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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