

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, dont 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 aint 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
Twos for your soul
Threes for your body, and fours for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go Im sick with the rhyme, Im infected
Since 95 the BEPs perfected
The way we get down on the record
We coming up, we heat, thats not expected You cant, you cant, you cant help but check it
We stand out like chubby people in checkers
Were coming hectic and hyper, aiming like a sniper
And when I rock the mike yall respect it You respect it 'cause you know Im 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 aint 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
Twos for your soul
Threes for your body, and fours for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go My faithful never fall
For ever remain myself after all
Gaining fame, thats the deal, entertaining yall
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 nows not the way I saw So check it
Ima do it like this
So yall 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
Twos for your soul
Threes for your body, and fours for the ambiance
Check it out 'cause this is how it go, yo One time
Twos for your soul
Threes, fours
Check it

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