That's How You Like It

BeyoncÂ Ã• 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]

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