

Show Me What You're Workin' With

Toby Keith

Hey, I got a feeling that under that dress
You got the kind of body 'd make the innocent confess.
It'd be a crime if I went home tonight without seeing it, aw, s
eeing it.

Come on, pretty mama show me what you're workin' with.

Well the music is loud and the dance floor is jumpin'
Back it up baby and show me a little somethin', somethin'.
We both know that you got it; there 'aint no use in hidin' it
Come on, pretty mama show me what you're workin' with.

Aw shake it up girl; I'm 'bout to blow a fuse.
Break it down and give me somethin' I can use
The way you bump and grind and swivel them hips,
Put a little bit of that with a little bit of this.

You're a real fire box honey, just about hot as it gets. Aw yea
h.

So come on, pretty mama show me what you're workin' with. Ugh.

I 'aint hard up, honey, I've been around.
I met some might fine fillies in this one-horse town.
But you got me thinkin' I 'aint seen nothing yet. Aw, nothin' y
et.

So, come on, pretty mama show me what you're workin' with.

Shake it up girl; I'm 'bout to blow a fuse.
Back it up and give me something I can use.
The way you bump and grind and swivel them hips,
Put a little bit of that with a little bit of this.

You're a real fire box honey, just about hot as it gets. Aw yea
h.

Come on, pretty mama show me what you're workin' with. Aw yeah,

So come on, pretty mama show me what you're workin' with. Aw, a
w yeah.