

# Funkadelic, Red Hot Mamma

(spoken)

A luscious bitch she is, true  
But it's not nice to fool mother nature  
The proud mother of god like all ho's  
Is jealous of her own shadow  
Who is this young Vic Tanny bitch  
Who wish to be queen for a day?  
Who would sacrifice the great grandsons and daughters of her jealous mother  
By sucking their brain until their ability to think was amputated  
By pimping their instincts  
Until they were fat, horny and strung-out  
In a neurotic attempt to be queen of the universe  
Who is this bitch?

(sung)

Red hot mama from Louisiana  
Thumbin' her way to Savannah  
She been cooped up too long

Red hot mama lookin' to the city  
Taxi dancers and big time spenders  
She's been groovin'

Red hot mama was gettin' down  
Scoping the places where fun to be found  
She was smokin'

Ride on, red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me  
Ride on, red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me  
Ride on, red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me  
Ride on, red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me

Red hot mama was really bad  
She was badder than bad, bad as she want to be

Red hot mama was a real gas  
Doin' it good and doing it fast  
She was smokin'

Whoa!

Ride on red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me  
Ride on red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me  
(Come on baby!)  
Ride on red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me  
(Right on!)  
Ride on red hot mama  
Girl, you sure look good to me

Be my dog!  
You look good, girl  
Carry on!  
Hey!  
Get funky?

Hey baby  
Be my dog

Come on, baby!  
Red hot mama  
Right on  
Play, boy-a