

# Hot Pants Road

James Brown

One, two, one, two, three, uh  
Hot pants, hey, hot pants, uh, look  
Hot pants, smokin' that hot pants That'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 mind Thinkin' 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, hey Hey, 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 long The 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 pants Ooh, 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.

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