

Hot Dang Mama

Bret Michaels

As I was walking out, she was walking in
She stood 6 foot 1 and built for sin
Well, I cut to the chase and asked her to dance
She looked down on me and laughed and said "no chance!"

Another hottie walked by, my heart started to bump
I said "hot dang mama - you're the one"

Well, the band was playin' a little Texas soul
We started scootin' our boots on the sawdust floor
I asked, "baby, how'd you like to see my place?"
She stopped dancin' and slapped my face

Then a cutie shot me a look
Like a bullet from a gun
I said "hot dang mama - you're the one"

I wear rhinestone boots and my legs are thin
I got a turtle neck sweater - hide my double chin
A 10 gallon hat and a horse shoe ring
And I strut around like a king

Well it's getting late, I need to find someone
There goes a hottie I ain't hit on
Slick back my hair and ask for a sign
and then a guy says "stop - she's mine"

Hot dang baby, you're the one
(Hot dang baby, you're the one)
Yes sir baby you're the one
(Hot dang baby, you're the one)
I'm a cold edge like a bullet from a gun
Hot dang mama, you're the one.