

Cali To New York

Black Eyed Peas

As soon as a La stepped off (the floor)
People started hollerin' (for more)
Beggin' us to bless 'em with an (encore)
You know the Peas they game to that (for sure)
No matter what the coast we, be on
Pacific or Atlantic we, stay strong
Foreign or domestically, we conquer
All obstacles professionally and rock on
And that's exactly how we made it rock (made it rock)
We turn this on and then we make it hot (make it hot)
We also known to cause a state of shock (state of shock)
We start at 2 then go to 10 o'clock (10 o'clock)
10 o'clock the next day that is (day that is)
No matter what city or state that is (state that is)
Don't ask no questions, that's the way that is (way that is)
Don't ask no questions, that's the way that is [Chorus]
Back, back, back, back, and forth
From Ca-li to New York Introduce Posdonus y'all ('nus y'all)
Sticky like cous-cous y'all (cous y'all)
Be the words that I ap-ply (ap-ply)
My peeps mass, karma N.Y. (N.Y.)
Check it out, you see you other emcees, sound like brother emcees
Raised by the same pop and mother emcees
While I got a lot of brand in my name, I'm recognizable
Leavin' me the cash amount, that's quite sizable
Rich in that English that's broke as hell
That's why my niggas in the hood understand me so well
Its the modern rap type talk
Used to walk, all over your ears
You hear the thump, this track pumps like, well order
Some others fell short of the line of finish
You didn't practice harder at the scrimmage
Now my image is the golden cup
My career is dirty compared to yours, it's all washed up [Chorus] We, we, we, we regulate and cross plates,
destruct ya
Toss coins to distract it and we bust ya
Minds blow bigger than tempers out in Russia
Cuss like a sailor, make you shame like Thelya
Stitch a verse tailored to fit

Spray paintin' your spit
On the deco we art, spread apart
I raid mo' tracks than flicks in "Beat Street"
With kicks until the sole/soul wear out, never that!
We weather that, you light in the ass and feather that
Heavy like black leather coats, you pleather that
Last dick on the line, we way ahead of that
Squeezin' like Freddie Foxx, and his two glocks
Rocks don't impress niggas who speak to God
We get jams to make a tuna melt
Held down by the B.E.P, we strictly, new getty
Two-fifty up in front of the mic, so what it look like?[Chorus]

Songwriters

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