

John Butler Trio, Treat Yo Momma

[begins with a pretty funky guitar riff]

Don't call me hippy cause the way that I look,
You know I got a recipe and you know I can cook,
And I come forth with only good intent,
You know I am Heaven-bound but I'm surely Hell-bent
On getting the job done like I know I should,
Get the job done like my mama told me to,
Only one thing can remember she said,
You gotta earn all of your respect.

And I don't care what race or what colour or what creed
I say all that shit don't bother me,
Only one thing that you should not forget,
You gotta treat yo mama with respect

And I don't care what fashion the styling of yo hair,
I don't care about the car or the clothes you do wear.
Only one thing that you should not forget,
You gotta treat yo mama with respect.

Chorus:
Treat yo mama with respect,
Ya better treat yo mama with respect,
Slap you upside-down yo head,
Ya don't treat yo mama with respect.

Treat yo mama with respect,
Ya better treat yo mama with respect,
Slap you upside-down yo head,
Ya don't treat yo mama...

[instrumental walkabout]

I got a couple of friends up in a tree in North-Cliff,
You know they're doing their part,
You know they're doing their bit.

Trying to save our Mother from all this greed,
You know they know what she wants,
You know they know what she needs.

I got a couple sisters South Australia,
Stopping the uranium from coming up,
Oh yeah man you know they know what she needs,
They're stopping all of that Government Corporate Greed!