

Hot Pants Road

James Brown

One, two, one, two, three, uh
Hot pants, hey, hot pants, uh, look
Hot pants, smokin' that hot pantsThat's where it's at a-that's where it's at
Take 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, uh
'Cause you got to use just what you got
To get just what you want-a, hey hu
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- ha
'Cause a woman got to use what she got
To get just what she wants, heyHey, hot pants
A-look a-hot pants won't make ya dance
But as slick as you are, ah, you make the pants
Uh, hey brother, do ya like it?The girl over there with the funky pants on, ha
She can ah, do the chicken all night long
The girl over there with the hot pants on uh
She can do the funky Broadway all night longThe girl over there with the hot pants on
Filthy McNasty all night long
Get down, hu, the one over there
With the mini dress ha
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, yeah
Bring it home, bring it home
Oh uh, bring it on home
Bring it on home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.