

# That's How You Like It

## Beyoncé • Knowles/Jay-Z

[Chorus]

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how I like it, baby

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how I like it, baby

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how I like it, baby

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh?

That's how I like it, baby

I need a thug that'll have my back

Durag, Nike Airs to match

Ain't nothin' wrong with that

That's how I like it, baby

Where my thugs at?

White T-Shirt--I love that

Timberland boots--you does that; it's a fact

That's how I like it, baby

I like the way you walk

The way you talk

The way you dress

The way you smile

I like the way you are

The way you ain't

I like your honesty, integrity

It levels me, so, please, don't ever change

[Chorus]

I like the way you brush your hair

I like the stylish clothes you wear

It's just the real things you do  
That's why I want to stick with you  
Where my girls at?  
Let them know we love that  
Sexy way they does that (you did that)  
That's how I like it, baby

I hope you like my style  
The way I dress  
The way I flirt  
Say yes  
I hope you like my mind  
The things I say  
If I'm with you, then I'm with only you  
My loyalty will never, ever change

[Chorus]

I know you heard I'm a gangsta  
They say stay away from them gangstas  
They never change up, or pull they pants up  
Well, baby girl, put ya foot down  
Don't let 'em push you around: you know what you like  
Baby thug, you know wrong from right  
You done felt grown before--this can't be what it feel like  
And they don't really know what ya feel like, for instance  
They don't know the difference between real life  
And the music videos and the raggedy magazines  
That have it badder than he seems  
All they see is my baggy jeans, my attitude  
I ain't mad at you: it's just my Clyde  
The way I wear my hat to the side  
The way I lean real low when I ride; that's why my mind's  
They like my walk  
My accent from New York  
My way of thinking is slightly off  
They like the way he floss  
Leave the block on a bike, he comes back in a Porsche  
But of course  
But most of all they like my honesty, integrity, my loyalty  
Young 'Hov and the letter B  
How you like that, huh?

[Chorus]

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Debarge, Eldra P / Jordan, Etterlene / Carter, Shawn C / Knowles, Beyonce / Debarge, William  
Randall / Bridgeman, Brian / Andrews, Delroy

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, WINDSWEPT HOLDINGS LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Royalty  
Network

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>