

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 moneyAnd 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 meTrying to feel my hump, hump
Looking at my lump, lump
You can look, but you can't touch it
If you touch it, I'mmaStart some drama
You don't want no drama
No, no drama

No, no, no, no dramaSo don't pull on my hand, boy
You ain't my man, boy
I'm just trying to dance, boy
And move my humpMy hump
My hump, my hump, my humpMy lovely lady lumps
My lovely lady lumps
My lovely lady lumps
In the back and in the front
My loving got youShe'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 screamWhat 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 humpWhat 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 workShe'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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>