

## Black Eyed Peas, The "What It Is"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

A freaky-dicky yo (All the time baby) -- (4x)  
Uh, how you feelin y'all (I'm feelin fine) -- (4x)  
A freaky-dicky yo (All the time baby) -- (2x)  
Uh, how you feelin y'all (I'm feelin fine) -- (2x)

Yo, this is the way it's goin down  
We come in compound releasin double-rounds in  
hound  
Like Keith ?Senses? you defend techniques and on  
match  
When I begin to draw back, cover up your cardiac  
'Cause I'ma rush ya, when I penetrate feel the pressure  
The critical perfectionist, rhythmic expressionist  
We comin deadly y'all ever in  
And you'll be scared to pick the mic up again  
Lyrically you on the level of "Green, Eggs and Ham"  
Your best bet is fold 'cause I gots a bigger hand  
Plus I'm steppin like a monster so go-go and scam  
You ain't experienced, you lucky if you ride the  
ambulance  
'Cause when you dealin with fool Will is quite fatal  
Shape-shiftin rubbers like Play Dough  
Your rhymes are anal and we ain't got no time to play  
No games, put the mic down, boy, try not to say no  
More than rhymes 'cause you duplicate like Kinkos  
You're a carbon copy with the wrinkles  
You actin like a nigga that be rhymin in a Pringle  
commercial  
But you can wear it in rehearsal

Chorus:

No need to front, that's what it is  
I gotta get into you  
Oh, I gotta show you what it is  
Gotta get into you

Strong communicator called the Black Eyed Peas

Hard illustrator co-coordinate with ease  
And duplicator crew, we put em all on freeze  
Lock em in the cell, then throw away the keys  
Another lost identity in disease  
Entity with a so-called MC enemies  
Will decrease when I step into your sceneries  
Of course now you off course lost up in the source  
I'm running out of time, this no time for no scrimmage  
Aristorate the diamonds and replace it with the real  
image  
Picture that, I know where I'm at  
I know where I'm going and I'll be back  
With a stronger impact lyrics be intact  
Get you intoxicated when black attack  
With the full-force pressure, hard to measure  
On a rate, whack MC's won't prevail  
On a dream of makin dream braggin about infrared  
beams  
But it seems all they really pullin is pullin them  
schemes  
I take it back to the essense of hip-hop  
Never will I stop with my beat-box

Chorus

Can you feel it  
Hmm, I gotta get into you  
Oh, I'm gonna show you what it is  
I wanna get into you

No need to front, that's what it is  
I gotta get into you  
No need to front, that's what it is  
I wanna get into you

[Repeat]

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