

## Them Jeans

Grandmaster Flash

Words: l.dukes, g.williams music: g.williams - 1987 from the album "ba-dop-boom-bang"

Walkin' through my neighborhood  
Her backfield's in motion  
Clingin' to body smooth as lotion  
Struttin' that stuff so firm and lean  
Hey girl, i love the way you look in  
Them jeans  
I was never that crazy about stone-washed denim  
At least until I saw a girl in 'em  
They fit so tight but look so rough  
I'm sayin' uh uh uh now, tha's fine stuff  
In pastel colors, pink is so hot  
Why don't you run me over with that truck you got  
Hey virginia slim, don't be so mean  
'cause I love the way you look in  
Them jeans  
Jordache, sasson or, huh, calvin klein  
I gotta put on my shades 'cause you're makin' me blind  
Don't even know her name, but still I can't get enough  
I'll call her earthquake, 'cause I'm all shook-up  
I followed her across the street and I nearly got killed  
Your name must be gloria, damn you're built  
Looks like they're comin' apart at the seams  
But, girl, i love the way you look in  
Them jeans  
I know you must be a damn good lover  
By the way you look, girl, in those hip-huggers  
If I was a zipper I'd sneak a peek  
To see if you were wearing anything underneath  
I don't mean to be bold, but I was told  
That if you took your pants off your butt'll explore  
Everybody in the house, yo show no shame  
And shout out the choise of your brand name!  
Wrangler  
Levis  
Paisley  
Ju ju  
Jag jeans  
Lee's ya'll  
Alessio  
Guess jeans  
All the ladies in the house let me hear you scream  
We love the way we look in our jeans  
Sittin' on my stoop with my needle and thread  
Got a stiff from jerkin' my head  
Bound to hurt somebody by the way she switches  
Don't shake it too hard or you'll bust them breeches  
I know you couldn't 've put'em on all by yourself  
'cause they fit so tight you had to have help  
I watched her walk down the block until she was gone  
'cause her jeans look like they were painted on  
Next time you walk by me, girl, you better run  
'cause I'm thinkin' 'bout chewin' your bubble gums  
You use butter, lard and margarine  
And that was just to get your two legs in  
You used crisco and a shoe horn at the same time

To get the pants up over your big behind  
Had to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation  
'cause her jeans were so tight, they cut off her circulation  
I wanna be your king and you be my queen  
'cause I love the way you look in  
Them jeans