

Blackeyed Peas

"My Humps"

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What cha gonna do wit all that junk
All that junk inside your trunk?
I'ma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk of 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 & Gabbana, Fendi and then Donna
Karan, they be sharin' all their money got me wearin'

Fly gear but I ain't askin', they say they love my ass an'
Se7en 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 gots chu

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, ah, on me on me

What cha gonna do wit all that junk
All that junk inside your trunk?
I'ma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk of my hump

What cha gonna do wit all that ass
All that ass inside 'em jeans?
I'ma 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 can be my honey
Let's spend time, not money"

And mix your milk with my coco puffs
Milky, milky coco
Mix your milk with my coco puffs
Milky, milky right

They say I'm really sexy, the boys they want to sex me
They always standing next to me, always dancing next
to me
Tryin' to feel my hump, hump, lookin' at my lump, lump
You can look but chu can't touch it, if you touch it

I'm, ah start some drama, you don't want no drama
No, no drama, no, no, no drama
So don't pull on my hand, boy, you ain't my man, boy
I'm just tryin' 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, no

In the back and in the front my lovin' gots chu
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, ah, on me, on me

What cha gonna do wit all that junk
All that junk inside your trunk?
I'ma get, get, get, get you drunk
Get you love drunk of my hump

What cha gonna do wit all that ass
All that ass inside 'em jeans?
I'ma make, make, make, make you scream
Make you scream, make you scream

What cha gonna do wit all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk?
I'ma get, get, get, get you drunk

Get you love drunk off this hump

What cha gonna do wit all that breast
All that breast inside that shirt?
I'ma 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, ah, on me, on me

So real
So real
So real
...

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