

Pump It (OST "Pulp Fiction")

Black Eyed Peas

Ha ha ha
Pump it
Ha ha ha And pump it (louder)
And pump it (louder)
And pump it (louder)
And pump it (louder) Turn up the radio
Blast your stereo
Right Niggas wanna hate on us (who)
Niggas can be eenvious us (who)
And I know why they hatin' on us (why)
'Cause that's so fabulous (what)
I'm a be real on us (c'mon)
Nobody got nuttin' on us (no)
Girls be all on us, from London back down to the US (s, s) We rockin' it (contagious)
Monkey Business (outrageous)
Just confess your girl admits that we the shit F-R-E-S-H (fresh)
D-E-F, that's right we def (rock)
We definite B-E-P, we rappin' it So, turn it up (turn it up)
So, turn it up (turn it up)
So, turn it up (turn it up) C'mon baby, just Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder) And say, oh oh oh oh
Say, oh oh oh oh
Yo, yo Turn up the radio
Blast your stereo
Right now
This joint is fizzlin'
It's sizzlin'
Right (Yo, check this out right here)
Dude wanna hate on us (dude)
Dude need'a ease on up (dude)
Dude wanna act on up
But dude get shut like Flava shut (down)
Chicks say, she ain't down
But chick backstage when we in town (ha)
She like man on drunk (fool)

She wanna hit n' run (errr)
Yeah, that's the speed
That's what we do
That's who we be
B-L-A-C-K-E-Y-E-D-P to the E, then the A to the S
When we play you shake your ass
Shake it, shake it, shake it girl
Make sure you don't break it, girl
Cause we gonna Turn it up (turn it up)
Turn it up (turn it up)
Turn it up (turn it up) C'mon baby, just Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder) And say, oh oh oh oh
Say, oh oh oh oh
Yo, yo
Turn up the radio
Blast your stereo
Right now
This joint is fizzlin'
It's sizzlin'
Right Damn (damn)
Damn (damn)
Damn (damn)
Damn (damn)
Damn (damn) Wow Apl. de ap. from Philippines
Live and direct, rocking this scene
Waiting on down for the B-boys
And B-girls waiting, doin' their thing
Pump it, louder come on
Don't stop, and keep it goin'
Do it, lets get it on
Move it! Come on, baby, do it La-da-di-dup-dup die dy
On the stereo
Let those speakers blow your mind
(Blow my mind, baby)
To let it go, let it go
Here we go
La-da-di-dup-dup die dy (c'mon, we're there)
On the radio
The system is gonna feel so fine Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)
Pump it (louder)

Pump it (louder) And say, oh oh oh oh
Say, oh oh oh oh
Yo, yo
Turn up the radio
Blast your stereo
Right now
This joint is fizzlin'
It's sizzlin'
Right

Songwriters

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