

Fire

"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

Ohhh, where'd you get those pants?
Lord have mercy

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
Reveals the hot and helpless hungry state I'm in
You give my brand new pants a brand new happy fit
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
The way they ridin' up the booty
Make an old man just get up and dance
And take all his Viagra

The fit on the hip makes my backbone slip
The slope of the curve hits the rawest nerve
Those silky thighs they hypnotize
You're messin' up my mind

The fit on the hip makes it worth the trip
The slope of the curve hits the rawest nerve
Thsoe silky thighs they hypnotize
You're messin' up my mind

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