

Hey mama - 1/2

Interprété par Black Eyed Peas.

(La la la la la)

Hey mama, this that sh*t that make you move, mama
Get on the floor and move your booty mama
We the blast masters blatin' up the jamma
(Reeeewinnnnnd)
Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
The way your body look really make me feel nauuughty
Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
The way your body look realli make me feel nauuughty

I got a naughty naughty style and a naughty naughty crew
But everything I do, I do just for you
Im a little bit of Old, and a bigger bit of New
The true niggers know that the peas come thru
We never cease (noo), we never die no we never decease (noo)
We multiply like we mathamatic
And then drop bombs like we in the middle east
(The bomb bombas, the base boom dramas)
Naw y'all know, who we are
Y'all know, we the stars
Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards
And, lookin' hard without bodyguards
(I do) what I can
(Y'all come thru) will I am
And still I stand,
With still mic in hand
(So come on mama, dance to the druma)

{Refrain: }

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(Yaw) we the blast mastas blatin' up the jamma
(Hey) so shake your bambama, come on now mama
Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(Yaw) we the blast mastas blatin' up the jamma
(La la la la la)

We the big town stompas, and and big sound pumpas
The beat bump bumpas in your trunk trunkas
The girlies in the club with the big plump plumpas
And when I'm makin' love, my hip hump humps
It never quits (noo) we need to carry 9mm clips(noo)

Hey mama - 2/2

Don't wanna squeeze trigger, just wanna squeeze tuts
(Lubaluba) cause we the show stoppas
And the chief rockas, number one chief rockas
Naw y'all know, who we are
Y'all know, we the stars
Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards
How we rockin' it girl, without body guards
She be, Fergie, from the crew
BEP, come and take heed, as we take the lead
(So come on bubba, dance to the drum)

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(Yaw) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(Wuh) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(Nawww, nawww)
Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty
Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party
The way your body look really make me feel nauuughty

But the race is not for the swift
But for who can endure it
And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be thhhheerre
Til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti
Tippa is ouuuuuut
Nosa dima shock, nosa dima ting
Everytime you sit there i hear, bling bling
O wata ting, hear blacka sing
Grinding, and winding
And the madda be moving in a perfect timing
And we dance and dance to the dance hall rhythm
And we're really too nice, it finga akin
Like rice and peas and chicken stuffing

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(Yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(Hey) so shake your bambama, come on now mama
Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama
(Hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama
(Yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma
(La la la la)