

Beware, Brother, Beware

B.B. King

Hey, fellas, yes you fellas, listen to me
I got somethin' to tell you
And I want you to listen to every word
And govern yourselves accordingly Now, you see these girls with these fine diamonds
Fine furs and fine clothes
Well, they're lookin' for a husband
And you're listening to a man who knows
They ain't foolin', and if you fool around with them
You're gonna get yourself a schoolin' Now listen, if she saves you dough
And won't go to the show, beware
If she's easy to kiss and won't resist
Beware, I said beware
If you go for a walk
And she listens while you talk
She's tryin' to hook you Ain't nobody lookin' she asks you to taste her cookin'
Don't do it, don't do it
And if you go for a show
And she wants to sit back in the back row
Bring her down front, bring her home down front
If you wanna go for a snack
And she wanna sit in a booth in the back
Beware, brother And listen, if she's used to caviar and fine silk
And when you go out with her
She want a hot dog and a malted milk
She's trying to get you brother
If you're used to goin' to Carnegie hall But when you take her out night clubbing
All she wants one meatball
You better take it easy, [Incomprehensible] take it easy
If she grabs your hand and says
"Darling, youre such a nice man"
Beware, Im telling you Should I tell 'em a little more?
Tell 'em a little more? Alright
You better listen to me cause
Im telling you whats being put down
And you better be [pickin'] up on it If her sister calls your brother
You better get further
Im telling you, you gotta watch it
You better get on [down] And if shes acting kind of wild, and says
"Darling, give me a trial"

Dont you do it, dont be weak, dont give it to her
And if she smiles in your face
And just melts into place
Let her melt, forget it, let her meltShould I tell 'em a little more?
Tell 'em everything? AlrightNow listen, if she calls you on the phone, and says
"Darling, are you all alone? "
Tell her, "No, I've got two or three women with me"
Dont pay no attention to women
Stand up for your right, be a man, be a man
Are you listening? Are you listening?Put on that [lotto] step and listen to me
If you turn out the lights and she dont fight
Thats the end, its too late now
Shes got you hooked, you might as well stick with herShould I tell 'em a little more?
Give 'em a little more? AlrightIf you get home about two
And dont know what to do
You pull back the curtains
And the whole familys looking at you
Get your business straight
Set the date, dont be late, yeahBrother, beware, beware, beware
Brother, you better beware

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>