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In a smoky room, I see you
And you're dancin' to a groovin' tune
Just mellow out, shake your, mmm
And do your thang, baby do your thang
You gotta blonde, a redhead, a brunette
In the gym working up a sweat
One on the treadmill, one on the bike
One in kickboxing class all night
Doing their best to work it out
Tryin' to get a nice body and a nice "Badow"
You love to hear words comin' out of their mouths
These girls are G.R.I.T.S., 'Girls Raised In The South'
Gonna get cleaned up, meet at the spot
Each one is confident she's pretty hot
Hate to see them go but you love to watch them leave
Go on ladies just do your thang
Do your thang, baby do your thang
The witching hour and the club is packed
And we're doing it and we're doing it fast
The lights are bright, cocktails strong
Just do your thang, baby do your thang
Man look at that face, silhouette body
Kickin' so hard you thought she knew karate
Send a 'Thank you' to her dad and mom
'Cause once she smiles boy you know what's on
You know she has nice etiquette
But she'll laugh even though she doesn't get it yet
You want to hear her say no one can do it better
Next she's callin' out the 15th letter
Better recognize, get woke to some act rights
She'll get to the point like stalagmites
Bouncin' in the club in the black light
Girl so fine bow down like a jack-knife
She ain't frontin', she ain't stuntin'
Swingin' for the fence boy, she ain't buntin'
She's educated but she's fluent in street slang
Go on girl, just do your thang
Do your thang, baby do your thang
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