

# My Style

## DJ B-Front

Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mercy  
Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mercy  
Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mercy  
Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mercy I know that you like my style  
I know that you like my style  
You can't get to turn you out  
Everybody in the place get wild I know that you like my style  
I know that you like my style  
You've gotta drop it on your pants right now  
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  
'Coz I'm a champ on a rep like Rocky  
And when I spit it tryin' out at Z rocks me  
Got my style trademark with the copy Right, you know my style is naughty  
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 doin' my damn thing  
On a mike and I turn the stage like cocaine  
And I bang them thangs, I'm a lover man I know that you like my style  
I know that you like my style  
You can't get to turn you out  
Everybody in the place get wild I know that you like my style  
I know that you like my style  
You've gotta drop it on your pants right now  
Everybody in the place gets 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  
J T and B E P sold the scene up  
Cali to Tennessee and in between 'em  
We the hottest in the biz and the bidda  
We be rollin' four Hummers and a Pima  
With sunset off the chi cantina Stepped out lookin' 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  
I'ma 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 can't get to turn you out  
Everybody in the place get wild I know that you like my style  
I know that you like my style  
You've gotta drop it on your pants right now  
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? [Foreign content]  
I like to keep my style on, singo  
(Singo)  
Baby, you can call me Mijo  
(Mijo)  
I make you say, adios, Mijo  
[Foreign content]  
I make it hot for you if it's Frijolito feels like somethin's heatin' up  
Timberland on the drum, drum, he's beatin' up  
Black Eyed Peas, there's no defeatin' us  
J T, he's rockin' a beat with us Them freaks, they want to freak with us  
After the spot they tryna meet with us  
They know our style is fabulous  
Off the hook our style ridiculous 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? Lemme 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 Black Eyed Peas, J T  
(Black Eyed Peas, that's me)  
Here we are, baby  
(Here we are, baby)  
Ba-ba-ba

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