

# Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm

**Cab Calloway**

Yasha was a prodigy, since he was a kid of three  
He could play a rhapsody as good as they come  
But as strange as it may be, Yasha hated melody  
He had a yen for tympani, he longed to play a drum  
When his Mother made him practice on the fiddle every day  
He'd stop right in the middle and he'd say....

Mama, I wanna make rhythm  
Don't wanta make music  
Just wanna go zoozi-zah-zah-zoozi  
Ooh-cah-dee-doodle-oodle-aah-doo

Mama, I wanna get hotcha  
I wanta make boombah  
I wanna go gah-gah  
Za-rah-kah, zat-zow, ooh-dee-lah

I've got no desire to carry a Stradivarius, but  
There's no limit of primitive tom-tom in my tum-tum

Mama, I wanna make rhythm  
Don't wanta make music  
Just wanna go wookee-ah-kay-a-kaya-kaya  
Yag-a-yag-a-yag-a-yag