

Dancin' and Pantsin'

Adam Sandler

When I was a young man
I didn't like to dance, I was shy
I'd stand against the wall all night
I'd never take a chance, so afraid I wouldn't get on that dance floor
Unless I was really drunk, 10 shots
But I found a place where the stars hang out
And they taught me how to funk Real nasty, it ain't too far away
It's just on the edge of town, nearby
But be ready when you get there
'Cause these folks don't fuck around You can, rub your belly with Liza Minelli
Covered in jelly, you're gonna rub your belly
Jiggle your droopy balls with singin' Lou Rawls
Bounce off the walls, then jiggle them droopy balls Grind your hips with the blond guy from CHIPS
Lick your lips
Stroke it clean with Martin Sheen
It's fucking obscene Clench your ass-cheeks tight
With sexy grandma Betty White
You'll see the light when your sphincter's tight If you don't know how to move
Just feel the groove
And dance, like you just shit your pants Spin like a little girl
With cross-dressing Milton Berle
Just give it a whirl
Pretend you're a little girl Wave that juicy weeno with legendary Al Pacino
Wave your weeno, even more obsceno
Knock back a drink with Colonel Klink
Piss in the sink Bounce your beef with Omar Sharif
What a relief
Ring the disco bell with ice cream wizard Tommy Carvel
Tommy Carvel gonna make your dink swell Then spew all over the room
With Mr. Jeffery Goldblum
And dance, like you just shit your pants Mr. Belvedere, fatty, fatty
Finger in his own rear
Bernard King, basketball, basketball
Showing off his ding-a-ling Swimming Mark Spitz
Mustache, mustache
Playing with his hairy tits
Big Earl Weaver, Tommy Seaver
Both of them got the boogie fever You can, do the hustle with seven-footer Billy Russell
Do the fucking hustle, jerking your love muscle

Shake your big, round ass with the ghost of Mama Cass
Blast from the past, the ghost of Mama Cass
Dry-hump the floor with Mary Tyler-Moore
Pump it sore
Squeeze your nipple like baldy Mr. Whipple
Drink some Ripple
Give it a hearty whack
With TV great Victor Tayback
When you give it a whack
Don't hurt the nut-sack
So if the thought of grooving is bringing you down
Come to the funkiest place in town
The stars will show you how to move
And dance, like you just shit your pants

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