Hot Pants, Pt. 1

James Brown

One two
One two threeHot pants, hey hot pants, no
Hot pants, smokin' that hot pants
That's where it's at
And that's where it's atTake your fine self home
It looks much better than time
My fever keeps growin'
Girl you're blowin' my mindThinkin' of losin that funky feelin' don't
'Cause you got to use just what you got
To get just what you want, hey
Hot pants, hey, hot pants, smokin'Hot pants, make ya sure of yourself, good Lord
You walk like you got the only lovin' left, hey
So brother, if you're thinkin' of losin' that feelin'
Then don't'Cause a woman got to use what she got
To get just what she wants, hey
Hey hotpants a look a hot pants
Won't make ya danceBut as slick as you are you make the pants
Hey brother, do ya like it?
The girl over there, with the funky pants on
She can do the chicken all night longThe girl over there, with the hot pants on
She can do the funky broadway all night long
The girl over there, with the hot pants on
Fill the MacNasty all night longGet down, the one over there with the mini dress
I ain't got time, I still dig that mess
Get down, but I like the hot pants
Hey, I like a hot pantsOoh, bring it home
One more, hit me
Bring it home, bring it home
Bring it on home, bring it on home

Songwriters
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