

# Aggravatin' Papa

Alberta Hunter

I know a triflin' man,  
They call him Triflin' Sam,  
He lives in Birmingham,  
'Way down in Alabam,  
Now, the other night,  
He had a fight  
With a gal called Mandy Brim,  
She sadly stated, she was aggravated,  
And she yelled these words to him:

Aggravatin' Papa, don't try to two-time me!  
Aggravatin' Papa, treat me kind or let me be;  
Listen while I get you told,  
Stop messin' round with my jellyroll,

If I catch you out with your high-brown baby,  
I'll smack you down, and I don't mean maybe!  
Aggravatin' Papa, I'll do anything you say,  
But when you start to running, don't you run around my way;

Now, Papa, treat me pretty, nice and sweet,  
'Cause I possess a forty-four that don't repeat,  
So, Aggravatin' Papa, don't try to two-time me!

Aggravatin' Papa, don't try to two-time me!  
Aggravatin' Papa, treat me kind or let me be;  
Listen while I get you told,  
Stop messin' round with my jellyroll,

If I catch you out with your high-brown baby,  
I'll smack you down, and I don't mean maybe!  
Aggravatin' Papa, I'll do anything you say,  
But when you start to running, don't you run around my way;

Got one hand on my razor, one arm around my gun,  
If I catch you foolin' round, I'll tear your doghouse down,  
So, Aggravatin' Papa, don't try to two-time me!

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