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 mercyI 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 wildI 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 meI 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 copyRight, 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 manI 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 wildI 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 cantinaStepped 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 wildI 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 FrijoIt 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 usThem 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 ridiculousBa-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 styleBlack 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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