

My Humps

The Black Eyed Peas

[Intro: Fergie & will.i.am]
What you gon' do with all that junk
All that junk inside your trunk?
I'ma 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!

[Verse 1: Fergie & will.i.am]
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 then Donna
Karan, they be sharing
All their money, got me wearin'
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 (love)
You love my lady lumps (love)
My hump, my hump, my hump (love)
My humps they got you

[Chorus: Fergie & will.i.am]
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

On-on me, on me

[Post-Hook: Fergie & will.i.am]

What you gon' do with 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 you gonna do with 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 (huh?)
My hump, my hump, my hump (what?)
My hump, my hump, my hump (huh?)
My lovely lady lumps, check it out

[Verse 2: will.i.am]

I met a girl down at the disco
She said "Hey, hey, hey, yeah 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"

[Verse 3: Fergie & will.i.am]

They say I'm really sexy
The boys they want to sex me
They always standing next to me
Always dancing next to me
Tryna feel my hump, hump
Looking 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 (love)
My lovely lady lumps (love)
My lovely lady lumps (love)

In the back and in the front (love)
My loving got you

[Chorus: Fergie & will.i.am]
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
On-on me, on me

[Post-Hook: will.i.am & Fergie]
What you gon' do with 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 you gon' do with all that ass
All that ass inside em jeans?
I'ma make-make-make-make you scream
Make you scream, make you scream
What you gon' 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 you gon' 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

[Chorus: Fergie & will.i.am]
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
On-on me, on me

[Outro: will.i.am]
So real, so real, so real, so real
So real, so real, so real, so real
So real, so real, so real, so real
So real, so real, so real, so real
So real...

