

Audio Delite At Low Fidelity

Black Eyed Peas

Check it
Ever since I was a little younger
I always had a rhyme that I flung up
In any situation that you brung up
Black Eyed Peas would shake a party like thunder
Now everybody wanna ask and wonder
How the Black Eyed Peas took it from the under
From the bottom to the top, now we make your body bop
Motherfuckers, don't sit and ponder
'Cause we come with no blutes, no blunders
We keep it fat like Attila the Honda
Latin ladies be like 'Ay Karumba?
We caliente like you chilling in the summer
We gave you some, now you gonna ask for some more
But no, brother you ain't gonna get no more
And I know you really like this audio delite
'Cause my drum goes, 'Dum Diddy-Dumma?
Check it out, one time, for your mind
Two's for your soul
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 BEPs perfected
The way we get down on the record
We coming up, we 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're coming hectic and hyper, aiming like a sniper
And when I rock the mike y'all respect it
You respect it 'cause you know I'm known to kill it
I make you make you make you hotter than the skillet
Yeah, and I know you gonna feel it
Black Eyed Peas, we the r- we the realest
We gave you some, now you gonna ask for some more
But no, brother you ain't gonna get no more
And I know you really like this audio delite
'Cause my drum goes, 'Dum Diddy-Dumma?
Check it out, one time, for your mind
Two's for your soul

Three's for your body, and four's for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go
My faithful never fall
For ever remain myself after all
Gaining fame, that's the deal, entertaining y'all
Never change or conform, we always rock 'n' roll
I remember when we used to bust at the mall
Ways of expressing my love for the art
Now we here to restore these rap laws
'Cause the way it is now's not the way I saw
So check it
I'ma do it like this
So y'all can recite this
Hip-hop anthem once more
I won't let the mike rest
No you won't catch me rhymeless
No matter what the future got in store
We gave you some, now you gonna ask for some more
But no, brother you ain't gonna get no more
And I know you really like this audio delight
'Cause my drum goes 'Dum diddy-dumma'
Check it out, one time, for your mind
Two's for your soul
Three's for your body, and four's for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go, yo
One time
Two's for your soul
Three's, four's
Check it

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