

Get Original

Black Eyed Peas

What?

A lot of brothers, claimin they hard (HUH?)
I grab the microphone and leave 'em scarred (scarred)
But not scarred physically (WHAT?)
More like scarred mentally (yeah)
I correct your ego (YOUR EGO?)
I'ma show you how it go [scratch "go"]
Cause you killin me, ain't no skill in you
With my hands on you I wouldn't be feelin you
Yeah you platinum, but you wack as hell
I dubbed over your single like a Maxell
You need to

* Stop now, get original
Start practicin, master your flow
You might as well, turn in your mic
and start collectin dollars at the turnpike
Cause the rhymes you kick, need to be fixed
But you couldn't even fix them [scratch "in the mix"]
If you ate pebbles, your shit wouldn't rock
You one of them balloons made to go pop
You need to

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Start practicin, master your flow
Stop now, get original
WHAAAT?
* Stop now, get original
Start practicin, master your flow

There is really nothin you can do
We about to hit you in your face with my kung-fu
Risky on the microphone, I am
Got the energy of (??) and (??)
I'm about to let you know the deal on how I feel
Many people can't be real, so they gotta chase the steel
What the deal? Is it really all about the bills?
What's the thrill? I'd rather have my soul fulfilled
You gotta

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We delegate the skills to conversating
The loss of motivation of MC's to create
Sent it in for quick hit, waitin for the break
You didn't pay your dues, so you got on Rikki Lake
How does it feel to be the man on top
when everything you got ain't any of your props?
You need to
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Stop now, get original
* Stop now, get original
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When you think about rap in it's entirety
Violence became variety
Silently personalities differ from what they try to be
2na be on the frontline, with rhyme shell I hit you

You're sluggish like a barbituate
We can make you admit you bit
A hectic thrill, connect with Will
and we create with the kung-fu collective skill
The checks get real, people think this shit is hunky-dory
It's another story while we be fightin for re-
-demption pimps and prostitutes get the break they need
With breakneck speed, the fakes succeed indeed
Thinkin life is a party and it's a must to please
But many pop MC's work for Mephistopheles stop it please
Choppin broccoli happily for your company
Publically sellin Satan when really you should be bumpin the truth
So stop now
* Stop now, get original
Just practice and master your flow