

# James Brown Thanks

## James Brown

Come back, cover  
Shades, good God  
It's a raid Cut off the lights  
And call the law  
Cut off the lights  
And call the law Standing over there  
The devil's on his way Call the law  
Call the law  
The devil's on his way Bring on the juice  
Bring on the juice  
Bring on the juice  
Bring on the juice  
Make me sweat Still good  
It's still good  
Still good  
It's still good Turn over  
Turn over  
Turn over Take me in the chain  
Take me in the chain  
Take me in the chain Tall women  
Is all I need  
Tall women  
Is what I want One more time  
I wanna give the drummer  
Some of this funky soul  
We got here You don't have to do  
No song, brother  
Just keep what you got  
Don't turn it loose  
Cause it's a mother When I count to four  
I want everybody to lay off  
Let the drummer go  
When I count to four  
I want you to come back in I got to holler  
I said it's in my feet  
Feels so sweet  
It's in my shake, good God  
About to work me to death It's in my shake  
About to work me to death

It's in my shake  
I'm about to blow  
I'm about to blow One, two, three, four  
Get it Ain't it funky  
Ain't it funky  
Ain't it funky  
Ain't it funky  
One, two, three, four

Songwriters  
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