

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