

Papa Was a Rascal

James Booker

There was a sweet white woman down in Savanna GA

She made love to my daddy in front of the KKK.

She made love to my daddy ya know in front of the KKK. She made my papa move to Boston

He took a gangster gal

She stole away with my papa

The whole Italian affair.

She stole away with my papa, a way the Italian affair. Yeah. I was a young boy about the age of 9.

I found a sweet russin' woman.

You know I made her mine.

I found a sweet russin' woman, you know that I made her mine. And then my sister and my mama. They will begin to faith

You know we all got to watch out for the CIA.

You know we all got to watch out my child for the CIA.

Well we better all watch out my child for the CIA. Yay, yay, yay, yay. You know my papa was a preacher, and a lover too.

Well if my papa was a rascal, Why can't I be one too.

Well if my papa was a rascal, Why can't I be one too. Yeah, yeah.

You know my papa was a rascal babe I wanna be one too.

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