

# Justin Timberlake, Filthy

Hey  
If you know what's good  
(If you know what's good)  
If you know what's good  
(If you know what's good)  
Hey, if you know what's good  
(If you know what's good)

Haters gon' say it's fake  
So real  
Haters gon' say it's fake  
So real  
Haters gon' say it's fake  
So real  
All my haters gon' say it's fake  
I guess I got my swagger back

I said, put your filthy hands all over me  
And no, this ain't the clean version  
And what you gonna do with all that meat?  
Cookin' up a mean servin'

No question, I want it  
Fire up, everybody smokin'  
Your friends, my friends  
And they ain't leavin' till six in the morning (six in the morning)  
Caught a chill, baby, you the coldest  
Go far, put 'em on notice  
If you know what I want, then yeah

Baby, don't you mind if I do, yeah  
Exactly what you like times two, yeah  
Got me singin', "ooh, ooh"  
So baby, don't you mind if I do

Look, put your filthy hands all over me  
And no, this ain't the clean version  
And what you gonna do with all that beast?  
Better not leave the cage open  
Huh, walk to me, uh

No question, I want it  
Fire up, everybody smokin'  
Your friends, my friends  
And they ain't leavin' till six in the morning (six in the morning)  
Caught a chill, baby, you the coldest  
Go far, put 'em on notice  
If you know what I want, then yeah

Baby, don't you mind if I do, yeah  
Exactly what you like times two, yeah  
Got me singin', "ooh, ooh"  
So baby, don't you mind if I do

Come on, break it down!  
If you know what's good  
(If you know what's good)  
If you know what's good  
(If you know what's good)  
If you know what's good  
(If you know what's good)

Haters gon' say it's fake  
So real

Haters gon' say it's fake  
So real  
Haters gon' say it's fake  
So real  
All my haters gon' say it's fake

Baby, don't you mind if I do  
Exactly what you like times two (times two)  
Got me singin', &quot;ooh, ooh&quot;  
Baby, don't you mind if I do  
(Come on!)  
Your friends, my friends  
And they ain't leavin' till six in the morning (six in the morning)  
Your friends, my friends  
And they ain't leavin' till six in the morning (six in the morning)

So put your filthy hands all over me  
And no, this ain't the clean version  
Go on and put your filthy hands all over me  
No, this ain't the clean version

Do you see me?  
Can you find me?  
Look closer Through the trees  
Do you see it?