Ever since they were a fledgling group in the environs of Los Angeles, the Black Eyed Peas have flaunted a passionate, energetic hip-hop spirit people have always been drawn to. They’ve earned fans worldwide with their inventive approach to hip-hop music, inspiring people with loose rhymes, a positive spirit, and a funkified vibe. On Elephunk, the group’s third album, that spirit seems to course through their beings even more than ever.

The Black Eyed Peas, will.i.am, apl.de.ap, Taboo, and newcomer Fergie named the album Elephunk to conjure up a big, deep funk sound. Produced in its entirety by will.i.am and apl, the album boasts a mix of live instruments and traditional hip-hop samples and beats. It also mixes the group’s breathless verbal acrobatics with a very conscious view of the world.

BEP’s music has always been firmly entrenched in hip-hop but also has had an eye to other musical forms. Elephunk, more than previous albums, seems to transcend the simple genre categorization, something will.i.am admits was intentional, both lyrically and musically. “This is a hip-hop record but we didn’t go into this with hip-hop on our minds,” says will.i.am. “We were just thinking of good songs, good music. We didn’t want to say anything typical, like ‘My style is this, and my rhymes are like that.’ A couple might have slipped in, but we were really tired of saying things like that.”

Elephunk was recorded in three different spurs over the last two years, beginning in 2001. “We would record about eight songs each time,” remembers will.i.am. “Then each time we went back, I felt I changed and grown as a producer. So we’d do eight more songs, and those eight would be better than the previous eight. It kept going until we were done.”

will.i.am’s rhymes are clever and irreverent, but it’s his work as a producer on Elephunk that he’s most proud of. Songs like “Where Is the Love?” with Justin Timberlake, the quickstepping fast-rap of “Hands Up,” and the Louis Armstrong growl of “Smells Like Funk,” demonstrate not just a sophisticated ear for new sounds but a head for interesting arrangements and tight songwriting. will.i.am’s talent lies in his ability to mold live instruments, samples, and drum machines into a uniform sound. He’s always taken a musically broad perspective, and on this album it shows more than ever.

“My volition as a producer has definitely grown,” he says. “I think my understanding of music has grown. I’ve discovered new ways of manifesting my thoughts into reality, and I know my equipment better.”

Elephunk also welcomes a new member into the BEP fold, Los Angeles native Fergie. The singer met will.i.am at BEP shows around town and was invited to join in on a recording session. In the studio, one song turned to three turned to five turned to an invitation to join the group. Says Fergie about her experience, “This group is just totally open to new ideas and directions.”

Some of those new directions on Elephunk include songs like “Anxiety,” which matches the Black Eyed Peas with popular platinum rock band Papa Roach, whom they met and bonded with on tour. The groups are really similar, says will.i.am. “The energy between us was thick. When we started talking to them, it was a real conversation, like we were 60 and just hangin’ out at a bus stop.”

The song itself, a hard-hitting rhythmic jam, relates the tension of the world today with personal struggles the members of the different groups have gone through. “These last couple of years haven’t been easy,” says will.i.am. “Is it guilt? Stress? Uncertainty over what’s going to happen in the next five years? Is it rap? Hip-hop? The fact that everyone is clubbin’ and gun-totin’ and we’re thought of as just some fashionable motherfuckers? It’s a whole bunch of stuff going on.”

Overall, will.i.am couldn’t be happier with the way the album’s turned out, and he feels people will be open to the new directions the Black Eyed Peas are going in. “The audience is smarter than they’ve ever been,” he says. “Maybe ten years ago, they were run-of-the-mill, but these kids today aren’t the same. They’ve got it together.”
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Hands Up

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda, Jaime Gomez, Billy May, Vivanco Moises, Michael Fratantuno, George Pajon Jr. and Jean Baptiste

Moderately slow, in 2

*Bass plays B pedal throughout.

Hands up. (Rap) Coming with rhythm to

make your head jerk. Hands up. We mak-in' the whole joint short circuit.
Hands high, touch the sky, get 'em up.

Get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up.

We gone make you move. We gone make you hot. (Hot) El-

bows above your head, peoples. We holdin' up the spot. (Get 'em up!)
We go get it goin' even if y'all don't be knowin'. (Y'all don't

be know-in') 'Cuz this shit that we throwin' get you goin', gone re-

hard ed. Started up, bang-in' out hits. Now we chart-in' up

Dad-n't mean to bump you: pardon ya. Diggin' this cut 'cause we sharpened up. You
dumb-ing it down, we smart-ened it up. We peen-e-trope even though your guard was up. Get

down to the Peas' cuz we fall-in' up. E-llec-tric we like charg-ing up.

We the B. E. Peas, uh. Ryth-mic son-ic plea-sed.

get cha hot like fever, boil-ing two hun-dred de-grees, oh.
You're burning up. Heat's getting low, let me turn it up. Let me

Jack up your heart till my heart is up in your brain, and the baby. Will I be sayin': Hands

up. Coming with rhythms to make your heart jerk. Hands

up. We musk in' the whole joint short circuit. Hands high, touch the
Get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up.

Hands

Get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up.

Tab-a-tastic, oh man, you flows.

A deeper than Atlantic O's.

A p-l-de A-p got ridiculous flows.
Catch in' rhythm makin' 'em groove, Mathemat-ic A-ppl will go.

Up in the scene we o-rig-i-nal. You know what I mean, be, be mineral.

Storm in' strong for my sever-al. Barri-cade laid for you ter-rif-ic. Ho!

I'm the chief Fill-pl-no. let-ting you know we're a-bout to blow. Wil-
I. Ain't Ap. and Tab double O.  
Ser' em up, ser' em up, get 'em up.

Time for us to raise it up.  
Never go' in' down, always head-ed up.

Raise your hands 'cuz we blaze it up.  
Any-body here who waited long to

you, I dedicate this song.  
Ain't noth-ing wrong; gotta make you right.

(La)
Straight to the point; this is the new joint.

Come on down and dance, y'all.

D.S. (with repeat) at Coda I

Throw your hands up. Hands up, get 'em up, get 'em up.

Coda I

We come with more than an announcement.

Black Eyed Peas will announce.
some-thin' that you can't a-void,
more like a tun full of noise.

You need to b-b-b-bounce to this.
So b-b-b-b-bounce to this.

b-b-b-b-b-bounce to our joint.

N.C.

(Spoken) Everybody bounce!

We came to get-cha, get-cha, bounce-in', so get-cha, get-cha.
ass up. We gotcha, gotcha, movin' let's make it hotter. Hotter than molten lava.

bubbling like boiling water, oh!

D.S. (with repeat) of Coda II

Coda II

Hands

Hands

up. get 'em up, get 'em up. Hands

up. Get your hands up. Get your hands in the air like it's

N.C.    N.C.    N.C.    N.C.
a stick-up. Hands up. Get your hands up. The

reason why they up because we rig shut up. We the rig-gy, rig-gy, rig-gy, rig-gy.


Labor Day
(It's a Holiday)


Moderately fast

(Ah! Ooh, ooh.) (Rap:) When I step in the room, I bring the heat like the month of June.

Crank the volume, make the bass go boom. Wild out like we some wild bo-boons.

(Ooh, ooh.) We go ha-nan-as in the tune. I want-a throw bows, give me el-bow room. (Move.
When I'm out my cocoon I'm ready to con-nurme. Let's hit the sun-roof. Cir-

It's a holiday. Par-don me as I cel-ebrate.

And that's the way we do it. We get a little loop-y off the igno-rant fluid and

act a lit-tle stu-pid. Just in case you didn't know it, it's just how we do it. Don't ask why we do it.
(Ooh, ooh) That's just the way it be, loving double D's up at the A-B when I'm

Bm

partying in Hollywood V.I.P. I don't understand this I-O-P, etc...

Bm

We party forever and get down together.

G

D/F♯

We don't stop (no, we don't quit). Let's get it goin', 'cause you know we gonna celebrate.
'Cause it's a holi-day.
I don't work to-day.

or the next three days.
So let's cele-brate.

'Though it's a holi-day.
I don't work to-day.

To Coda

Now!
Par-don me as I cele-brate.
But we're going to celebrate. S... servin' up beat rocks on a hot plate. Like

that, y'all, we on a festive date. Make it go a... ape and raise your heat rate.

(Ooh, ooh.) We gon' we stay out late, party till the morning and wake up late.

We do it to the day break. Go on and on and then on and on... and...
(Ooh, ooh.) Dance in my rhyme, I can hold on a cap-pel-lus def till you blind.

You're mine, baby. Take you to the mo for your be-blind, baby.

Take a sip of mojo and just recline, baby. Cock my back and stroke my nine, baby.

We don't stop, girl, we don't quit (nope), we don't quit (nope), we don't quit.
Par-don me as I cel-e-brate. Don't stop it. Just push it. Don't stop it. Just push it. Move your bod- y and push it. Get naught-y and push it. We gon-na par-ty and push it. We gon-na par-ty and push it. Move your bod- y and push it. Get
Bm

naught-y and push it, 'cuz...
It's a hol-i-day.

Fur-dom me as I cel-e-brate. (Ooh, ooh.)
It's time to get want-ed and scope-

-the whole place for girls with cute fac-es. (Ooh, ooh.) 'Cuz I see some fly ma-mas, so pack-

your pa-jas-mas but don't bring the trash-ma. (Ooh, ooh.) But you can bring your mel-o-dee. I'll
plug in my mike and sing—my harmony (la, la, la, la). Oh, how many times we gonna hit it? How many times we gonna split it? How many times she gonna get it? (Get it.) Or else you are gonna when I comes over, you're gonna have to wanna. (Man.) 'Cuz I'm the alligator champ.

Drivin' a train, drivin' a train. Or you can put your friend on the Swiss machine and
get buddy buddy with your friend Mar-vy Jane. She really blows my brain. (brain)

Bm

She really blows my brain. (brain) We party forever

Bm

and get down together. We don't stop (no) and we don't quit.

G

D/F# Bm7

Let's get it go-in', cause you know we gone cele-brate. (So we do it ev-ry day.) 'Cuz it's a hol-i-day...
Let's Get Retarded

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda, Jaime Gomez, Michael Fratantuno, George Pajon Jr. and Terence Yoshiaki

Freely

Let's get retarded in here.

Moderately

And the bass keeps runnin', runnin' and runnin', runnin' and

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run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and...

(Rap: In this con-text, there's no dis-er-spec-

so when I bust my rhyme, you break your necks. We got five min-utes for us to dis-con-nect

from all in-tel-lect, and let the rythm ef-fect. So lose your in-hi-bi-tion, jol-lot your in-na-tion.

free your in-ner soul and break a-way from tra-di-tion. 'Cuz when we be out, girl-les pull: they weve out.
You wouldn't believe how we were shut out. We burn it till it's burned out. Turn it till it's turned out.

Act up from North, West, East, South. Everybody, everybody.

Let's get into it. Get stupid! Get retarded, get retarded!

Get retarded! Let's get retarded (bah). Let's get re...
Don't move too fast. People just take it slow. Don't get ahead. Just jump into it.

Y'all hear about it. The Peas will do it. Get started. Get stupid.

Don't worry 'bout it, people will walk you through it step by step, like an infant new kid.

Inch by inch with the new solution. Transmit hits with no delusion. The
feeling's irresistible, and that's how we move it.

Come on y'all, Let's get... Coo
(Run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin' and...)

eh, uh ha. (Let's get... coo coo coo, in here... wild out... get. Coo

coo, uh ha. Let's get... coo coo coo, in here... wild out... get. Coo
coo...uh hu. Let's get... in here. (Oh, oh, oh.)

Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi.

Let's get ill; that's the deal. Ap. de gate and we'll bring the bugged-out drill. Just.

lose your mind; this is the time... your guest is still just to bang your spine. Just (Just...)
bop your head like epilepsy, up inside the club or in your Bentley.

Get messy, bad and sick. Your mind passed over on another head trip. So...

come down now, do not correct it. Let's get it wrong; let's get here.

landed in here. Coo coo. uh huh. coo
Hey Mama

Moderately fast

Em          G+D#          C#          A/C#          C          Em

Ah, la la la la

Em          G+5/E

la, Hey, ma-ma, dis dat shit dat make you groove.

G/E          A/E          C/E          Em

Ma-ma, get on the floor and move your boxt-y. Ma-ma, we da blast mas-ters blast-in' out the
Drum... (Rewind)

Cutie, cutie, make sure you move your boot-y.

Shake that thing in the city of sin... Hey, shorty, I know you wanna party, it the

way your body look, it make me really feel naughty.

way your body look, it make me really feel naughty.

I got a

N.C.

naughty, naughty style, and a naughty, naughty crew, but everything I do. I do just for you. I'm a
lit-te bit of old and a big-ga bit of new. The true nig-gas know that the Peas come through and never cease. (No!) We never die. no; we never de-cease. (No!) We mul-ti-ply like we mathe-ma-

tice, and then drop bombs like we in the Mid-dle East. (The bomb bomb-ers, the bass boom drum-mers.) (Now, y'all know) who we are (y'all know). We the stars.
(I do) what I can. (Dou - ble - u) ill - i - Am.
(She be) Fer - gie (from the crew) B. E. P.

It's still I stand with still mule in hand. So c' - mon, ma - ma.)
C' - mon, take - heed as we take the lead. So c' - mon, pa - pa, dance to the drama. Hey.
Em
mama, dis dat shit dat make you groove. Mama, get on the floor and move your boot-y.

Em

To Coda

G/G
to

O

Em

Ma-ma, you da blast mas-ter blast-in' out the drum-mer. So shake your bomb boom-er. C'mon now.

G/G

Ma-ma, dis dat shit dat make you groove. Mama, get on the floor and move your boot-y.

Em

Ma-ma, we da blast mas-ter blast-in' out the drum-mer. (Rap:) We the

(Tuet)
big-town stomp-ers and big sound pump-ers. The beat bumpy bumps all in your trunk truck-ers. The

Em
G+/E
G/E
A/E
C/E

Em
G+/E
girl-ies in the club got the plump bumpy bumpy bumpy bump-ers. And when I'm makin' love, then my hip bump bumpy bumps and never

G+/E
G/E
A/E
C/E

quets. (No!) No need to carry nine milli-meter clips. (No!) Don't want to squeeze trig-ger; just want to squeeze

N.C.
D.S. al Coda

nus (by-a, by-a), 'cuz we the show stop-pers and the chief rock-ers, number one chief rock-ers. (Now,
Coda
\( N.C. \)

\[
\text{drum-mer. (No!) No!)}
\]

\[
\text{Cut-ic, cut-ic, make sure you move your boot-y.)}
\]

\[
\text{Shake that thing in the cit-y of sin and... Hey, short-y, I know you wan-na par-ty, it the}
\]

\[
\text{way your bod-y look, it make me real-ly feel nau-ght-y. But the race is not for the swift.}
\]

\[
\text{but for who can en-dure it. And Tip-pa I-rie and the Black Eyed Peas will be}
\]
there till infinity, till infinity, till infinity,

Tieett

(No, found in my shock. No, found in my shock.)

Every time you see dem, I hear “bling, bling.”

(Boo-hooing voice:) (Bling, bling.

Oh, what a thing, pure marga-line.

pure marga-line.
Grind- ing and wind- ing. And the moth- ers, them a-mov- in' a per- feet tim- ing. Get my
dance on dance to the dance hall rhy- thm, and it real- ly, true nice, it fin- ger lick-in', like
rice and peas and chick- en stuff- ing. Hoy ma- ma, dis dat shit dat make- you groove.
Mama, get on the floor and move your booty. Mama, we da blast masters blastin' out the

drummer. So shake your bomb bop-bop. C'mon now, mama, dis dat shi-ti dat make you groove.

Mama, get on the floor and move your booty. Mama, we da blast masters blastin' out the

Tacet

drummer (whoo!). (La la la la la.)
Shut Up

Moderately fast

Dm

Bb6

Bb

Gm6

A

Dm

Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

Gm6

A

Bb

Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

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Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

Shut it up, just shut up, shut up. We try to take it slow, but we still los'in' control. And we try to make it work, but it still ends up the worse... and I'm crazy.

for try'n' to be a la- dy, I think I'm go-ing cra- zy.
(Rap:) Girl, me and you is just fine, you know. We wine and dine, did them things that couples do when in love, you know. Walks on the beach and stuff, you know, you know.

Things that lovers say and do. I love you, boo. I love you, too. I miss you a lot. I miss you even more. That's why I flew you out when we were on tour. But then
something got out of hand. You start yell in' when I was with friends even though I

had legitimate reasons. (Bull shit!) You know I have to make them dividends. (Bull shit!)

Now could you trust the private eyes, girl? That's why you don't believe my lies and quick to say:

Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut it up, just shut up, shut up. We
Coda I Dm

Why does emotion get you move so fast? Love is progress if you could make it last.
(Bucking voice:) (Fast,

Why is it that you just lose control every time you agree on taking it slow? (So

why does it got to be so damn rough?) 'Cause fools in lust could never get enough of

love, showing the love that you be givin', changin' up your livin' for another transition. love love love
But submission tryin' to get you to listen. "You're mad at each other" has become our tradition.

You yell, I yell, everybody yells. Our neighbors across the street say in: (Who the

Who the hell? What the hell's going down? Too much of the bickering, killing with the sound, and...

Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut it up, just shut up, shut up. We
Coda II

Tutti

Dm

Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

N.C.

Girl, our love is dy-in'. Why did you stop try-in'?
(I never been a quitter, but I do this for better.)

Believe me, I will do better. Let's forget the past and start this new plan.

(Why? 'Cause it's the same old routine, and then next week I hear them scream.)

Girl, I know you're tired of the things I say... (You're damn right! 'Cause I...)

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heard them lame damn excuses just yesterday.) That was a different thing.

(No, it ain’t!) That was a different thing. (No, it ain’t!) That was a different thing. (It was the same.

damn thing, same ass excuses. Boy, you’re useless, whoa!

Shut up, shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

55
Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut it up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

Dm/A
Dm

Stop the talk-in', baby, or I start walk-in', baby.

*Is that all there is?*

Stop the talk-in', baby, or I start walk-in', baby.

*Test 1st time.*
smells like funk, it must be us. 'Cause nobody's funk-y as us. 'Cause we keep it stank-y (stank-y). We keep it stank-y (stank-y). We keep it stank-y (stank-y). We keep it stank-y (stank-y). We keep it stank-y, stank-y, stank-y.

To Coda

stank-y.
The funk phenomenon. We funk you on and on.

There's no need to hold your nose, 'cause this funk stank like a rose.

(Rap) Big booty funk, wet-funk funk, under-arm funk like you head-lock-in a stank.

reek-in' like dis-ease, athlete's feet. The stench didn't come till after this beat.
Smelling like drawers, no reason, no cause. Put your hands up on the speaker get smelly as pawn.

You know we was comin' before we entered the door, 'cause you could smell the rhyme when we was walkin' down the hall.

We bring the funk worse than a wet dog. Stinkin' like fat ladies shinin' out logs.

We drop enough shit and keep the toilets clogged, to keep the people jumpin' like them bullfrogs. The
first one who smell it ain't the one who dealt it.
(Stank, stank, stank, stank.)

Black Eyed Peas keep the scent fly-in' like Det-ta.

Funk-y like onions, you cry-in'.
(Sure is funk-y.) Girl, you ain't ly-in'. If it
(Stank, stank, stank, stank.)

(Ah, ha, ha, ha.) Yo!
You're funk-in' with the funk fam-i-ly.

We for-mu-la-ting up in a fac-tory.

non-fab-ricated fac-tual fac-tory.
cuz in' on the en-e-gy, the flu-id flow free. We flaw-less, ev-ry-thing is fault free. We

frock-ish and we fran-tic our fla-vor fresh-ly. (Hall.) You be-lieve we flippad through fre-ques-cies and

freak-in' M-C's. they leave all fraas-tic-ly. But our in-ten-tions are to be friend-ly. but they

fright-en when we start the free styl-in' fren-zy. I funk up your flat till your girl-friend leave. fill-in'
all anatomy, bringing me fluster-y. (Huh.) Should be diggin' these rhymes flirty bees

like cellulite lyrics all flappy. We bring the funk to your festivities. If you

Tacet:

think something stank, then it must be the Peas. If it smells like funk, it must be us. Funk from

Play 3 times

four thousand yours stank-y stuff. If it smells like funk, it must be us. Cause
jungle funk sound from Ser- en- ge- ti, meat-y fat nas- ty like Miss Fat Boot- y. Tights

get-lin' dirt-y like mud figh- ts and dirt bikes. Turn-ing these draw- ers black that used to be white. And we

shuttin' on these tracks that you gonna need to wipe. The underwear's so con- ta- glo- ous that it shows up in your dreams, man.

You can pick me out like food in between your two front teeth. Cause you be like in the streets. We got
bass beats that we bump in the streets. We salty, not sweet, like stink box of feet.

Soar underarm funk you ain't washed in a week. And man, we be rockin' every damn weekend.

We can all bounce to the funk and the season. (Bounce, bounce, bounce.)

Yeah, that's funky.
Yeah, that's funk-y. If you smell-in' something funk-y then you know it got to be no-bod-y.

Other than A-pl, Will, and Tiu-bou, 'cause you know that if it smells like funk, then it must be us. If you smell-in' funk, then it must be us. If you smell-in' el-e-phant shit, it must be us.
Latin Girls

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda, Jaime Gomez, Debbie Nova and George Pajon Jr.

Moderately fast

D7m7b5

(Spoken:) Mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra. Mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra.

G7

C7

Mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra. Mi-ra, mi-ra, Yo quie-ro.

Cm

Mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra, mi-ra.

D7m7b5

C7

Cu-ban girls, Cu-ban girls. (I like 'em.) Puert Ri-can girls, Puert Ri-can girls. (Yo quie-ro.)
Mexican girls. Mexican girls. (Yo quiero.) Spanish girls. Spanish girls. I like 'em. (Bucking voice:) I like 'em.

girls, girls, Latin girls, Latin girls, Latin girls.

To Codas I, II & III

(1. Latin girls, what's happenin', girls?)
(2. Spoken:) You makin' me hot, girl.

What's happenin', girls? What's happenin'?

(Rap:) I like Latin them Latin woman.
And they love me 'cause I'm that man

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with cocoa nuts and chocolate skin. I'm that mocha masculine. Feminines that are

Latin, call your friends and call your cousins, 'cause I know you got dozens of them. Man

rías, Elizabeth, Sonías, and Blanca. When I see you, you can get boned if you want to.

Yo quiero and 'm sincere. If you never had an ee-chee let me be your primero.
We could hit the channel, we can dance the bo-te-ro. Have a shop-ping spree and you can spend my din-e-ro. But

I wish you was more like J-Lou ‘cuse (My love don’t cost a thing.) So won’t you let this

king love the queen of Ar-gen-tine. Girl, you know I know you know what I mean. Cause I like them

Que on-da, Que quiere con mi. Mira mi-chacca est-o’ espa-ri-ti.
La - ti - na ch'i - ca - na per ri. Mas ji - na - sì me gno - ton a - si.

Mi - va a, mi - va a, ma - nda es - pe - ra - te, es - pe - ra - te, es - pe - ra - te a - qui.

We could con - nect and act hu - man - ly, in - dulge in an - ti - ma - li - tic swing.

We could have con - ver - sa - tion or ses - su - al re - la - tion or
We could get down ev'ry day of the sema-ña. Dance to the mu-si-co and fol-low the gui-tar-ra.

Chap.  clap.  clap.  come on...

Da-me un mo-men-to y lo be-vo con un be-so. Take you to Phil-ippines, then you don't have to spend a pe-so.

We got con-nec-tion like a mon-ey to a read-er. I can re-late...cause Lat-in girls look fill-i-pi-na.
Check your story, there's no mystery between us.
Dess-ill-uy made it possible to be us.

I know about your culture 'cause it's mixed with wine.
We go together well, just like beats and rhymes.
Tell me your story, so let's combine.
And I'll say it one more time. I like them.

I like 'em.
Yo quis-ero.
(Backing voice:) I took your picture, with one particular reason, and it's to capture your character.
I like to sit and stare at ya. (Rap: Ain't nothin' wrong at stare at ya.)

Girl don't get scared at the fact that I envision us getting married and

N.C.

I ain't tryin' to rush nothin', 'cause I ain't rushing.

We could take our time like: What's them things, that move slow? You know them...
I can't think 'cause you're on my mind.
And when you're on my mind I can't find

anything that rhymes with the word "rhyme."
I got to rhyme "rhyme" with "mix -

true.
And speaking of "mix -ture,"
with you I wanna be mixed up.

I'm a record and you're like a record.
So let's let the D - I mix us...
You're like a *elixir* that got me *tip-

This is just like "Rip - ley's__* Bel - lieve It or Not," but I love you.

(*You really got me go-ing)__ out of con-trol. __ (I don't know

what I'm do-ing) __ Let's let it go 

(and do what we do best): __ take off our
To Coda

A7

Dm

clothes.  (We look better undressed.)  (Yes to sex.

A/C7

Yes to sex.  No to war.  No to war.

Cm6

G7/B

Fighting is frightening.  Fighting is frightening.  Yes to sex.

B96

It's so much more exciting.  Yes to sex.  Yes to sex.
No to war.  No to war.  Fighting is frightening.

Fighting is frightening.  Yes to sex.  It's so much more exciting.

For you I'm a fanatic.  (I'm a fanatic.  I'm an addict.  Your sexy antics

turn me on like automatic.  No need to get dramatic.  But I got to have it.
Tacet

Give me some of those sexual acrobatics.

Dm9    C/D   Dm9    Dm6    Dm9    C/D
Ka-ma-su-tra girl. Anything that suits you, girl. Stuff that you ain't used to, girl.

Tacet

Come over here and let me show you just how Willy do it. I'm a freak and you knew it and you knew it.

Dm9    C/D   Dm9    Dm6
You're a freak and I knew it. Baby, let's get to it. 'Cause

D.S. al Coda
Coda

Let's start the S - S - E, X - X - X.

N.C.

X - X - X

You take me to ecstasy with...

out taking ecstasy. It's exactly like ecstasy when you laying right next to me. I'm
sex-ing you, sex-ing you and you sex-ing me, sex-ing me. It feels so damn nat-u-ral what we

do-ing so nat-u-rally. I'm lik-ing you rub-bing me and you lik-ing me rub-bing you. The

pas-sion's im-mu-nu-late while you lov-ing me lov-ing you. I put L-O-V-Y in you. I

love put-ting me in you. make love to you just like Ser-gio Men-dez plays the pi-an-o. (Play...)
Fly Away

Words and Music by Will Adams, Stacy Ferguson and Ray Brady

Moderately fast
Tacet

(Spoken:) When the world changes, you add... just.

So on this joint right here, we about to take flight,
y'all.

(Ooh, ooh.) Check it out, y'all. Ooh.

Check it out, y'all.

Yo Fergie, what you gonna do? (Give it)
Yeah, what we came to do. Show these people how we gonna do. Mix it up.

Yeah, it's Black Eyed Peas, y'alls. so check it out, now. (Hey!) You're here, so gone.

This desk has suddenly turned into
down. I know you've already been here too

long. too long, too long.

Although you won't see me fall from grace, you step on my soul as you walk a-

way. My demise you'll never know. I'm letting you go oh.
(Fly away now.) Flip it up, flip it up. Get back on that track.
Got to keep mov-in', keep rev-vin' it up. Mix it up, mix it up. Time for the next stop.
You got to go now and fill up your cup.

(Fly away now; fly away now.) Switch it
up. switch it up. Go hop on that bus. No need to blow the horn. I'll be tough. Hey!

You take a piece of me with you forever, but darling, I see. The world is who you belong to, not
Got back on the truck. Got to keep mov'in', keep rev-vin' it up. Mix it up, mix it up. Time for the next stop.
You got to go now and fill up your cup. Fly away now. (Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Switcich it up, switch it up. Go hop on that bus. No need to blow the horn. I'll be tough.
Flip it up, flip it up. (Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

Switch it up, switch it up. (Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

Fly away now. Switch it up. Fly away now.
Anxiety
Where Is the Love

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Words and Music by Will Adams, Allen Freeland, George Faison Jr., Prinz Board and J. Curtis Buie

James Hornsby, Jennifer Imboden, Michael Framingham

Where Is the Love
Where is the Logic?

Come on, come on, we're gonna

Where is the Logic?

Send some guard more from a lover's

Where is the Logic?

And yonder red, where is the Logic?

Come, a red, and yonder red, where is the Logic?
The Boogie That Be

Words and Music by Will Adams, Thomas Van Musser and John Stephens

Freely
Tacet
N.C.

(Spoken:) Yo. you hear them sirens? (Rap:) I know you hear 'em. Don't get scared. That ain't five-o. Nah. That's the funk, yo. Yeah. Don't act like you didn't know. Nah. It's just the way it goes. Yeah. When you mess-in' with the
Funk. Yeah. You pump it in the trunk. Yeah. You know it's what you want. Yeah. So just bomp da bomp da (pump, pump it up!)

Bounce, baaa, to the boggie that be. You know I want you to come boggie with me. We can dip left, slide right all night. It's time to...
be wild free style.

(Rap) It's on and pop pin',
It's on and pop pin',

ain't no stop pin' us from rock in' from to-night till ten o'clock in the morn-ing. Got neigh-bors knock in'.

N.C.

Turn it.

Fuck them. Go call them cops and watch them pigs walk in. Start hop pin' heads to what that beat they drop pin',

drop pin',
drop pin',
drop pin',

drop pin',

drop pin',

drop pin',

drop pin',

N.C.

Cops and.

He play funk, punk, and hip hop pin', break in' laws, yeah cul-ture shock in'. We be pop lock in' and mosh in',

hip hop pin',

shock in',

mosh in',

mosh in',

mosh in',

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I get down and groove to cues. (Yeah.) Check my art of movin' hurts. (Uh-huh.)

Now these cats are scared to dance. (That's right.) This beat next. (Hoo!) Here's my chance.

Come on, girl, let's go out and dance on the floor. (Ha!)___

Bounce, boo, so the boogie that be. You know I want you to come
boog - ie with me._ We can dip left, slide right all night. It's time to

be wild. free - style. We can dance and dance, dance.

Said we can dance and dance, dance._ (Come on, ba - by.) (Wow, woo, woo.) I wanna
dance and dance, dance._ (Yeah, yeah, yeah.)

dance and dance, dance._ Oh, we can dance and dance, dance._
Fergie chillin', always ill in the
way I make you sway, you feel in.
That's how it is. Get down and jam if

y'all don't understand, check it.
Rock makin', street block shakin'.
(Rock makin', block shakin'.

Club life great when it's house quakin',
Speakers thumpin', the whole joint jumpin'.
House quakin', speakers thumpin', joint jumpin'.
dis-cu function' get your booty bump'in'.
booby bump'in'. This beat's bang'in'. I'm rap talk' in'.

Sweet spit slang'in' keep your feet hop'pin'.
Dirt-y danc'in', nasty, naug-hy.

move that chas-sis.
('Cause when I hear mu-sic,
(I just lose it.)
(Pump it, hot-ty.)

(I get in- to it.)
I wanna do it with you (you, you, you). And you (you). (Ha!)

Come on, freak, freak.

Yeah, freak, freak.

Do it to the beat.

Yeah, freak, freak.

Don't it sound
sweet, ha... Let's freak, freak ha... and do it to the

NC.

beat.

NC.

What the hell y'all come here for if

NC.

y'all ain't out there on that floor? You asked me to bring it, hey? I brought a little more.

can't give it to you raw, give it to you hard-core. Not con-va-i-sed, I'm a-keep this pure.
N.C.

just for y'all, for y'all's pleausure, 'cause all I wan-na do is have a ball. y'all. Get on the

N.C.

floor. y'all. freak. freak. y'all.

We can dance and dance, dance.

Said we can

(Come on, ba - by.)

dance and dance, dance.

(Woo, woo, woo, woo.

I wan-na dance and dance, dance.

(Woo, woo.)

Oh, we can dance and dance, dance.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah.)
(Spoken) Every place got a ghetto and this my
Yo. (Spoken) It's been a while but I've been back home

To Coda 1

version of it. Check it out...
(Resp.) Listen close-listen. I got a story to tell...
A to my homeland. Check it out. This's goin' on...

version of my ghetto, a life felt for real.
Some would call it hell, but to me it was heaven. God-

_ gave me the grace, amaz- ing ways of livin'. How would you feel if you had to catch a meal, build_
a hut to live in, to eat and chill in, hav'in' to pump the water out of the ground? The

way we put it down, you'd like what is a round, like land for farming, river for fishin'.

Everybody helping each other whenever they can. We makin' it happen, from nothin' to somethin'. That's

how we be survivin' back in my homeland.

Man, it feels good to be back at home— and it's (Back at