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Donnas "Mama's Boy"

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I know your mom hates my guts She must be high on coconuts Well, you better tell your mom That your gonna take me to the prom

Hey, hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool

We were just playing video games When your mom started calling our names But I'm the one who should be making fun Cause the pot roast was overdone

Hey, hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool

Hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules

Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool

[Screeching]

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