

That's Wrong Little Mama

B.B. King

When you fight with your lover
She takes you for a fool
She don't care how she hurts you
Long as she's doing what she choose That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That ain't the way to do When you work each day
Stay at home every night
She'd find a fault with everything
Ain't nothin' ever right That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That ain't the way to do And she's out on the weekend
She'd come back holdin' her head
You ask her for some lovin'
She'll say she's half-dead That's wrong, little mama
That's wrong, little mama
That's wrong, little mama
That ain't the way to do Oh, it's wrong little mama
Yes, it's wrong little mama
I say, it's wrong little mama
You know it's wrong little mama
Yeah, it's wrong little mamma

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