

# The Coming

## Black Eyed Peas

I got these haters on my back, these haters on my back  
Gotta get these mother haters off my back  
I know why they hatin' 'cause I'm sittin' on stacks  
Now I'm steady chillin' and I'm spending all that I'm a big beat pumper, they rockin' my sound  
Out in outer space, I come from underground  
Now I'm on top holdin' down ground  
All them haters hatin' on the bottom down I'm a shot caller, big, big baller  
Mash the dance hall, make everybody, holla  
Block, block, blocka  
Ain't nobody hotter Haters in my face, got haters in my face  
I gotta get these mother haters out my face  
I know how to get 'em I'ma get 'em with the bass  
Hit 'em with the rhythm, Apple, give 'em lil' taste Autopilot, systematic  
Hit you with that acrobatic  
Automatic rhythm magic  
Here we come, we right back at it One more time, do my thing  
Shinning bright, bling, bling  
Hit you with that bing, bing  
Like the way the beat swing I'm a club rocker, big show stopper  
Aiming for that number 1 spot, now we got ya  
Block, block, blocka  
Ain't nobody hotter Eight arms, octagon  
Straight charm, watch ya Dom'  
Man, I got the bottles poppin'  
Party people, got 'em rockin' Yeah I got that antidote  
Here's a dose  
Damn, I'm dope  
Check me out here we go Here we go, back for more  
Hungry like an animal  
High class on the ground  
Check me up and love my style Blazed up branded shoes  
Jumping off like Delta Blues  
Here I come, super cool  
Serving you that new, here I come

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