

## **Fishbone**

# **"Where'd You Get Those Pants"**

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Where'd you get those pants? Grabbin' flesh and  
moanin' like a Buddhist chant Polyester friction rubbin'  
butt Pedal pushers pumpin', I can't get enough Hip  
huggin' puts me in a trance Lord have mercy Ohhh,  
where'd you get those pants? Where'd you get those  
pants? Like honey stickin' to a jar attractin' ants It  
makes me alivate when your chocolate shakes So  
gimme double chili cheese and bacon cake And throw  
me in a side of romance Girl, where'd you get those  
pants Hey foxy lady This shiny silver sweaty shirt stuck  
to my skin You give my brand new pants a brand new  
happy fit Reveals the hot and helpless hungry state I'm  
in You really got me movin' So let me get you groovin'  
Where'd you get those pants Let's hit the parking lot for  
a second glance In the back seat of my Cadillac, let's  
take a chance Them bitchy britches look so dope Hittin'  
switches til it itches, let's lose control Where'd you get  
those pants? I can dig it Where'd you get those pants?  
Click like a camera flash And them Spandex Making me  
erect Ahh, those daisy dukes And take all his Viagra  
The way they ridin' up the booty The fit on the hip  
makes my backbone slip Make an old man just get up  
and dance The slope of the curve hits the rawest nerve  
You're messin' up my mind Those silky thighs they  
hypnotize The fit on the hip makes it worth the trip  
Thsoe silky thighs they hypnotize The slope of the  
curve hits the rawest nerve You're messin' up my mind

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