Frank Zappa, Yo Cats

Frank Zappa (guitar, synclavier)
Steve Vai (guitar)
Johnny "Guitar" Watson (guitar, vocals)
Ike Willis (guitar, vocals)
Ray White (guitar, vocals)
Bobby Martin (keyboards, vocals)
Tommy Mars (keyboards)
Scott Thunes (bass)
Chad Wackerman (drums)
Ed Mann (percussion)

Yo cats, yo yo
Yo chooch, way to go
You is dead, but you don't know
Yo let's carve, hey where's the blow?

Get your fiddle, get your bow
Play some footballs on your hole
Watch your watch, play a little flat
Make the session go overtime, that's where it's at

Saxophone, clarinet
How many doubles can you get
Special rules provide the way
To help you maximize your pay

Your Girl, Arlyn's, what's the diff
What's the service that you're with
So long as you can suck the butt
Of the contractor who calls you up

Your career could take a thud
Unless you kneel and scarf his pud
And when the dates come rolling in
You can wipe your lips and flash a grin
That tells them all on the jingle date
That you enjoyed what you just ate

Yum yum, dog food
Hemorrhoid cream but the bread's so good
New RV and a leisure suit
Hey, I play shit but I love the loot

Thank the union, it's so great
Only a few get to be on the date
Those other shmucks with electric guitars
Got to play for poot in the bistro bars

You have made it, you are cool
You have been to the Berkeley School
You give clinics on the side
Music has died and no one cried

Yo cats, Yo yo
Yo chooch Way to go
You is dead!

Hey! Have a nice one, girl!