

Punch You In the Jeans

The Lonely Island

These days, a lot a cats is outta line
Seems to me like they need to get punched
Yeah, but where you gonna punch 'em?
Yo, the choice is obvious I'll punch you in the jeans, I'll punch you in the jeans
This is not a case of man vs machine
You think that you're safe, thought you got away clean?
I'll roll up on you smooth and punch you in the jeans I got my fists clenched, gonna throw a haymaka
Rockin' your slacks from here to Jamaica
Shake in your boots, 'cause I'm the earthquaka
Bringin' those jeans round here was a mistaka I gotta vendetta, it's against your jeans, yeah
Gonna put my knuckles up against the seams
They can be on your legs or on the clothesline
But when I see the zipper and cloth, it's go time And I'm zeroed in, I got the tunnel vision
Gonna cover you in shit like a ton of pigeons
Man, I hate your jeans, I'm gonna bruise that denim
It really doesn't matter as long as you're in em' Yo, we'll punch your jeans, we've said it before
Best believe, this is not a metaphor
Better watch your back, 'cause we're on the creep
And we won't stop till your jeans are six feet deep Man, I'll murder your jeans, I'll feed 'em to the fishes
Here's what I'd do, if I had three wishes
Punch your jeans on all three counts
It would bring me satisfaction in large amounts If I had three wishes I would do the same
We see eye to eye in this jean punch game
I'd lay 'em in a field, where there's chemical sprayin'
But I'd punch em first, yo that goes without sayin', yeah Acid wash pleats or a nifty cuff
It's just another jean for my fist to stuff
Throwin' fistacuffs, eat pants like bag lunches
Jeans pronounced dead, 'cause of death? Hecka punches Yo, we'll punch your jeans, we've said it before
Best believe, this is not a metaphor
You got somethin' to say, we got the proper retorts
Beat your jeans so bad that they'll wish they were shorts Gonna revise your Levi's with physical harm
Put divets in the rivets with my physical arm
Gonna beat those jeans, gonna dip em in slime
Turn your 501s into 499s When I punch a jean, I like to imagine a face
The fly is the nose and the balls are the base of the face
You got taste and it shows, my man
God damn, your jean brand got me throwin' my hands Gonna go back in time, find the man who made jeans
And choke him to death, if you know what I mean
Yo I know what you mean, so keep your jeans on a hush

Breakout, before you get bum rushedYo, we'll punch your jeans, we've said it before

Best believe, this is not a metaphor

So take off your jeans, and reverse the curse

'Cause we the best jean punchers in the universe

It really doesn't matter as long as you're in em'

It really doesn't matter as long as you're in em'

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