

Audio Delite at Low Fidelity (Edit)

Black Eyed Peas

Ever since I was a little young-a
I always had a rhyme that I flung-a
Any situation that you brung up
Black Eyed Peas will shake a party like thunda
Now everybody want to ask and wonder
How the Black Eyed Peas took it from the under
From the bottom to the top
Now we make your body rock
Muthafucka don't sit and ponder
Cause we come with no bloops no blunders
We keep it fat like Atilla the Hun-a
Latin ladies by like ay Corumba
We caliente like you killin' in the summer We gave you something'
Now you gonna ask for some more
But naw brutha you ain't gonna get no more
And I know you really like
This audio delite
Cause my drum goes dumb diddy dumb-a
Check it out
One-time-for-ya-mind
Two's for your souuuulll
Three's for your body
And four's for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go I'm sick with the rhyme
I'm infected
Since '95 the BEP perfected
The way we get down on the record
We comin' up with heat that's not expected
You can't, you can't, you can't help but check it
We stand out like chubby people in checkers
We comin' hectic and hyper
Aimin' like a sniper
And when I rock the mic you'll respect me
You respect it 'cause you know
I'm known to kill it
I make it, make it, make it, make it
Hotter than a skillet
And you oughta know you goin' feel it
Black Eyed Peas we do it we're the realest We gave you something'

Now you gonna ask for some more
But naw brutha you ain't gonna get no more
And I know you really like
This audio delite
Cause my drum goes dumb diddy dumb-a
Check it out
One-time-for-ya-mind
Two's for your souuuulll
Three's for your body
And four's for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go
My faith will never fall
Forever remain myself after all
Gainin' fame, mass appeal, entertainin' y'all
Never change or conform
We always rock it raw
I remember when we used to bust at the mall
Ways of expressin' my love for the art
Now we here to restore these rap laws
Cause the way it is now is not the way I saw so check it
I'ma do it like this
So y'all could recite this
Hip hop anthem once more
I won't let the mic rest
You won't catch me rhyme-less
No matter what the future got in store
We gave you something'
Now you gonna ask for some more
But naw brutha you ain't gonna get no more
And I know you really like
This audio delite
Cause my drum goes dumb diddy dumb-a
Check it out
One-time-for-ya-mind
Two's for your souuuulll
Three's for your body
And four's for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go

Songwriters

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