

Valentina

Prince

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 Your uncle Sam used to hold it down
Every day Watch the bootyguards
Scarecrow the buzzards away
Like an aeroplane the time flies over
So many guys they couldn't get
Your sweet little mama to stay 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
Sho as Betty's ugly
Your mama's bigger than 'em all
Hey Valentina Tell your mama she should call up MIA
In advance If Penelope wants to Cruz
There ain't no way that we ain't gon dance
Tell your mama should should give me a call
That's all

Songwriters

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