

# A.M.P (All My People)

## M.I.A.

It's M I A yeah!  
Hey! Don't bring your gun there  
Don't bother bother me  
You can't take me  
You want me, pay me  
You can't 2Pac me  
You can't Biggie me  
I've got a pikini with a bikini in Bequia  
They wanna stop me  
Galliano sack me  
I'll keep on coming back  
Like your freaking acne  
I am pro active  
Brand new perspective  
Back on a mac tip with matching red lipstick  
Baby got back, I got front  
You got a stack, I got a trunk  
You got some junk, throw it in the bank  
You think you get this but this ain't what you think  
All my people say!  
All my people say! I'm not on seven, I'm on eleven  
The difference is kinda like Devon and Yemen  
When I go Oman I say "Yeah Man"  
I open up a club and fill it strictly full of woman  
My mama go to church she says "Amen"  
She also says "Why are men teaming up with Demon?"  
I love all men they all take me heaven  
I can't keep myself in check like a mormon  
Baby got back, I got front  
You got a stack, I got a trunk  
You got some junk, throw it in the bank  
You think you get this but this ain't what you think  
All my people say!  
All my people say! Can't be got I'm a  
Cyber dog I  
Fight the bots I  
Free up a lot like  
Chinese a chop chop  
Put it in your hip hop pop  
Encrypt and code it and I put it on your laptop  
Bubble up poc poc  
In my new bop bop

E'd up head up and I gon' beat a body up  
This is immediate  
We don't need no media  
Feel it, reel it, pull it  
We gon' light the city up  
We gon' light the city up  
We gon' light the city upAll my people say!  
All my people say!  
All my people say!  
All my people say!  
All my people say!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>