

# The Black Eyed Peas, Get Original

What?

(Verse One)

A lot of brothers, claimin they hard (HUH?)  
I grab the microphone and leave 'em scarred (scarred)  
But not scarred physically (WHAT?)  
More like scarred mentally (yeah)  
I correct your ego (YOUR EGO?)  
I'ma show you how it go {"scratch &quot;go&quot;"}  
Cause you killin me, ain't no skill in you  
With my hands on you I wouldn't be feelin you  
Yeah you platinum, but you wack as hell  
I dubbed over your single like a Maxell  
You need to  
Stop now, get original  
Start practicin, master your flow  
You might as well, turn in your mic  
and start collectin dollars at the turnpike  
Cause the rhymes you kick, need to be fixed  
But you couldn't even fix them {"scratch &quot;in the mix\*"}  
If you ate pebbles, your shit wouldn't rock  
You one of them balloons made to go pop  
You need to  
Stop now, get original  
Start practicin, master your flow  
Stop now, get original  
WHAAAT?  
Stop now, get original  
Start practicin, master your flow

(Verse Two)

There is really nothin you can do  
We about to hit you in your face with my kung-fu  
Risky on the microphone, I am  
Got the energy of (??) and (??)  
I'm about to let you know the deal on how I feel  
Many people can't be real, so they gotta chase the steel  
What the deal? Is it really all about the bills?  
What's the thrill? I'd rather have my soul fulfilled  
You gotta  
Stop now, get original  
Start practicin, master your flow  
We delegate the skills to conversating  
The loss of motivation of MC's to create  
Sent it in for quick hit, waitin for the break  
You didn't pay your dues, so you got on Rikki Lake  
How does it feel to be the man on top  
when everything you got ain't any of your props?  
You need to  
Stop now, get original  
Start practicin, master your flow  
Stop now, get original  
Stop now, get original  
Start practicin, master your flow

(Verse Three - Chali 2na)

When you think about rap in it's entirety  
Violence became variety  
Silently personalities differ from what they try to be  
2na be on the frontline, with rhyme shell I hit you  
You're sluggish like a barbituate  
We can make you admit you bit  
A hectic thrill, connect with Will  
and we create with the kung-fu collective skill

The checks get real, people think this shit is hunky-dory  
It's another story while we be fightin for re-  
-demption pimps and prostitutes get the break they need  
With breakneck speed, the fakes succeed indeed  
Thinkin life is a party and it's a must to please  
But many pop MC's work for Mephistopheles stop it please  
Choppin broccoli happily for your company  
Publically sellin Satan when really you should be bumpin the truth  
So stop now  
Stop now, get original  
Just practice and master your flow