

Sometimes, 'bout every twenty years  
It comes, and everyone's in fear  
We pray, and hope we will survive  
If they don't like me then I die  
No, I ain't talkin' 'bout style  
Cause style can make or break you honey-chile  
No, I ain't talkin' 'bout war,  
I'm talking 'bout style  
I hope this time it stays around a little while  
Talkin' 'bout style

Better hope they like  
Those clothes that I wear  
And I hope they Like  
The way I wear my hair  
And I hope they like  
The way I do my thang  
And this here new song  
That I'm 'bout to sang  
I'm talkin' 'bout style

Sometimes, 'bout every twenty years  
It comes, and everyone's in fear  
We pray, and hope we will survive  
Cause if one, just one don't like you  
Then you die

No, I ain't talkin' 'bout style  
Cause style can make or break you honey-chile  
No, I ain't talkin' 'bout war,  
I'm talking 'bout style  
I hope this time it stays around a little while  
Talkin' 'bout style