

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 drown 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

Songwriters

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