

# Hey Mama

## David Guetta/Nicki Minaj & Afrojack

(La la la la la)

Hey mama, it's that shit that makes you move, mama

Get on the floor and move your booty mama

We the blast masters blastin' up the jamma

(REEEEEEEWIIIIIND)

Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty

Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and

Hey shorty, I know you wanna party

the way your body look really make me feel naughty

Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty

Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and

Hey shorty, I know you wanna party

the way your body look really make me feel naughty I got a naughty naughty style and a naughty naughty crew

But everything I do, I do just for you

I'm a little bit of Or, and a bigger bit of Nu

The true niggers know that the peas come through

We never cease(no), we never die no we never disease(no)

We multiply like we mathematics

Then we drop bombs like we in the middle east

(The bomb bombas, the base move dramas)

Naw y'all know, who we are

Y'all know, we the stars

Steady rockin' on y'alls boulevards

And, lookin' hot without body guards

(I do) what I can

(Y'all come through) will.i.am

And still I stand, with still mic in hand

(So come on mama, dance to the druma) Hey mama, this that sh\*t that make you groove, mama

(hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama

(yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma

(hey) so shake your bambama, come on now mama

Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama

(hey) get on the floor and move your booty mama

(yaw) we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma

(la la la la la) We the big town stumpas, and and big sound pumpas

The beat bump bumpas in your trunk trunkas

The girlies in the club with the big plump plumpas

And when I'm makin' love, my hip hump humps

It never quits(no) we need to carry 9mm clips(no)

Don't wanna squize trigger, just wanna squeeze tits  
(lubaluba)cause we the show stoppas  
And the chief rockas, number one chief rockas  
Naw y'all knaw, who we are  
Y'all knaw, we the stars  
Steady rockin' on y'all's boulevards  
How we rockin' it girl, without body guards  
Now she be, Fergie from the crew bep, come and take heed, as we take the lead  
(so come on bubba, dance to the drum)Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama  
(yaw)get on the floor and move your booty mama  
(wuh)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma  
(naw, naw)  
Cutie cutie, make sure you move your booty  
Shake that thing like we in the city of sin, and  
Hey shorty, I know you wanna party  
the way your body look really make me feel naughtyBut the race is not, for the Swiss  
But who really can, take control of it  
And tippa irie and the black eyed peas will be there  
Til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti, til infiniti  
Tippa is ouuuuuutNosa dima shock, nosa dima ting  
Every time you sit there I hear, bling bling  
O wata ting, hear blacka sing  
Grinding, and winding  
And the madda be moving in a perfect timing  
And we dance and dance to the end of the thing  
And we're really to nice, it finga akin  
Like rice and peas and chicken and blingHey mama, this that sh\*t that make you groove, mama  
(hey)get on the floor and move your booty mama  
(yaw)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma  
(hey)so shake your bambama, come on now mama  
Hey mama, this that shit that make you groove, mama  
(hey)get on the floor and move your booty mama  
(yaw)we the blast mastas blastin' up the jamma  
(la la la la la)

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