

Black Eyed Peas

"My Humps - Lil Jon Remix"

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Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk, inside your trunk?
I'ma get, get, get, get, you drunk
Get you lovedrunk 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 ices

Dolce and Gabbana
Fendi and then Donna
Karen they be sharin'
All their money got me wearing fly

Brotha I ain't askin'
They say they love my ass in
Seven Jeans, true religion
I say no, but they keep givin'

So I keep on takin'
And no I ain't taken
We can keep on datin'
I keep on demonstrating

My 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
Spending all you money on me
And spending time on me

She's got me spending
Spending all you money on me
On me, on me

Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk, inside that trunk?
I'ma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you lovedrunk off my hump

Whatcha gonna do with all that ass
All that ass, inside dem jeans?
I'ma make make make make you scream
Make you scream, make you scream

'Cause of my humps, my hump, my hump, my hump
My lovely lady lumps, in the back and in the front
My hump, my hump, my

Girl let's take a trip to the disco, yeah, let's go
We can get frea-deaky on the dance floor, I dip you low
You can take a sip of my cocoa, sip it slow
Yeah, sip it real slow, yeah, sip it real slow

They say I'm really sexy
The boys they wanna sex me
They always standin' next to me
Always dancin' next to me

Tryna feel my hump hump
Lookin' at my lump lump
You can look but you can't touch it
If you touch it

I'ma 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 tryna 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
Spending all you money on me
And spending time on me

She's got me spending
Spending all you money on me
On me, on me

Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk?
I'ma get get get get you drunk
Get you lovedrunk off my hump

Whatcha gonna do with all that ass
All that ass inside that jeans
I'ma make make, make, make you scream
Make you scream, make you scream

Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk?
I'ma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk off my hump

Whatcha gonna do with all that breast
All that breast inside that shirt?
I'ma make, make, make, make you work
Make you work, work, make you work

Make you junk work
Make you junk work
Make your hump work
Make you work, work, make you work

Make you junk work
Make you junk work
Make your hump work
Work it, just work it, work it

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