

Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm

Cab Calloway

(Jerome Jerome / Richard Byron / Walter Kent) Yasha was a prodigy, since he was a kid of three

He could play a rhapsody as good as they come

But as strange as it may be, Yasha hated melody

He had a yen for tympani, he longed to play a drum

When his Mother made him practice on the fiddle every day

He'd stop right in the middle and he'd say...Mama, I wanna make rhythm

Don't wanta make music

Just wanna go zoozi-zah-zah-zoozi

Ooh-cah-dee-doodle-oodle-aah-doo

Mama, I wanna get hotcha

I wanta make boombah

I wanna go gah-gah

Za-rah-kah, zat-zow, ooh-dee-lahI've got no desire to carry a Stradivarius, but

There's no limit of primitive tom-tom in my tum-tum

Mama, I wanna make rhythm

Don't wanta make music

Just wanna go wookee-ah-kay-a-kaya-kaya

Yag-a-yag-a-yag-a-yag

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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