

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