

# 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 money And 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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