

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
Aiyyo 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]