

# 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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