

# The Black Eyed Peas, What Is It

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

A freaky-dicky yo (All the time baby) -- (4x)

Uh, how you feelin y'all (I'm feelin fine) -- (4x)

A freaky-dicky yo (All the time baby) -- (2x)

Uh, how you feelin y'all (I'm feelin fine) -- (2x)

Yo, this is the way it's goin down

We come in compound releasin double-rounds in hound

Like Keith ?Senses? you defend techniques and on match

When I begin to draw back, cover up your cardiac

'Cause I'ma rush ya, when I penetrate feel the pressure

The critical perfectionist, rhythmic expressionist

We comin deadly y'all ever in

And you'll be scared to pick the mic up again

Lyricaly you on the level of "Green, Eggs and Ham"

Your best bet is fold 'cause I got a bigger hand

Plus I'm steppin like a monster so go-go and scram

You ain't experienced, you lucky if you ride the ambulance

'Cause when you dealin with fool Will is quite fatal

Shape-shiftin rubbers like Play Dough

Your rhymes are anal and we ain't got no time to play

No games, put the mic down, boy, try not to say no

More than rhymes 'cause you duplicate like Kinkos

You're a carbon copy with the wrinkles

You actin like a nigga that be rhymin in a Pringle commercial

But you can wear it in rehearsal

Chorus:

No need to front, that's what it is

I gotta get into you

Oh, I gotta show you what it is

Gotta get into you

Strong communicator called the Black Eyed Peas

Hard illustrator co-coordinate with ease

And duplicator crew, we put em all on freeze

Lock em in the cell, then throw away the keys

Another lost identity in disease

Entity with a so-called MC enemies

Will decrease when I step into your sceneries

Of course now you off course lost up in the source

I'm running out of time, this no time for no scrimmage

Aristorate the diamonds and replace it with the real image

Picture that, I know where I'm at

I know where I'm going and I'll be back

With a stronger impact lyrics be intact

Get you intoxicated when black attack

With the full-force pressure, hard to measure

On a rate, whack MC's won't prevail

On a dream of makin dream braggin about infrared beams

But it seems all they really pullin is pullin them schemes

I take it back to the essence of hip-hop

Never will I stop with my beat-box

Chorus

Can you feel it

Hmm, I gotta get into you

Oh, I'm gonna show you what it is

I wanna get into you

No need to front, that's what it is

I gotta get into you

No need to front, that's what it is

I wanna get into you

(Repeat)