Hey Mama

Justin Hinds

(La la la la la)
Hey mama, it's that shit that makes you move, mama
Get on the floor and move your booty mama
We the blast masters blastin' up the jamma
(REEEEEEEWIIIIIIND)
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 naughty
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 naughtyI got a naughty naughty style and a naughty naughty crew
But everything I do, I do just for you
I'm a little bit of Or, and a bigger bit of Nu
The true niggers know that the peas come through
We never cease(no), we never die no we never disease(no)
We multiply like we mathematics
Then we drop bombs like we in the middle east
(The bomb bombas, the base move dramas)
Naw y'all knaw, who we are
Y'all knaw, we the stars
Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards
And, lookin' hot without body guards
(I do) what I can
(Y'all come through) will.i.am
And still I stand, with still mic in hand
(So come on mama, dance to the druma)Hey mama, this that sh*t 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 la)We the big town stumpas, 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(no) we need to carry 9mm clips(no)

Don't wanna squize trigger, just wanna squeeze tits
(lubaluba)cause we the show stoppas
And the chief rockas, number one chief rockas
Naw y'all knaw, who we are
Y'all knaw, we the stars
Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards
How we rockin' it girl, without body guards
Now she be, Fergie from the crew bep, come and take heed, as we take the lead
(so come on bubba, dance to the druma)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
(naw, naw)
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 naughtyBut the race is not, for the Swiss
But who really can, take control of it
And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be there
Til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti
Tippa is ouuuuuutNosa dima shock, nosa dima ting
Every time 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 end of the thing
And we're really to nice, it finga akin
Like rice and peas and chicken and blingHey mama, this that sh*t 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 la)

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