

My Thang (Regrooved by DJP)

James Brown

Fellas, yeah
A brand new funk
Tell us about it
Brand new funk If you wanna get down with a bird
This is the way you do it
Walk up and rap to her
Put your hand on the lower level
Come on now, you know And this is what you rap to her
I mean, come on like you should
Come on with your, come on Gimme, gimme your thing
Gimme, gimme my thing
Gimme, gimme my thing
Feels so good, let's get it on
Gimme Make it stone to the bone
Gimme my thing
Gimme, gimme my thing
Baby, got just what I want
Feel so good Gimme, gimme my thing
Gimme, gimme my thing
Gimme, gimme my thing
Baby, just gimme some more Squeeze me, hold me, roll me
Make me, make me scream
Make me feel, gimme my thing Gimme, I need you, baby
Need you now
I don't care, what mama don't like
Give it to me anyhow Gimme, gimme my thing
What you got, what I need
What you need, what I got Make me feel, body hot
Gimme, gimme my thing
Taking off my shirt
'Bout to work me to death Gimme, gimme my thing
Gimme, ooh, ooh, ooh Baby, baby
Gimme, gimme my thing
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme
Gimme, hey Lord, babe What you need is what I got
Give it up, baby, body hot
I wanna be satisfied
Oh, you can get it
Keeping it all inside So gimme, gimme my thing

Gimme, I said gimme my thing
Oh God, gimme my thing Help me close, help me close
If you don't help me
I'll do it myself Gimme, gimme your thing
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme

Songwriters

BROWN, JAMES Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>