

What Mama Told Me

Sarai

[Sarai]

Wooooo! Uh-huh, uh-HUHHH!

Uh-HUHHH, oh YEAHHH

Ha ha HAHHHH[Verse One]

Forget what mama told me as a little girl
Bout to get grown, get on, and rock yo' world
Your body tellin my body how your song goes
While you smackin my bum-bum like your bongos
Ride it like Tonto, I'll be your sidekick
The sweetest sang when the mouth silent
When you doin what you doin get to movin the tongue, tornado
"OH I AIN'T IN KANSAS NO MORE!"
I ain't no hoe, no whore, I deserve a reward
Waterbed make waves like the seashore
I see more in you, than the average Joe
So you don't see the trash where the average go
It ain't standard, to have a dude in my clutch
Sometimes I buck, HOLD ON, the ride gets rough
I feel I must, touch the A+
Double barrel gun baby, we both bust[Chorus]
You make me feel like DANCIN
When you get to ROMANCIN me
Make me want to SING so SWEET
Body to body I feel ya heat
Ya make me want to FREAK OUT
Ain't no way I'm goin home, lonely
Make me feel like SWEATIN, FORGETTIN
E-everything my mama told me[Verse Two]
You and the liquor got my eyes blurrin
And when you licka the kitten for certain, she get to purrin
Ridin the wave you got me surfin, eatin what I'm servin
I'll play the game, show me what's behind the curtain
All the slurrin got me urgin, to get the work in
Bodies mergin, hot like chicken jerkin
X-Rated version, me and this person
Gettin down in the dirt and grabbin his shirt and his jeans
Perkin, have him hittin high notes like MC, in +Fantasy+
Could it be you and me on the +Island+ whylin
You down low like you deep-sea divin

Worlds collidin, emotions explodin
Juices flowin, the climax approachin
Face soakin that number nine potion
You need some winnin plays, get me to coachin[Chorus][Verse Three]
I think I might, try-why to get this fly guy
in my, ri-ide, hop in the 7-4-5-i-i
Take you places you ain't never seen
Can you keep your cool if I whip until you cream
Don't mean to be obscene, put the children to bed
Thugs like N.O.R.E., in the whip gettin "he'd"
What I said like Keyshaun, I'm the receiver
Gwan' try me, testify, you a believer
You never up and leave her
Stay on call, Dr. Dutch, master of it all
Move slow like the Southern drawl
And make it quick like the N.Y.C. cats spit
OH SHIT![Chorus] - repeat 2X to fade

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>