

B.E.P Empire

Black Eyed Peas

Three, four Chk uhh
Chk uhh I'm the W-i, double-l-i-am
Linkin' up with the Primo, do it (do it)
He's the T-to-the-a-to-the-b-oh-oh
Linkin' up with the Primo, do it (do it)
He's the A-p-l-to-the-d-e-ap
Linkin' up with the Primo, do it
And we the B-to-the-E-to-the-P
Hookin' up with Primo do it (do it) We comin' through to take control of each zip code
Bridgin' the gap from rap to calypso
We gonna strike each city from 'Frisco
Tokyo to back to San Luis Obispo
Data, descendants of Amadeus
Transmitted through your cd's, tapes and record players
We the crusaders, attack like alligators
Yo, we're known to elevate like escalators
Yo, we comin' through to control your area
Black Eyed Peas control your area
Bringin' the vibe that create hysteria
Whack MC's vacate your area
We three deep, comin' out of yo' speaker
I'm bustin' your woofer and tearin' through your tweeter
Every rapper's talkin' 'bout killin' somebody
But they ain't hip-hop to me (check it out) [Chorus]
This is the hip hip hip, the hop hop hop
We keep it keep it movin', non non stop
Yo, we keep it movin'
Yo, we keep it movin'
The hip hip hip, the hop hop hop
We keep it keep it movin', non non stop
Yo, we keep it movin'
We got to keep it movin' It's the Black Eyed Peas climbin' up the Empire
State tower livin' is the mission desired
I see a lot of liars so to dem I cross and fire
And they lyrics soundin' tired, repetitious and expired
Cool dem down troop before they time get picked
I can't take dem serious talkin' about bullshit
Got money and cars but, can't bullshit
And your lyrics are soundin' like, some doo doo shit

While I'm holdin' the mic tight, recite livin' insight
So we can all benefit from the artform
Took you to make dough
But forgot the main goal, almost lost the soul and got norm
'Cause everybody's talkin' 'bout, high profilin'
But it ain't hip-hop to me (why why why)
'Cause everybody's talkin' 'bout, high profilin'
But it ain't hip-hop to me (so check it out y'all)[Chorus]I like the way the rhythm makes me jump
Got black to asian, and caucasian sayin'
That's the joint, that's the jam'
Let your body collide to the rhythm provided by the
Black Eyed Peas
Through a nation we build, off the music field
Or a visual thrill, we do what we feelYeah, your style's dated and you ain't came out yet
Don't think you're fresh 'cause you're rockin' them outfits
I think you're lost, 'cause you don't know where your route is
Pick up the mic, put your money where your mouth is
I pick up the mic and put my lyrics where my mouth is
Hit your spirit, make you jump out them couches
Quick agility to slow-like slouches
With more bounce to the freak of def ounces
And we announce this, follow us to show you what the sound is
Primo and the Peas collaboratin' like great
Aiiyyo let's do this, let's do this, we show you who the crew is
Black Eyed Peas is like the rulers leavin' all you brothers clueless
Haters hater us if you wanna, we gon' speak on it
We gon' tell the world why hip-hop is haunted
Funny is a drug and MC's is on it
We gon' take it back to the days of soulsonic[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

MARTIN, CHRISTOPHER E/ADAMS, WILL/PINEDA, ALLEN / GOMEZ, JAMIE/MAYFIELD, CURTIS

LPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT
US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>