer space

[Verse Four]
We rock that {*shuh*} we flip that {*shuh*}
Some East coast, West coast, cosmic {*uh*}

Some Borthbound {*shuh*} some some Southbound {*shuh*}

Some overseas London out of town {*uh*} Rockin the joint, rockin the jams

[record slows down]
Turn that shit up, play it again
Cause that's the joint, that's the jam
Turn that shit...

[Chorus]

That's the joint

{*instrumental to end, then record slows to a stop*}

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