

**James Bonamy****"Hot Pants"**

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One-two One-Two-Three uh!  
Hot pants- hey hot pants uh! smokin  
Hot pants- smokin that-hot pants  
That's where it's at a-that's where it's at  
Take your fine self home  
It looks much better than time  
My fever keeps growin  
Girl you're blowin my mind  
Thinkin 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 wont 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 long  
The 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 aint got time- I still dig that mess  
Get down! but I like the hot pants  
Hey! I like a hot pants  
(Short Instrumental)  
Ooooh! 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

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