

Hooda Hella You

will.i.am

Uh. uh, uh, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Wha, wha? Yo...
It's will.i.am on the beats
Bringin' the hot heat, hot heat, hot heat...

(Who the hell are you?) It's Medusa pushin through
(Are you rollin' with a crew?) Feline Science is my crew
(Whatchu gon' spit?) Nothin' but that hot shit
(Who the hell are you?) Medusa pushin through
(Are you rollin' with a crew?) Feline Science is my crew
(And whatchu gonna spit?) Nothin' but that hot shit~!

Give me a bangin' instrumental, and I'll kick mix
Like a flick off of a drummer's wrist drops the filla
Fo' realla, high-powered sister, trained by, madams, queens
Uncle Jam, mommy, parties musicians, and killers
So there's no wonder they say I drop speech deep
My pop block got heat
I come with a Screamethian beat
Screamethian? That means I have you screamin like a heathen
Known a battle till I'm achievin
Violatin your childish rhymes of the one
My uncontrollable lyrics they, murder for fun
And I thank God, I finally get to be on some, see?
You gonna be leavin' the stadium talkin' 'bout, "Uh-HEH...
I tell ya, that kid's a true performer!"
Givin' you your money's worth, fanta tongue workin all that
Lyrics been shadowboxin against the pads
From WAY DOWN in the underground deep
I'm the bad-ass lion that stepped in the signifyin monkey feet
And if that line doesn't... what the FUCK? Wake him up~!
CLEAR! BZZZZT! Don't try to pass out now
'Cause you see the wrath of the blast of the incomin styles
Shrapnel and pronouns and verbs for miles
Wait, let me set it
I gotta take my time to give the other emcees credit
I never underestimate my opponents flow
They just get mesmerized by the Feline body blow
Full force is the cuff, and no matter what your crew LICK SHOTS
It'll never be enough