

# BEP Empire

## Black Eyed Peas

Three, four..

Chk UHH.. chk UHH..

I'm the W-I, double-L-I-Am  
Linkin up with the Primo, do it (do it)  
He's the T-to-the-A-to-the-B-oh-oh  
Linkin up with the Primo, do it (do it)  
He's the A-P-L-to-the-D-E-Ap  
Linkin up with the Primo, do it..  
And we the B-to-the-E-to-the-P  
Hookin up with Primo (?) do it (do it)

[Verse One]

We comin through to take control of each zip code  
Bridgin the gap from rap to calypso  
We gonna strike each city from 'Frisco  
Tokyo to back to San Luis Obispo  
(??) data, descendants of Amadeus  
Transmitted through your CD's, tapes and record players  
We the crusaders, attack like alligators  
Yo, we're known to elevate like escalators  
Yo, we comin through to control your area  
Black Eyed Peas control your area  
Bringin the vibe that create hysteria  
Wack MC's vacate your area  
We three deep, comin out of yo' speaker  
I'm bustin your woofer and tearin through your tweeter  
Every rapper's talkin bout killin somebody  
but they ain't hip-hop to me (check it out)

[Chorus]

This is the hip hip hip, the hop hop hop  
We keep it keep it movin, non non stop  
[scratch "Black Eyed Peas"] Yo, we keep it movin  
[scratch] Yo, we keep it movin  
the hip hip hip, the hop hop hop  
We keep it keep it movin, non non stop  
[scratch "Black Eyed Peas"] Yo, we keep it movin  
[scratch] We got to keep it movin

[Verse Two]

It's the Black Eyed Peas (?) climbin up the Empire  
State tower livin is the mission desired  
I see a lot of liars so to dem I cross and fire  
and they lyrics soundin tired, repetitious and expired  
Cool dem down troop before they time get picked  
I can't take dem serious talkin about bullshit  
Got money and cars but, can't bullshit  
and your lyrics are soundin like, some doo doo shit  
While I'm holdin the mic tight, recite livin insight  
so we can all benefit from the artform  
(??) took, (??) you to make dough  
but forgot the main goal, almost lost the soul and got norm  
Cause everybody's talkin bout, high profilin  
but it ain't hip-hop to me (why why why)  
Cause everybody's talkin bout, high profilin

but it ain't hip-hop to me (so check it out y'all)

[Chorus]

[scratch "I like the way the rhythm makes me jump"]  
{ "Got black to asian, and caucasian sayin,  
'That's the joint, that's the jam'"}  
[scratch "Let your body collide to the rhythm provided by the"]  
{ "Black Eyed Peas"}  
{ "Through a nation we build, off the music field  
or a visual thrill, we do what we feel"}

[Verse Three]

Yeah, your style's dated and you ain't came out yet  
Don't think you're +fresh+ cause you're rockin them outfits  
I think you're lost, cause you don't know where your route is  
Pick up the mic, put your money where your mouth is

I pick up the mic and put my lyrics where my mouth is  
Hit your spirit, make you jump out them couches  
Quick agility to slow-like slouches  
with more bounce to the freak of def ounces

And we announce this, follow us to show you what the sound is  
Primo and the Peas collaboratin like great  
Aiiyyo let's do this, let's do this, we show you who the crew is  
Black Eyed Peas is like the rulers leavin all you brothers clueless  
Haters hater us if you wanna, we gon' speak on it  
We gon' tell the world why hip-hop is haunted  
Funny is a drug and MC's is on it  
We gon' take it back to the days of Soulsonic

[Chorus 2x]

[ad libs to fade]