

# Limbomaniacs, Butt Funkin'

Fe fi fo fum

Tell me where do you come from?

They call me Butthouse man

'Cause that's my name

I'm a butt connoisseur and I have no shame

I rate 'em on size and shape and such

But the final test is the test of touch

I'm a true blue pro no average joe

I keep my eyes open everywhere I go

So if you're talkin' 'bout chicks and what they got down below

Just ask 'ole House 'cause I'm in the know

CHORUS

Butt-butt funkin'

Butt-butt funkin'

When butts are headed in my direction

I slip around back for a closer inspection

I size them all up with no sign of detection

And I swoop on in and I make a selection

Some big some small some ain't quite round

Some as big as me nearly pound for pound

Some smooth as silk with no sign of wear

And some got pimples and some got hair

CHORUS

Shout it out, sing about I just can't live without

Wigglin' jigglin' butts in my living room

Long pants and short pants

They're best when in no pants

I'm in the mood for a stinky string romance

Fe fi fo fum

Tell me where do you come from?

There's nothing so fine and nothing so fair

As a hot sticky thing with a tight derriere

Let me tell you 'bout my trip to the south of France

The women down there they never wear pants

By hook by crook or happenstance

I'll be headed back just give me half a chance

When I'm lying on the beach I couldn't help but stare

At all the merchandise the girls had laid bare

Lying on my front so no one could see

Those bare bottom bitches put a boner on me

CHORUS

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