

# Pump it (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) 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) 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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