

A.M.P (All My People)

M.I.A.

It's M.I.A
Yeah! Yeah! Hey!

Don't bring your gun there
Don't bother bother me
You can't take me
You want me, pay me
You can't 2Pac me
You can't Biggie me
I've got a pikini with a bikini in Bequia
They wanna stop me
Galliano sack me
I'll keep on coming back
Like your freaking acne
I am pro active
Brand new perspective
Back on a mac tip with matching red lipstick
Baby got back, I got front
You got a stack, I got a trunk
You got some junk, throw it in the bank
You think you get this but this ain't what you think
All my people say!

I'm not on seven, I'm on eleven
The difference is kinda like Devon and Yemen
When I go Oman I say "Yeah Man"
I open up a club and fill it strictly full of woman
My mama go to church she says "Amen"
She also says "Why are men teaming up with Demon?"
I love all men they all take me heaven
I can't keep myself in check like a mormon

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Can't be got I'm a
Cyber dog I
Fight the bots I
Free up a lot like
Chinese a chop chop
Put it in your hip hop pop
Encrypt and code it and I put it on your laptop
Bubble up poc poc
In my new bop bop
E'd up head up and I gon' beat a body up
This is immediate
We don't need no media
Feel it, reel it, pull it
We gon' light the city up
We gon' light the city up
We gon' light the city up

All my people say!
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