

The Black Eyed Peas, My Style

(Timbaland:)

Lord have mercy... hey!

(Intro: BEP & Justin Timberlake:) (Timbaland)

Lord have mercy (Timbo)

Lord have mercy (Black Eyed Peas)

Lord have mercy (JT)

Lord have mercy (Get stealing that!)

Lord have mercy (Get stealing that!)

Lord have mercy (Get stealing that!)

Lord have mercy (JT! Hit em!!)

(Justin Timberlake:)

I know that you like my style

I know that you like my style

We came here to turn you out

Everybody in the place get wild

I know that you like my style

I know that you like my style

We 'bout to drop it on your ass right now

Everybody in the place get wild.

(Will I Am:)

What's up, what's up wit you girl?

What's up, what's up wit you girl?

(Fergie:)

What's up, what's up wit you boy?

What's up, what's up wit you boy?

(Will I Am:)

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 rock like rocky

And when I spit it tryin' out at Z rocks me

Got my style trademark with the copy

Right, you know my style is naughty

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 cocaine

And I bang them thangs I'm a lover man.

(Justin Timberlake:)

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(Will I Am:)

What's up, what's up wit you girl?

What's up, what's up wit you girl?

(Fergie:)

What's up, what's up wit you boy?

What's up, what's up wit you boy?

(APL:)

Our style lined up when we team up

JT and BEP's sold the scene up
Cali to Tennessee and in between 'em
We the hottest in the biz to the beat-uh
We be rolling four Hummers and a Pima
With sunset off the chi cantina
Stepped out looking fresh and clean-uh
Paparazzi put me in any magazine-uh
I got 8 million ways to rockin' like this
And ain't nobody drop their styles like this
I'm a give it to you like that and like this
And my mama always told me "My baby's a genius."

(Justin Timberlake:)
I know that you like my style
I know that you like my style
We came here to turn you out
Everybody in the place get wild
I know that you like my style
I know that you like my style
We 'bout to drop it on your ass right now
Everybody in the place get wild.

(Will I Am:)
What's up, what's up wit you girl?
What's up, what's up wit you girl?

(Fergie:)
What's up, what's up wit you boy?
What's up, what's up wit you boy?

(Taboo:)
Te gusta mi estilo
Dile a tu tia y tu tio
Ahi viene Jimmy with the lingo
I like to keep my style on singo
Baby you can call me mijo
I make you say "Aye Dios Mio"
Tu chocha es todo mio
I make it hot for you if it's frio.

(Will I Am:)
It feels like something's heatin' up
Timbaland on the drum-drum he's beatin' up
Black Eyed Peas, there's no defeating us
JT, 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.
What's up, what's up wit you girl?
What's up, what's up wit you girl?

(Fergie:)
What's up, what's up wit you boy?
What's up, what's up wit you boy?

(Timbaland:)
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 style
Timbo
Black Eyed Peas
JT.

(Justin:)
That's me.

(Timbaland:)
And we out, baby.

(Justin:)
Out, baby.