Hot Pants (Da' Funked Mix)

James Brown

One-two one-two-three uh!
Hot pants, hey hot pants uh! smokin'
Hot pants, smokin' that-hot pantsThat's where its at a-that's where its at
Take your fine self home
It looks much better than time
My fever keeps growin'
Girl you're blowin' my mindThinkin' of loosin' 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 loosin' that feelin'
Then don't, ha
Cause a woman got to use what she got
To get just what she wants hey!
Hey hotpants
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 longThe 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 pantsOoooh! Bring it home!
One more! Hit me! Aaay!
Bring it home! Bring it home!
Oh uh! Bring it on home
Bring it on home*another verse on some recordings
Bring it on home, Hot Pants, I dig ridin' or walkin'
I be mellow- they give me fever- like any other fella
The Hot Pants I dig ridin' or walkin'
Be mellow they give me the fever like any other fella

My temperature is goin' up, about to give me a fit

Songwriters
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