

# Hot Mama

Trace Adkins

You're doin' all you can to get in them old jeans.  
You want that body back, you had at seventeen.  
Baby, don't get down; don't worry 'bout a thing.  
'Cause the way you fill 'em out, hey, that's all right with me.  
I don't want the girl you used to be.  
An' if you ain't noticed, the kids are fast asleep,

An' you're one hot mama;  
You turn me on, let's turn it up,  
An' turn this room into a sauna.  
One hot mama,  
Oh, whaddya say, baby?  
You wanna?

Well, I know sometimes you think that all you really are,  
Is the woman with the kids an' the groceries in the car.  
An' you worry about your hips an' you worry about your age.  
Meanwhile I'm tryin' to catch the breath you take away.  
Oh, an' believe me, you still do.  
Baby, all I see, when I look at you,

Is one hot mama;  
You turn me on, let's turn it up,  
An' turn this room into a sauna.  
One hot mama,  
Oh, whaddya say, baby?  
You wanna?

I can't imagine me lovin' someone else.  
I'm a lucky man,  
I think Daddy's got himself,

One hot mama;  
You turn me on, let's turn it up,  
An' turn this room into a sauna.  
One hot mama,  
Oh, whaddya say, babe?  
Oh, now whaddya say, babe?  
You wanna?

You're one hot mama,  
Let's turn this room into a sauna, yeah.  
Whaddya say, babe?  
Whaddya say, babe?