Them Jeans

C'mon in VIP baby

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

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

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

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

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

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 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

I'ma No Limit soldier and I love ya boo And her and her girl said (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

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