

Nidji**"I Love Women / My Momma Can't Stand"**

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Well my momma used to tell me
A good woman's hard to find
Get a God fearin' downhome girl that'll stay right by
your side
But momma's boy's grown up
And there's been a change in plans
Cause I love women my momma can't stand

I love little tank tops
Tight fittin' jeans
Blue collar babies who ain't scared of old Jim Beam
Red lipstick on a Daytona tan
I love women my momma can't stand

Now I'm just a good old boy
I ain't doin' nothin' wrong
Just cause I love to hang out
Where the girls hang all night long
I'm kinda partial to the ladies that party with the band
Yeah I love women my momma can't stand

I love two-timin'
Four wheel drivin'
8 ball shootin' babies
Four letter word usin' girls gone half crazy
Scared as hell of weddin' bells
With diamonds on their hands
I love women my momma can't stand

Well I probably outta settle down
Before I get too old
Find an angel that fits my momma's picture perfect
mold
But my wild reputations make me a branded man
Cause I love women my momma can't stand

I'm talkin' little tank tops
Tight fittin' jeans
Blue collar babies who ain't scared of old Jim Beam
Red lipstick on a Daytona tan
I love women my momma can't stand

From New York to California
Down to Dixie land
I love women my momma can't stand
Ah there's somethin' bout those women
My momma can't stand.

Sorry momma.

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