

## **Limbomaniacs**

### **"Butt Funkin'"**

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Fe fi fo fum  
Tell me where do you come from?  
They call me Butthouse man  
'Cause that's my name  
I'm a butt connoisseur and I have no shame  
I rate 'em on size and shape and such  
But the final test is the test of touch  
I'm a true blue pro no average joe  
I keep my eyes open everywhere I go  
So if you're talkin' 'bout chicks and what they got down  
below  
Just ask 'ole House 'cause I'm in the know  
CHORUS  
Butt-butt funkkin'  
Butt-butt funkkin'  
When butts are headed in my direction  
I slip around back for a closer inspection  
I size them all up with no sign of detection  
And I swoop on in and I make a selection  
Some big some small some ain't quite round  
Some as big as me nearly pound for pound  
Some smooth as silk with no sign of wear  
And some got pimples and some got hair  
CHORUS

Shout it out, sing about I just can't live without  
Wigglin' jigglin' butts in my living room  
Long pants and short pants  
They're best when in no pants  
I'm in the mood for a stinky string romance  
Fe fi fo fum  
Tell me where do you come from?  
There's nothing so fine and nothing so fair  
As a hot sticky thing with a tight derriere  
Let me tell you 'bout my trip to the south of France  
The women down there they never wear pants  
By hook by crook or happenstance  
I'll be headed back just give me half a chance  
When I'm lying on the beach I couldn't help but stare  
At all the merchandise the girls had laid bare  
Lying on my front so no one could see  
Those bare bottom bitches put a boner on me

## CHORUS

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