

Punch You In the Jeans

The Lonely Island

These days, alot cats is outta line.
Seems to me like they need to get punched.
Yeah, but where you gotta punch em?
Yo, the choice is obvious.I'll punch you in the jeans
I'll punch you in the jeans
This is not a case of man vs machine
You think that you're safe, thought you got away clean?
I'll roll up on you smooth and punch you in the jeansI got my fists clenched, gonna throw a
haymaka
Rockin your slacks from here to jaimaica
Shake in your boots, cuz I'm the earthquaka
Bringin those jeans round here was a mistaka
I gotta vendetta, it's against your jeans (yeah)
Gonna put my knuckles up against the seams
They can be on your legs or on the clothesline
But when I see the zipper and cloth, it's go time!And I'm zeroed in, I got the tunnel vision
Gonna cover you in shit like a ton of pigeons
Man I hate your jeans, I'm gonna bruise that denim
It really doesn't matter as long as you're in em'Yo we'll punch your jeans, we've said it before
Best believe this is not a metaphor
Better watch your back, cuz we're on the creep
And we won't stop till your jeans are six feet deep!Man I'll murder your jeans, I'll feed em to
the fishes
Heres what I'd do, if I had three wishes
Punch your jeans, on all three counts
It would bring me satisfaction in large amounts
If I had three wishes I would do the same
We see eye to eye in this jean punch game
I'd lay em in a field, where there's chemical sprayin
But I'd punch em first, yo that goes without sayin (yeah)Acid wash pleats or a nifty cuff
It's just another jean for my fist to stuff
Throwin fistacuffs, eat pants like bag lunches
Jeans pronounced dead Cause of death? Hecka punches!Yo we'll punch your jeans, we've said
it before
Best believe this is not a metaphor
You got somethin to say, we got the proper retorts
Beat your jeans so bad that they'll wish they were shortsGonna revise your Levi's with physical
harm
Put divets in the rivets with my physical arm
Gonna beat those jeans, gonna dip em in slime
Turn your 501s into 499sWhen I punch a jean I like to imagine a face
The fly is the nose and the balls are the base of the face

You got taste and it shows my man
God damn your jean brand got me throwin my hands Gonna go back in time, find the man who
made jeans
And choke him to death, if you know what I mean
Yo I know what you mean, so keep your jeans on a hush
Breakout, before you get bumrushed Yo we'll punch your jeans, we've said it before
Best believe this is not a metaphor
So take off your jeans, and reverse the curse
Cuz we the best jean punchers in the universe (It really doesn't matter as long as you're in em')
[x2]

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>