

My Humps

Black Eyed Peas

What you gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside your trunk?
I'mma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk off my hump My hump, my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My lovely little lumps, check it out I drive these brothers crazy
I do it on the daily
They treat me really nicely
They buy me all these iceys
Dolce & Gabbana
Fendi and NaDonna
Karan, they be sharing
All their money got me wearing fly gear But I ain't asking
They say they love my ass in
Seven Jeans, True Religion
I say no, but they keep giving So I keep on taking
And no, I ain't taken
We can keep on dating
I keep on demonstrating My love (love)
My love, my love, my love
You love my lady lumps
My hump, my hump, my hump
My humps, they got you
She's got me spending (oh)
Spending all your money on me
And spending time on me
She's got me spending (oh)
Spending all your money on me
O-on me, on me What you gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk?
I'mma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk off my hump What you gonna do with all that ass
All that ass inside 'em jeans?
I'mma make, make, make, make you scream
Make you scream, make you scream 'Cause of my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My lovely lady lumps, check it out I met a girl down at the disco
She said: "hey, hey, hey, you, let's go
I could be your baby, you could be my honey
Let's spend time not money And mix your milk with my cocoa puff

Milky, milky cocoa
Mix your milk with my cocoa puff
Milky, milky, right" They say I'm really sexy
The boys, they wanna sex me
They always standing next to me
Always dancing next to me Trying to feel my hump, hump
Looking at my lump, lump
You can look, but you can't touch it
If you touch it, I'mma Start some drama
You don't want no drama
No, no drama
No, no, no, no drama So don't pull on my hand, boy
You ain't my man, boy
I'm just trying to dance, boy
And move my hump My hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump My lovely lady lumps
My lovely lady lumps
My lovely lady lumps
In the back and in the front
My loving got you She's got me spending (oh)
Spending all your money on me
And spending time on me
She's got me spending (oh)
Spending all your money on me
O-on me, on me What you gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk?
I'mma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk off my hump What you gonna do with all that ass
All that ass inside 'em jeans?
I'mma make, make, make, make you scream
Make you scream, make you scream What you gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk?
I'mma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk off this hump What you gonna do with all that breast
All that breast inside that shirt?
I'mma make, make, make, make you work
Make you work, work, make you work She's got me spending (oh)
Spending all your money on me
And spending time on me
She's got me spending (oh)
Spending all your money on me
O-on me, on me

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