

# Clap Your Hands

[VaShawn Mitchell](#)

Yeah, yeah check it out, y'all  
Just clap your hands y'all, c'mon, c'mon  
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Clap your hands y'all, c'mon, c'mon  
Just clap your hands y'all, c'mon, c'mon  
It's too much looky, looky, looky  
Too much watchy, watchy, wah  
They looky, looky, looky  
And they watchy, watchy, wah  
Tell me why all these bumaclutz try to clown me  
I tell 'em move away, me need some privacy  
Don't you know I am the man that come up positivity  
Never negativity 'cause we create then do-re-mi  
My name is Will I am from BEP  
Black Eyed Peas, numero uno, we be jammin' like Marty  
If I'm technical with my rhymes, let me know now  
I shake it all around, niggas know how we be throwin' down  
Too much looky, who be ditchin' y'all like hooky  
Honey's wanna get up on me like suki-suki  
They call me on my telley talkin' 'bout mushi-mushi  
They pullin' on my body, feelin' on my tushi-tushi  
It's too much looky, looky, looky  
Too much watchy, watchy, wah  
They looky, looky, looky and they watchy, watchy, wah  
And don't you know, I need some privacy  
Excuse me young girl, me need some privacy  
'Cause the Black Eyed Peas is coming woofin' mighty-mighty flow  
I'm deliverin' the rhymes because my mama told me so  
I'ma do what my mama say and rock dollar y'all  
Mama say, mama sah, mamu-makusta  
Too much looky, and we the last cookie  
Where pastry, dippin' like, umm umm, le criste  
Lickin' on your finger and you lickin' your hand  
That good, finish that man make sure, make sure  
Clap your hands now, people stomp your feet  
Clap your hands now, people clap your hands  
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Too much watchy, watchy, wah  
They looky, looky, looky and they watchy, watchy, wah  
And you know, I need some privacy  
Go play somewhere else, me need some privacy  
We open up, bottle killin', the business, showbiz  
We be passin' the Peas, purposely and positive  
Wonder if is, where does it last, say, "Here it is"  
Should be all up in your ear, with a test and a quiz  
See ya dance, say, "Damn, now what it is?"  
Want to in sync with all the Pea body kids  
You be nodding your head back and forth like this  
They be feelin' my move, then your mind is in bliss  
So put your hands together now we ready to bounce  
Got the whole world waiting for this, to be announced  
Know you just got satisfaction by the ounce  
You can either jump up and boogie or just lounge  
It's too much looky, looky, looky  
Too much watchy, watchy, wah  
They looky, looky, looky and they watchy, watchy, wah  
I thought I said need some privacy  
Go play somewhere else, me need some privacy  
Recite more poetic, a tactic from the attic  
Apl De Ap, gets critical and droppin' shit  
Like a dimensional picture  
You architect, so I free you to get the scripture  
But when it hit ya, I got you turning like elixir  
Back a glass of cognac, we divide the mixture  
I'm about to fix you up, with a new texture  
More information better down like a letter and in the sector  
Clap your hands now, people stomp your feet  
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You gotta give me privacy  
Clap your hands now, people stomp your feet  
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