

Hot Pants

Roy Carrier

One-two

One-two-three uh!

Hot pants, hey hot pants uh! Smokin'

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 MacNasty 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

Ooooh! Bring it home!
One more! Hit me! Aaay!
Bring it home! Bring it home!
Oh uh! Bring it on home
Bring it on home...

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by ROGERS, NORMAN L. / SADLER, ERIC T. / TOPHAM, MARK PAUL / TWIGG, KARL
FRANCIS / RIDENHOUR, CARLTON / BOXLEY III, JAMES HENRY / BREEN, RICHARD ABIDIN /
BROWN, JASON SCOTT / CONLON, SEAN KIERAN / DOBSON, RICHARD NEVILLE / ROBINSON,
SCOTT / DRAYTON, WILLIAM

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.,
EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>