

# Call Me Mother

RuPaul

Guess who's back in the house  
Heels click-clackin' about  
Fine, fresh, feminine, style to eleven  
I'm divine, so heavenly  
Gentlemen sweatin'  
It's dimes across the board with no doubt  
Body like WOW!  
Pussy bouta end this drought  
Titties so plentiful, fishy queen jezebel  
Should be criminal  
Don't make sense for a bitch to be this endowed  
Rock to the south  
What is that sound?  
Watch me drop, drop, drop into the ground  
Wait for the four, drop to the floor  
Add up the tens to get the score  
I been that bitch, yes I love that drama  
Fishy, feminine up-and-comer  
From the Clintons to the Obamas  
I keep it tight, now they call me Mother  
Shady queen bitch, I love that drama  
Fishy, feminine up-and-comer  
From the Clintons to the Obamas  
I keeps it tight, now they call...  
Me...  
Mother...

Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na  
Brrat-at-at  
Na-na-na-na-na-now  
Giggity-giggity, how  
Brrat, get back  
Ba-pa-da-pa-pa-POW  
A cunty hunty, a cunty hunty  
A hunty but I  
Count my money, I count my money  
With a brat-brat, knick to the knick the knick-knack  
I'm back with the freaky money  
Click-clack, ow  
[x2]

She's the queen  
Shade machine  
Kiss the ring  
Best believe

I'm that Glamazon  
They know my name because I'm on another echelon  
Miss Automatic, Supersonic, I'm a Sass-a-tron  
And I ain't lookin' up to anyone that gams along  
And I'm ready shake the jelly when the jam comes on  
The kind of thing that all the fellas make advances on  
I'm only gettin' out of bed for \$20 Million  
Now get your camera phone  
Cause in a minute I'm about to be on  
(Here come that girl)  
Here come that girl, o-oh shit what up

(Give me twirl)  
Give them twirl, that's the bread and butter  
(Clutch them pearls)  
Clutch your pearls, she's the big shot caller  
(Calls me squirrel)  
Get-get run over, over  
None of these bitches is cunty like Ru  
Clockin' these chickens I cluck and they cooped  
Runnin' my business, Miss Boss comin' through  
When I step in you know well what it do  
Uh, y'all know well what it do  
None of these bitches is fuckin' with Ru  
Runnin' my businesses, don't need a whip  
Yes, when I step in, they know well what it do  
When I step in, they know well what it do  
Yeah, bitch, she done already done had hers  
She been done had herses

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Shade machine  
Kiss the ring  
Best believe  
Mother Ru

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