

# Hot Mama

## Brother Woodman & The Chanters feat. Ethel Brown

You're doin' all you can, to get in them old jeans  
You want that body back, you had at seventeen  
Baby, don't get down, don't you worry 'bout a thing  
'Cause the way you fill 'em out, hey, that's all right with me  
I don't want the girl you used to be  
An' if you ain't noticed, the kids are fast asleep An' you're one hot mama  
You turn me on, let's turn it up  
An' turn this room into a sauna  
One hot mama  
Oh, what do you say, babe?  
You wanna? Well, I know sometimes you think, that all you really are  
Is the woman with the kids an' the groceries in the car  
An' you worry about your hips an' you worry about your age  
Meanwhile I'm tryin' to catch the breath you take away  
Oh, an' believe me, you still do  
Baby, all I see, when I look at you Is, one hot mama  
You turn me on, let's turn it up  
An' turn this room into a sauna  
One hot mama  
Oh, what do you say, babe?  
You wanna? I can't imagine me lovin' someone else  
I'm a lucky man  
I think Daddy's got himself One hot mama  
You turn me on, let's turn it up  
An' turn this room into a sauna  
One hot mama  
Oh, what do you say, babe?  
Oh, now, what do you say, babe?  
You wanna? You're one hot mama  
Let's turn this room into a sauna, yeah  
What do you say, babe?  
What do you say, babe?  
Hot mama, yeah

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