James Brown Thanks

James Brown

Come back, cover
Shades, good God
It's a raidCut off the lights
And call the law
Cut off the lights
And call the lawStanding over there
The devil's on his wayCall the law
Call the law
The devil's on his wayBring on the juice
Bring on the juice
Bring on the juice
Bring on the juice
Make me sweatStill good
It's still good
Still good
It's still goodTurn over
Turn over
Turn overTake me in the chain
Take me in the chain
Take me in the chainTall women
Is all I need
Tall women
Is what I wantOne more time
I wanna give the drummer
Some of this funky soul
We got hereYou don't have to do
No song, brother
Just keep what you got
Don't turn it loose
Cause it's a motherWhen 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 inI 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 deathIt's in my shake
About to work me to death

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

Songwriters
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