

Hands Up

Black Eyed Peas

Hands up
Coming with rhythms to make your head jerk
Hands up
We makin' 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 goin' make you move
We goin' make it hot
Elbows above your heads peoples
We holdin' up the spot

We goin' get it going
Even if y'all don't be knowing
"y'all don't be knowin'"
Cuz this shit that we throwing get going gone retarded

Start it up
Banging out hits now we chartin' up
Didn't mean bump ya' pardon us
Diggin' this cut cuz we sharpened up

You dumbin' it down we smartened it up
We penetrate even though your guard was up
Get down to the peas cuz we fallin' up
Electric cuz we like charging up

We the
B.e.peas uh
Rhythmic sonic pleaser
Getcha hot like fever
Boiling (two) hundred degrees ahhhh

Your burning up
Heats getting low let me turn it up
Let me fuck up your ear till my sperm is up
In your brain and the baby will.i.am's be saying

HOOK