

Snowy White F/ David Gilmour

"Da Mote"

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{ } = the fellas

Intro:

[Outside a dance club. The "Tootsee Roll" beat is boomin' inside.]

MAN: What's up, baby? They done had that last call for alcohol and everything, what's up, you gon' come back to the 'mote with me or what?

WOMAN: But what about yo' girlfriend? She s'posed to be my friend.

MAN: Come on, come on, baby, don't worry 'bout her, I mean we can leave

here, go get something to eat. You hungry?

WOMAN: Mmm ... yeah ... I'm hungry a lil' bit. I just ...

MAN: Hey, you can bring your friends if you want, I got my boys back at

the hotel ... so what you gon' do?

WOMAN: (sigh) You really gon' pay my phone bill?

{Ooooh, I got a winner! I think I got a winner!}

Uh! Uh! Ahh baby, here we go now!

Verse 1: Thrill Pa Dlaya

Hey baby doll, what's up? 'Scuse the mood, I'm a lil' bit bored

And normally, I don't try to take girls home after the club

But you got that flavor ride, and I'm kinda hungry

Not only that, strictly by myself, sometimes I tend to get lonely

So let's find this camp, and get a lil' something to eat

Get back to the 'mote and kick off them shoes so I can rub them feet

And we both dogs, baby, so we ain't got to joke

If you're down, I'll get to the car and we can head to the 'mote!

Chorus (2x):

{Let's go to the motel, let's go to the 'mote

I won't tell if you don't tell! }

Jay-Ski:

{Let's go to the motel!} Girl, don't have no shame!

{I won't tell if you don't tell!} How you'll be gettin' that pocket

change!

{Let's go to the motel!} Girl, you know the deal!

{I won't tell if you don't tell!} How you'll be payin' that phone bill!

Verse 2: The Rottweiler

It's the last call for alcohol, baby, so let's leave the club
I wanna get in the tub and rub-a-dub, 'cause I'm in the mood for lo-ove ...

You wanted barbecue or mildew, girl, so what you wanna do?

We can go to the Hilton, Motel 6 or get a room at the Peek-A-Boo, uh

So eat your Wheaties, sweetie, and yo, you can best believe

Bring your toothbrush, a fresh pair of panties, yo, and that's all you need

So let's keep it a G thang, (?), uhh, and please don't go tell

That you're makin' noise with the 69 Boyz, so let's go to the motel, uhh!

Chorus

Jay-Ski:

{Let's go to the motel!} And we can have some fun!

{I won't tell if you don't tell!} How you'll be gettin' them braids done!

{Let's go to the motel!} Girl, don't try to shine!

{I won't tell if you don't tell!} Where you workin' part time!

{Ho-tel, mo-tel, I won't tell if you don't tell!} (4x)

{Ooooh, I got a winner! I think I got a winner!} (4x)

Verse 3: Thrill Da Playa

Don't holler 'bout, I don't know ya, and you don't know me

'Cause if your booty big, then I'ma learn to dig your personality

I'm real, though; I ain't fake, heyyy, I want them skins

And you can bring your big booty buddies too;

I got a motel full of friends:

Danny, Tony T, Lemonhead, A.B., Daddy Black and Jay

You got three more friends?

Well, I do too: the Rottweiler, Rico and DJ M.A.!

We got rooms at the 6, so let's handle our business

Find this camp and go to the 'mote so I can rub-a-dub
that Guinness!

{I got a trick! A treat!} (8x)

{Ooooh, I got a winner! I think I got a winner!} (4x)

Chorus

Jay-Ski:

{Let's go to the motel!} Girl, you know the time!

{I won't tell if you don't tell!} It's better than waitin' in
that welfare
line!

{Let's go to the motel!} Girl, it ain't gon' hurt!

{I won't tell if you don't tell!} How you got that dual
invert!

Yeah baby! Here we go, come on, come on, here we
go, baby!

(leads into "Ding Dong Song")

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