Red Light Mama, Red Hot!

Humble Pie

Red light mama looking for a ride
There's fire in your loins but you're cold inside
Quiet to the world, that your nights are free
At 50 cents a time understandably, it don't make it

Now, I don't expect you to take my advice
But you can make it easy, just review the price
'Cause you're looking awful pretty
And twice as nice to know, let's get it on, peel it off

Now, where's your cousin ruby with her jet hot lips
She got lifesaver boobs and 42" hips, some kind of monster
Those alligator slippers and thigh high boots
She works from east to west and deals in blue veined flutes
It's boogity boogity

We know that she's a hustler and she's built like a tank
Wears hairnets in her armpits and her breath is rank
She gotta swelled belly and there's money in her bank

Red light mama, red hot!
Can't you see what you've got?
Red light mama, red hot!
Don't you know what you've got?
Get it off

I heard about your sister down in Tennessee
In between the sheets she's making history and don't we want her
Your mother's still in Memphis on a cocaine farm
There's no place left to shoot it in that thing she calls an arm

There ain't no backing out when you're born to lose
You take it as you find it and you pay your dues
She could've made her fortune if she'd stayed and played the blues

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Red light mama, red hot!
Don't you know what you've got?

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