

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 humpMy hump, my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My hump, my hump, my hump
My lovely little lumps, check it outI 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 gearBut I ain't asking
They say they love my ass in
Seven Jeans, True Religion
I say no, but they keep givingSo I keep on taking
And no, I ain't taken
We can keep on dating
I keep on demonstratingMy 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 meWhat 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 humpWhat 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 outI 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 moneyAnd 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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