Valentina

Quimantu

Hey Valentina tell your mama she should give me a call
When she get tired of runnin' after you down the hall
Before you came onto the scene it was a Hollywood mess
Your mama was a movie queen, she was one of the best
Every boy had the hots for her
Around the world even girls adored her
Mexican bombshell
Come to conquer the west
Hey Valentina tell your mama she should give me a call
When she get tired of runnin' after you down the hall
And she's all worn out from those late night feedings
And she ready for another rock 'n' roll meeting
Oh Valentina tell your mama she should give me a call
Yeah, she should
Your Uncle Sam used to hold it down every day
Watch the booty guards scarecrow the buzzards away
Like an aeroplane the time flies over
So many guys they couldn't get your sweet little mama to stay
Hey Valentina tell your mama she should give me a call
When she get tired of runnin' after you down the hall

All worn out, late night feedings, rock 'n' roll meeting
Tell your mama she should give me a call
Curvier than a fender stratocaster guitar
Reality bender from no green card to superstar
Broken up slang even when the king of Hollywood ain't that tall
She as Betty's ugly, your mama's bigger than 'em all
Hear me all
Hey Valentina, hey Valentina
Give me a call, runnin' down a funky hall
Oh yeah, that's alright
Tell your mama, tell your mama need to give me a call
Hey Valentina tell your mama she should give me a call
When she get tired of runnin' after you down the hall
Hey Valentina tell your mama she should call up Mia in advance
If Penelope wants to cruise there ain't no way that we ain't gon' dance
Tell your mama, tell your mama she should give me a call
Oh, that's all
Hey Valentina tell your mama she should give me a call

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/