

HIPS DON'T LIE

Lyrics by
SHAKIRA and WYCLEF JEAN

Music by
WYCLEF JEAN, JERRY DUPLESSIS, SHAKIRA,
OMAR ALFANNO and LATAVIA PARKER

Moderate latin feel (♩ = 100)

B♭m E♭m A♭ Fm

La-dies up in here to-night. No fight-ing. No We got the re - fu-gees

G♭ A♭ B♭m

fight-ing. up in here. No fight-ing. Sha - kir - a, Sha - kir - a. I

Pre-chorus:

B♭m G♭ A♭ Fm

nev - er real - ly knew that she could dance like this. She makes a man_ want to speak Span - ish.

G \flat

A \flat

Fm



Oh, you know, I'm on to - night, my hips don't lie and I'm start-ing to feel it's right.

G \flat

A \flat

B \flat m



The at - trac - tion, the ten - sion, ba - by, like this is per - fec - tion.

E \flat m

A \flat

Fm

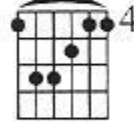


No fight-ing. No

G \flat

A \flat

B \flat m



fight - ing.

(let echo)



Gb Ab Bbm

¿Có-mo se lla - ma? (*¡Sí!*) Bo - ni - ta, (*¡Sí!*) mi ca - sa, su ca - sa.
Sha - ki - ra, Sha - ki - ra.

Gb Ab Fm

Oh, ba - by, when you talk like that, you make a wom - an go mad.

Gb Ab Bbm

So, be wise and keep on read - ing the signs of my bod - y.

Chorus:

Gb Ab Fm

And I'm on to - night... You know my hips don't lie, { and I'm start - ing to feel it's right.
and I'm start - ing to feel you, boy.

G \flat

A \flat

B \flat m



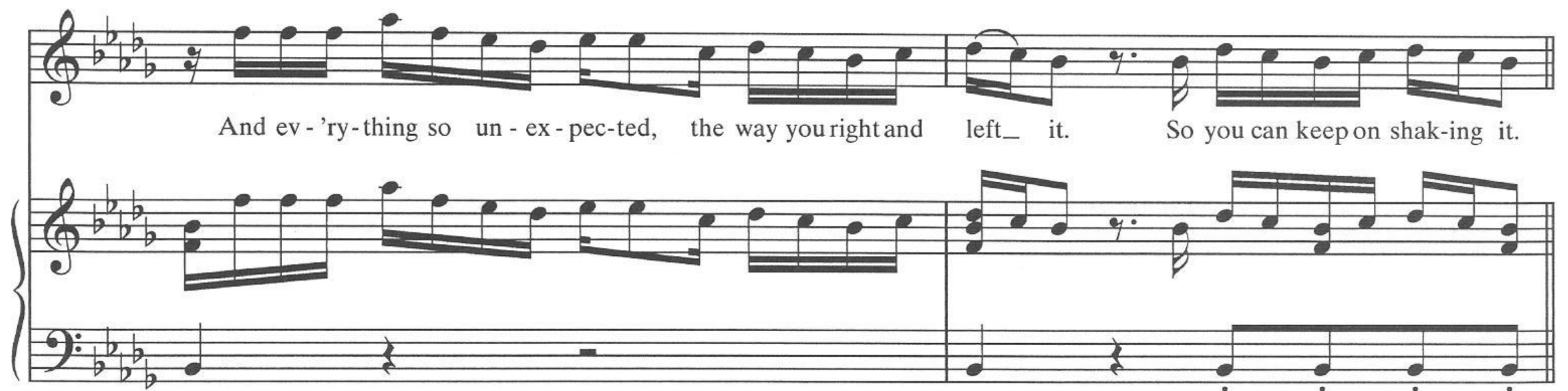
All the at-trac - tion, the ten - sion, don't you see, ba - by, this is per - fec - tion.
Come on, let's go real slow.

Verse 1:

1. Hey, girl, I can see your bod - y mov - ing and it's driv - ing me cra - zy.

And I didn't have the slight - est i - de - a un - til I saw you danc - ing.

And when you walk up on the dance floor, no - bod - y can - not ig - nore the way you move your bod - y, girl.



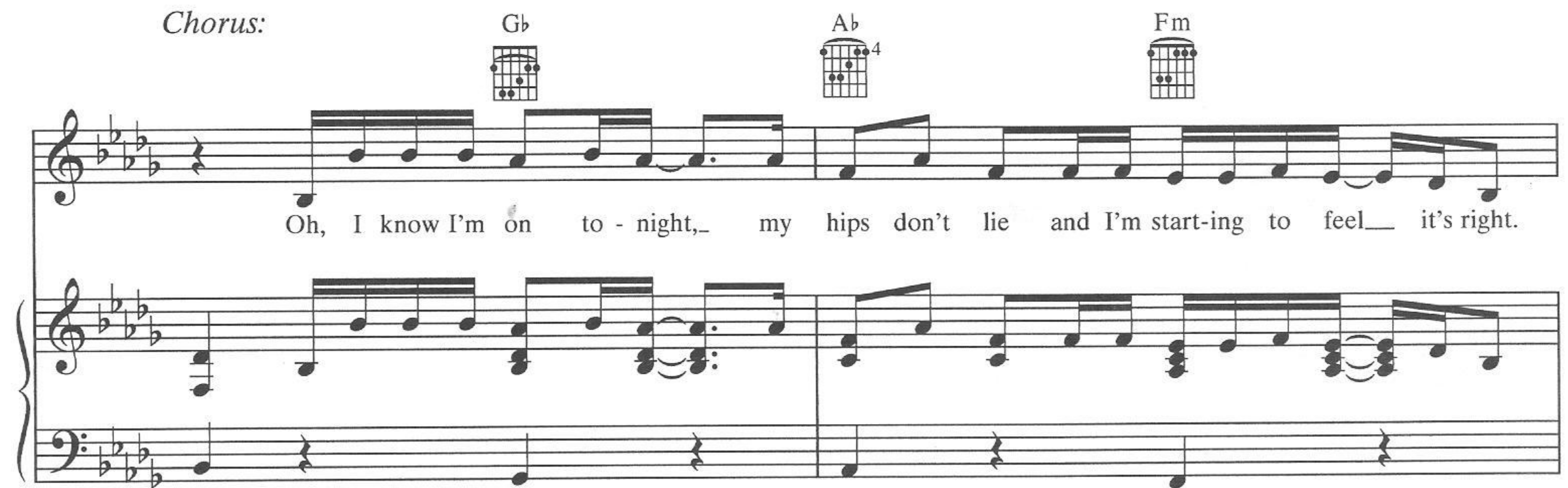
And ev - 'ry-thing so un - ex - pec - ted, the way you right and left_ it. So you can keep on shak - ing it.

$\text{\textcircled{C}}$ Coda

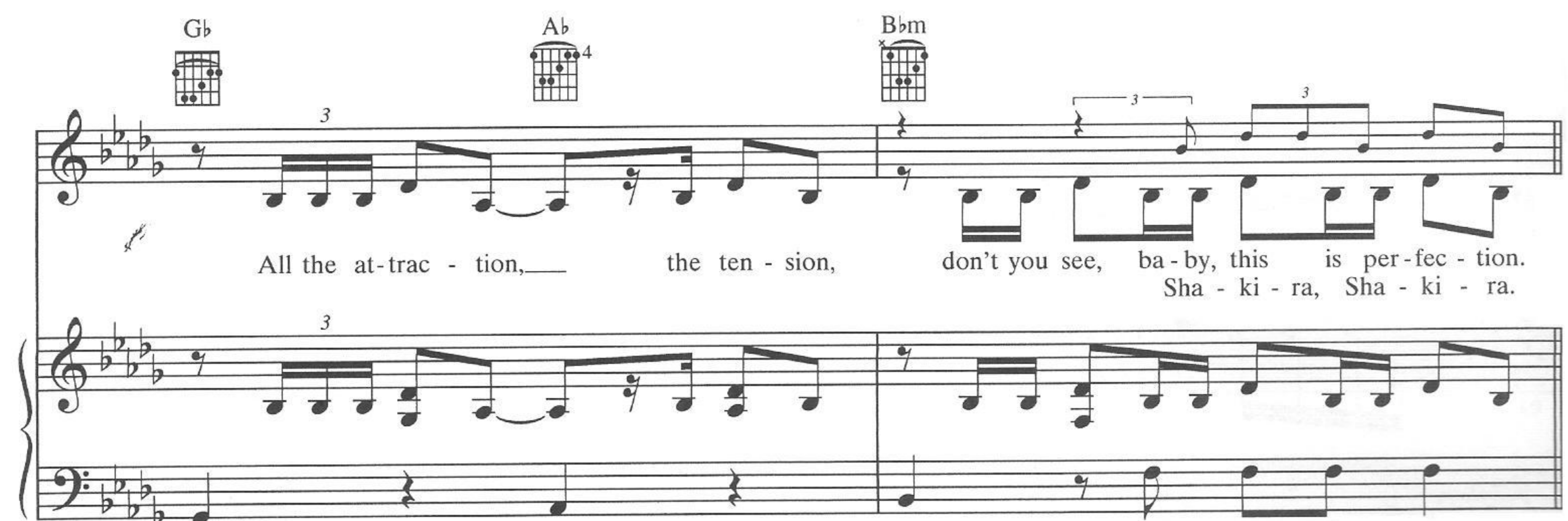


Don't you see, ba - by, a - sí es per - fec - to?

Chorus:



Oh, I know I'm on to - night, my hips don't lie and I'm start - ing to feel_ it's right.



All the at - trac - tion, the ten - sion, don't you see, ba - by, this is per - fec - tion.
Sha - ki - ra, Sha - ki - ra.

Verse 2:

2. Oh, boy, I can see your bod - y mov - ing; half an - i - mal, half man.

I don't, don't real - ly know what I'm do - ing but you seem to have a plan.

My will and self - re - straint have come to fail now, fail now.

See, I'm do - ing what I can, but I can't so you know. That's a bit too hard to ex - plain.

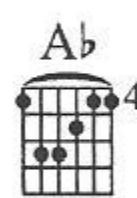
Vocal Break:



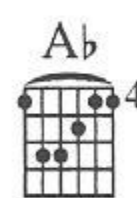
Bai - la en la ca - lle de no - che. Bai - la en la ca - lle de dí -

a. Bai - la en la ca - lle de no - che. Bai - la en la ca - lle de dí -

Pre-chorus:



nev - er ^a real - ly knew that she could dance like this. She makes a man_ want to speak Span - ish.



¿Có-mo se lla - ma? (¡Sí!) Bo - ni - ta, (¡Sí!) mi ca - sa, su ca - sa.
Sha - ki - ra, Sha - ki - ra.

G \flat

A \flat

Fm



Oh, ba - by, when you talk like that, you know you got me hyp - no - tized...

G \flat

A \flat

B \flat m



So be___ wise and keep___ on read - ing the signs of my bod - y.

Bridge:

Se - ño - ri - ta, feel the con - ga, let me see you move like you come from Co - lom - bia.

sf

sf

Mi - ra en Ba - rran-qui - lla se bai - la a - sí, say it! Mi - ra en Ba - rran-qui - lla se bai - la a - sí.

Rap:

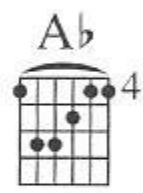
Yeah, she's so sexy, every man's fantasy, a refugee like me back with the Fugees from a third world country.

I go back like when 'pac carried crates for Humpty Humpty. I need a whole club dizzy.

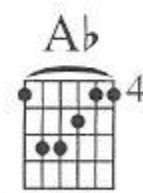
Why the C.I.A. wanna watch us? Colombians and Haitians, I ain't guilty, it's a musical transaction.

Ho-bope, se-bope, no more do we snatch ropes. Refugees run the seas 'cause we own our own boats.

Chorus:



I'm on to - night, my hips don't lie and I'm start-ing to feel you, boy.



Come on, let's go real slow. Ba - by, like this is per - fec - to.