

The Lonely Island "Punch You In The Jeans"

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JORMA

These days, a lot of catz is outta line

ANDY

Seems to me like they need to get punched

JORMA

Yeah, but where you gonna punch them?

ANDY

Yo, the choice is obvious

ANDY

I'll punch you in the jeans, I'll punch you in the jeans
This is not a case of man vs. machine

JORMA

You think that you're safe, thought you got away clean

ANDY

I'll roll up on you smooth and punch you in the jeans

JORMA

I've got my fist clenched, gonna throw a hay-maker
Rockin' your slacks from here to jaimaca
Shaking your boots 'cause I'm the earth-quaker
Bringing those jeans around here was a mistake-a

ANDY

I got a vendetta, it's against your jeans
Gonna put my knuckles up against the seams
They could be on your legs, or on the clothes line
But when I see the zipper and cloth, it's go time

JORMA

And I'm zeroed in, I got the tunnel-vision

ANDY

Gonna cover you in sh*t like a ton of pigeons

JORMA

Man I hate your jeans, I'm gonna bruise that denim

JORMA

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

ANDY & JORMA

Yo we'll punch your jeans, we said it before

Best believe this is not a metaphor

Better watch your back, 'cause we're on the creek, and
we won't stop until your jeans are six feet deep

JORMA

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

ANDY

Yo, if I had three wishes I would do the same

We see eye to eye in this jean punch game (yeah)

I'd lay them in a field where there's chemical spray

But I'd punch them first

JORMA

Yo that goes without sayin' (yeah)

Acid wash, pleats, or a nifty cuff

It's just another jean for my fist to stuff

ANDY

Throwing fist to cuffs, eat pants like bagged lunches

Jeans pronounced dead

JORMA

Cause of death?

ANDY

Hecka punches

ANDY & JORMA

Yo we'll punch your jeans, we said it before,

Best believe this is not a metaphor

You got something to say?

We got the proper retorts

Beat your jeans so bad that they wish they were shorts

ANDY

Gonna revise your Levi's with physical harm

Put divets in the rivets with my physical arm

JORMA

Gonna beat those jeans, wanna dip 'em in slime

Turn your 501's into 499's

ANDY

When I punch your jean I like to imagine a face
The fly is the nose and the balls are the base of the
face

JORMA

You got taste and it shows, my man

ANDY

God damn your jean brand got me throwing my hand

JORMA

Gonna go back in time and find the man who made
jeans
And choke him to death, if you know what I mean

ANDY

Yo I know what you mean, so keep your jeans on a hush
So breakout out out
When you get a bum rushed

ANDY & JORMA

You we'll punch your jeans, we said it before
Best believe this is not a metaphor
So take off your jeans and reverse the curse
'Cause we're the best jean punchers in the universe

JORMA

It really doesn't matter as long as you're in 'em (x2)

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