

# My Style (feat. Justin Timberlake)

## Black Eyed Peas

Lord have mercy

Lord have mercy I know that you like my style

I know that you like my style

You came here to turn you out

Everybody in the place get wild

I know you like my style

I know you like my style

You gotta drop it on your ass right now

So everybody in the place get wild

(so what you sayin')

What's up what's up with you girl

What's up what's up with you girl

What's up what's up with you boy

What's up what's up with you boy Don't jock, don't jock, baby don't jock me

I drop the hotness, baby watch me

You can't, you can't, no you can't stop me

'Cause I'm a champ on the rap like rocky

And when I spit it trying out at z rocks me

Got my style trademark with the copy

Rights, you know my style is not chip

Right, so don't cock-block me

You like my style when I'm whiling out with my gang

And I gain my fame from doing my damn thing

On a mic and I turn the stage like propane

And I bang them thangs like a love em man I know that you like my style

I know that you like my style

You came here to turn you out

Everybody in the place get wild

I know you like my style

I know you like my style

You gotta drop it on your ass right now

So everybody in the place get wild

(so what you sayin')

What's up what's up with you girl

What's up what's up with you girl  
What's up what's up with you boy  
What's up what's up with you boy Our style lined up when we team up  
It and bep sold the scene up  
Cali to Tennessee and in between "em  
We the hottest in the biz turn our beat up  
We be rolling four hummers and a Beama' (in a beama')  
With sunset off the chi cantina (cantina)  
Stepped out looking fresh and clean-ah  
Paparazzi put me in any magazine-ah  
I got eight million ways to rockin' like this  
And ain't nobody drop their styles like this (this)  
I'm a give it to you like that and like this  
And my momma always told me "my baby's a genius" I know that you like my style  
I know that you like my style  
You came here to turn you out  
Everybody in the place get wild  
I know you like my style  
I know you like my style  
You gotta drop it on your ass right now  
So everybody in the place get wild  
(so what you sayin')  
What's up what's up with you girl  
What's up what's up with you girl  
What's up what's up with you boy  
What's up what's up with you boy Te gusta mi estilo (estilo)  
Dile a tu tia y tu tio (tio)  
A ir bien jimmy with the lingo (lingo)  
I like to keep my style on singo (singo)  
Baby you can call me mijo (mijo)  
I make you say "adios, mijo"  
Dude trying at church domingo  
I make it hot for you if it's frijo  
It feels like something's heating up  
Timbaland on the drum-drum he's beatin' up  
Black eyed peas, there's no defeating us  
It, he's rocking a beat with us  
Them freaks, they want to freak with us  
After the spot they tryin' to meet with us  
They know our style is fabulous  
Off the hook our style ridiculous Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba

Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba What's up, what's up with you girl  
What's up, what's up with you girl  
What's up, what's up with you boy  
What's up, what's up with you boy Let me tell ya  
I know that you like my style  
I know that you like my style  
I've been gone for a while  
But I'm back with a brand new style Timbo (timbo)  
Black eyed peas (black eyed peas)  
J-T (that's me)  
And we out baby (out baby) La-la-la-la-la-la

Songwriters

MOSLEY, TIMOTHY / HILLS, NATE / ADAMS, WILLIAM / PINEDA, ALLAN / VAN MUSSER,  
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