

Jizz in My Pants

The Lonely Island

Lock eyes from across the room
Down my drink while the rhythms boom
Take your hand and skip the names
No need here for the silly games
Make our way through the smoke and crowd
The club is the sky and I'm on your cloud
Move in close as the lasers fly
Our bodies touch and the angels cry
Leave this place, go back to yours
Our lips first touch outside your doors
A whole night what we've got in store
Whisper in my ear that you want some more
And I jizz in my pants
This really never happens, you can take my word
I won't apologize, that's just absurd
Mainly your fault for the way that you dance
And now I jizz in my pants
Don't tell your friends or I'll say you're a slut
Plus it's your fault, you were rubbing my butt
I'm very sensitive, some would say that's a plus
Now I'll go home and change
I need a few things from the grocery
Do things alone now mostly
Left me heart-broken, not lookin' for love
Surprised in my eyes when I looked above
The checkout counter and I saw a face
My heart stood still, so did time and space
Never thought that I could feel real again
But the look in her eyes said, "I need a friend"
She turned to me, that's when she said it
Looked me dead in the face asked, "Cash or Credit?"
And I jizzed in my pants
It's perfectly normal, nothing wrong with me
But we're going to need a clean-up on Aisle 3
And now I'm posed in an awkward stance
Because I jizzed in my pants
To be fair you were flirting a lot
Plus the way you bag cans got me bothered and hot
Please stop acting like you're not impressed
One more thing, I'm gonna pay by check
Last week I saw a film
As I recall it was a horror film
Walked outside into the rain
Checked my phone and saw you rang
And I jizzed in my pants
Speeding down the street when the red lights flash
Need to get away, need to make a dash
A song comes on that reminds me of you
And I jizz in my pants
The next day my alarm goes off
And I jizz in my pants

Open my window and a breeze rolls in
And I jizz in my pants When Bruce Willis was dead at the end of Sixth Sense
I jizzed in my pants
I just ate a grape
And I jizzed in my pants
I went to the, jizzed in my pants
(Okay, seriously you guys, can we? Okay?) I jizz right in my pants every time you're next to me
And when we're holding hands it's like having sex to me
You say I'm premature, I just call it ecstasy
I wear a rubber at all times, it's a necessity 'Cause I jizz in my pants
(I jizz, yes, I jizz in my pants)
(Yes, I jizz in my pants, yes, I jizz in my pants)
Yes, I jizz in my pants
(I jizz, yes, I jizz in my pants)
yeah she makes me all the time I look on my facebook and I see her post a selfie and off course I jizz jizz in
my pants

Songwriters

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