

My Style

Black Eyed Peas

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 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-baWhat'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 boyLet 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 styleTimbo (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

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