

# Master P "Them Jeans"

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C'mon in VIP baby

*[Chorus]*

Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (oh yeah)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (oh yeah)  
From the front to the back, girl you know what I mean

*[Verse 1]*

I'm country, she country, we country  
Come closer, it's a free country  
Damn you cute, girl you fine  
Keep it right there, I wanna make you mine  
Don't play no games, I gotta keep it real  
Got the +Magic Stick+ and a gold grill  
Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Cause thugs need love, girl you know what I mean  
Hold up Allie Mae you gonna work it like that  
Rock the bump and let it wooble from the back

*[Chorus]*

Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (oh yeah)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (oh yeah)  
From the front to the back, girl you know what I mean

*[Verse 2]*

We play football, no pads, she got the cushion  
I ain't Bill Cosby, but I love jello pudding  
Check out that Puerto Rican body, she's a hottie  
I ain't Slick Rick but +La Di Da Di+  
And who's the fly white girl, she ain't that tall  
So them P. Miller jeans look like two basketballs  
And that Latino and Asian mommy

Make a grown man want to do karate  
And beautiful, black chick with the passions on  
Make every thug in the club wanna sing this song

*[Chorus]*

Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)

Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog

*[Break]*

Hey don't stop, don't stop  
We can take it the floor, girl show me what you got  
Hey don't stop, don't stop  
You can grab the wall, girl show me what you got  
Hey don't stop, don't stop  
You can grab the pole, girl show me what you got  
Hey don't stop, don't stop  
We can take it from the club, to the parking lot  
Now stop (WHAT!), then roll (HA!)  
Head, shoulders, knees, toes

*[Chorus]*

Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
From the front to the back, girl you know what I mean

*[Verse 3]*

I'ma No Limit soldier and I love ya boo  
And her and her girl said (*[Female voice:]* We love you  
too)  
Halle Berry head, lisa-raye (WOO!)  
Got eight Aston 5, but that's how I prove it  
Eyes lightly on me, a young Janet Jackson  
Tina Turner thighs, the ghetto's main attraction  
She wear boots with her jeans like Free  
And homies in the hood wanna 'cuff her like the police  
She so sexy, damn so nasty  
A thug girl, but still so classy  
Sometime she get vicious  
In them P. Miller pads her jeans look bootylicious

*[Chorus]*

Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans (them jeans)  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog  
Shake what you got in them jeans  
Girl grab the wall, then shake it like a dog

Shake what you got in them jeans  
From the front to the back, girl you know what I mean

Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow,  
wow, wow, wow, wow

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