

## Pat Benatar

### "What Mama Told Me"

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[Sarai]

Woooo! 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 wanna SING so SWEET

Body to body I feel ya heat

Ya make me wanna 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  
purrrin

Ridin the wave you got me surfen, 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 #9 potion  
You need some winnin plays, get me to coachin

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I think I might, try-y 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 "Hed"  
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

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